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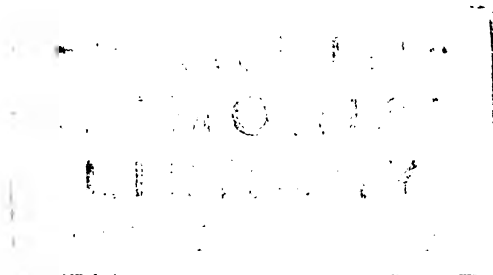
# GREECE

## THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE

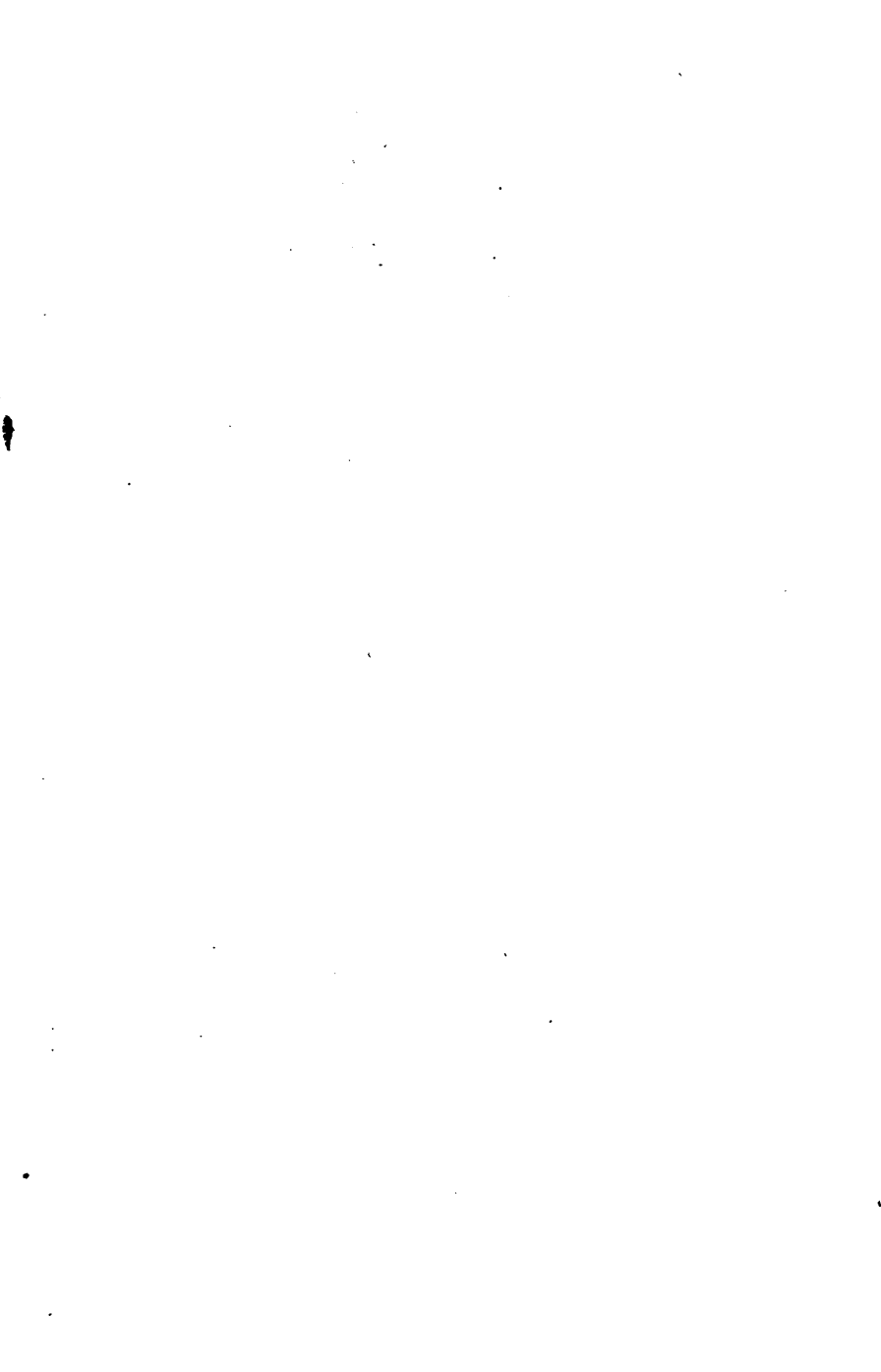


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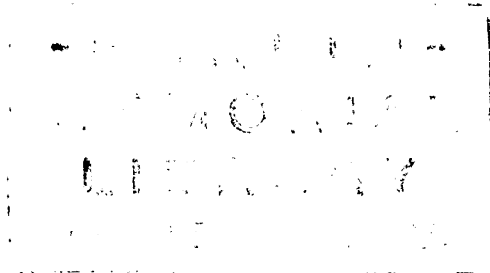


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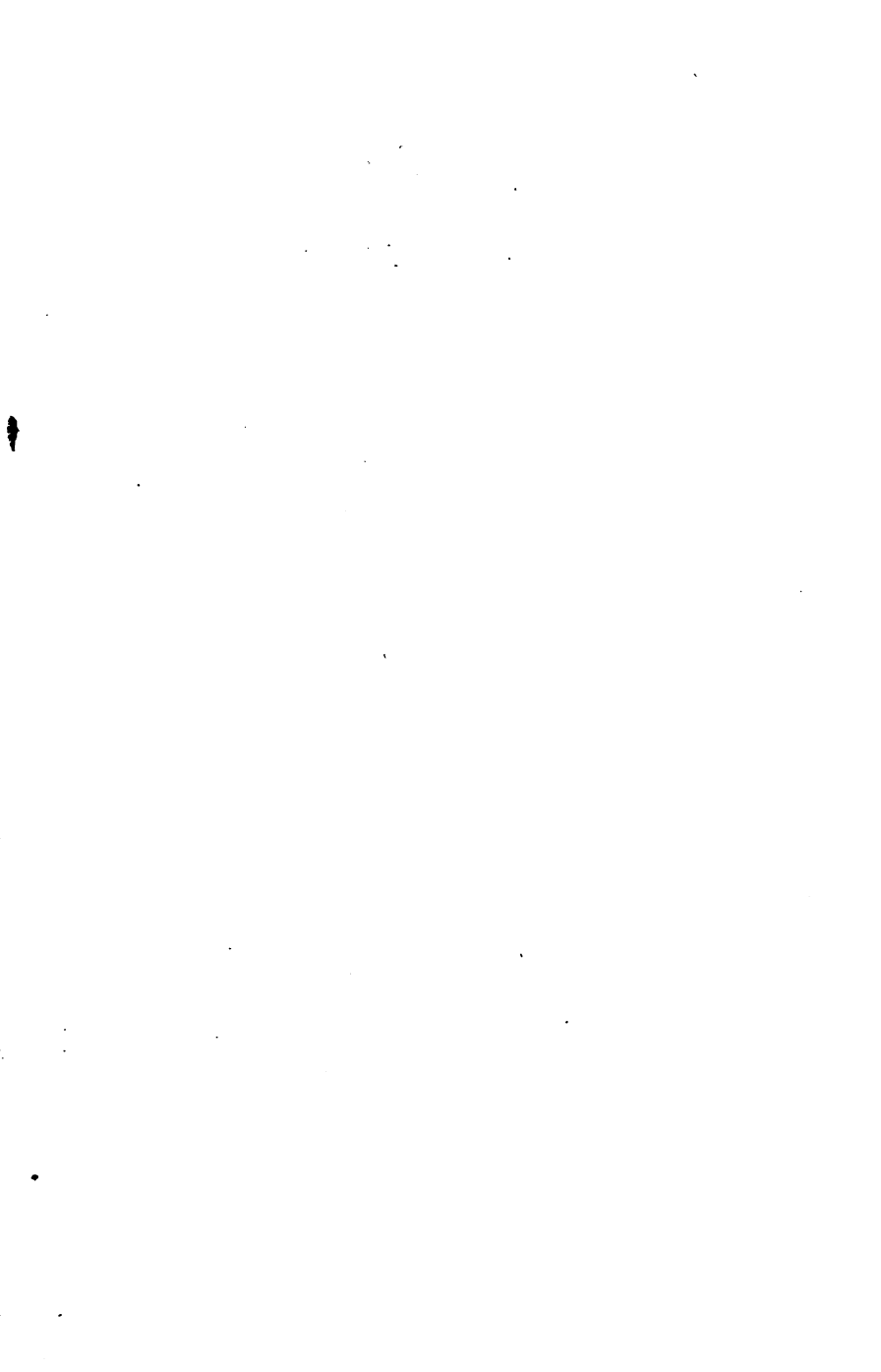


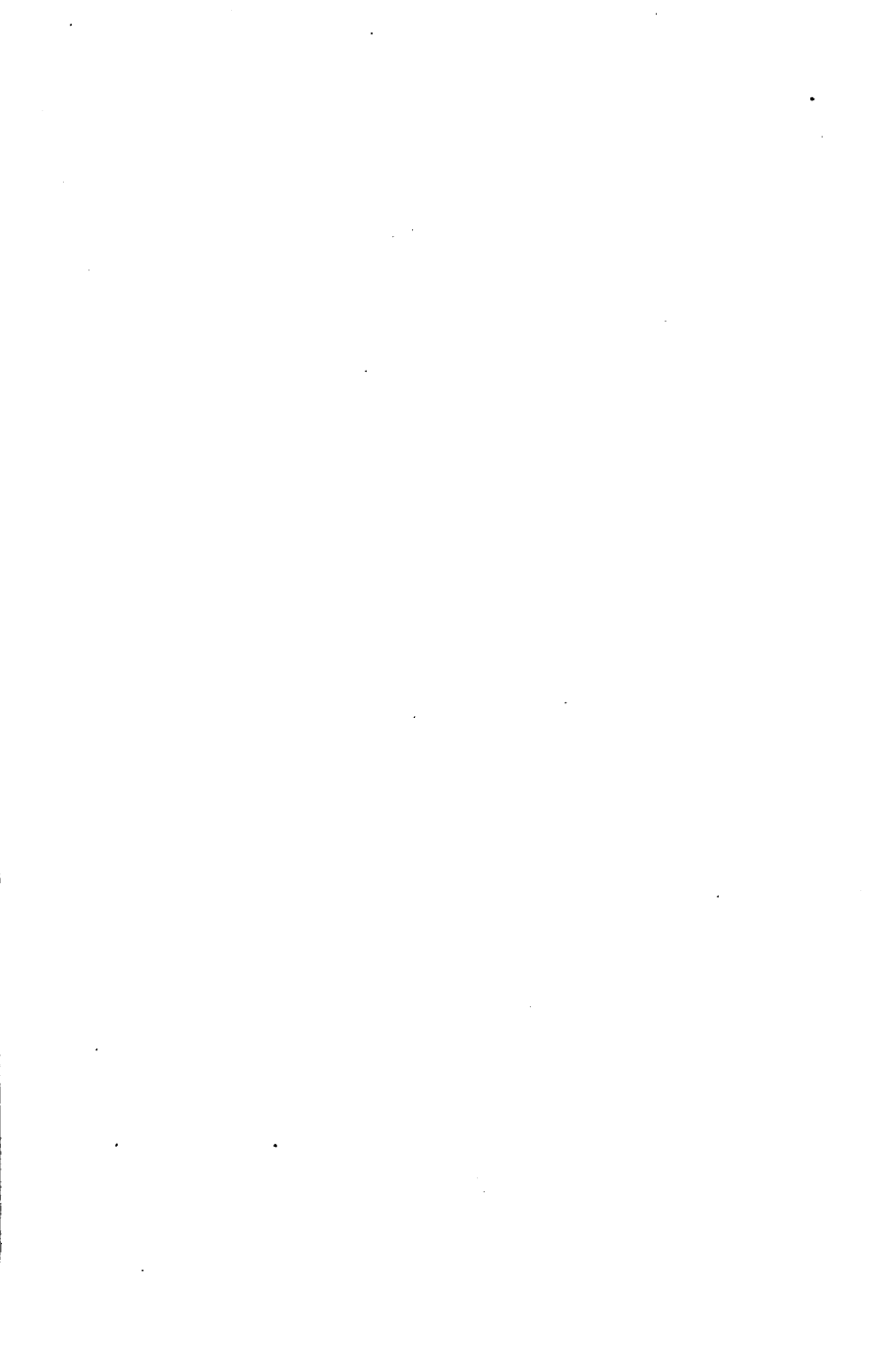
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# GREECE

THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE

A TOUR CONDUCTED BY

RUFUS B. <sup>Y. & W.</sup> RICHARDSON, PH. D.

*For ten years Director of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, formerly Professor of Greek at Dartmouth College, Author of "Vacation Days in Greece," etc.*

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MAP SYSTEM

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## MAPS AND PLANS

Bound in a booklet inserted in a pocket in the book cover.

- 1 Environs of Athens.
- 2 Athens.
- 3 Acropolis of Athens.
- 4 Eleusis.
- 5 Marathon.
- 6 Corinth and Environs.
- 7 Mykenae.
- 8 Tiryns.
- 9 The Hieron of Epidauros.
- 10 Sparta.
- 11 Olympia.
- 12 Plataea.
- 13 Thebes.
- 14 Delphi.
- 15 General Map of Greece.

## INTRODUCTION

I remember well when as a boy my attention was first being turned toward Greece. How far, far away it seemed to me then in space and time. As my information increased it became more and more a wondrous land. As I read of its woods and streams and seas and mountains with their nymphs and nereids and numberless other half-divine, half-human inhabitants, of the remarkable deeds of its men and women, of the gods and goddesses mingling with its people and living on Mount Olympus and in the Lower Regions, I longed to visit the land. To do so was not to go to another part of this world in which I lived but indeed to a different realm. As during my preparatory school and college days my studies of history and the Greek language gave me fuller knowledge of the real achievements of this great people my interest in them was deepened and I decided to devote my life to the study of their language and civilization. Throughout all the succeeding years while I was engaged as a student and teacher in my chosen field I was ever haunted by the desire to visit the cities and tread the soil of Greece. When the long-wished-for opportunity came and I looked upon this land and stood beneath its skies it seemed as though one of life's deepest desires was being satisfied to the full. And when, while for ten years I was Director of the American School at Athens I had the privilege of tramping throughout the land, visiting its cities, seeking out its shrines,



traversing its rivers and streams, strolling through its groves, my mind was quickened and my heart thrilled with experiences no book could contain.

It can easily be understood therefore with what deep interest I became acquainted with the Underwood Travel System, a means by which it appeared that the privilege for which I longed—the privilege of knowing what it meant to stand in the great places in Greece—could be made possible to the millions, to poor students in thousands of schools, to busy professional and business men, to people shut away from the world in the most remote districts. To be sure one understands at once that there are many limitations to the experiences of being in Greece made possible by this system of travel, as compared with the experiences of the actual traveler, as I shall note more specifically later, but unquestionably we are far more likely to overestimate its limitations than to appreciate its true possibilities.

For full information in regard to this travel system the reader is referred to the literature issued by the publishers. It is my purpose to summarize here a few facts that may make the striking claims for the system more comprehensible to the hurried reader.

The Underwood Travel System is based first on the stereograph or stereoscopic photograph, which is fundamentally different from the ordinary photograph, in being made on the principle of two-eye vision. That is, the ordinary photograph is made by a camera with a single lens, like a person with one eye, while the stereograph is made by a camera

having two lenses, set about as far apart as our two eyes. This camera therefore gives two photographs of a place or object. These two photographs are mounted side by side on the stereoscopic card, and, though to the casual glance they appear alike, yet since they are taken from different points of view they must of course differ somewhat—in fact exactly as the impression received by one of our eyes would differ from the impression received by the other. Now when these two slightly different photographs are looked at in the stereoscope the effect is, in all essential respects, the same that we would get by standing where the camera stood and looking at the scene itself. First of all we get *perfect* or actual space for our minds as contrasted with the *appearance* of space in ordinary photographs. Objects stand out in all three dimensions, or as solids, as in nature. Second, we see objects and places life-size, that is, in natural size and at natural distance. The two small photographic prints, a few inches from the eyes, serve as two windows through which we look. Third, while looking at these stereographed scenes in all three dimensions, life-size, and of almost infinite accuracy in detail, it is possible to lose all consciousness of one's immediate bodily surroundings, and to gain, for appreciable lengths of time, a distinct consciousness or experience of being in the presence of the place or object itself. Here we come to the unique and remarkable claim of this travel system. Before commenting upon it further, however, I will refer to the additional and integral features of the system, as well as the methods to be

followed in its use, to make these experiences possible. The additional features are the patent map system and the specially-written guide books.

By this patent map system a person is enabled to know at once just what part of a country or city he is looking at through the stereoscope, and the direction in which he is looking, as well as to know his surroundings, to the right and left, and behind him. It is evident that such knowledge must be an essential part of an experience of actually being in a place, hence such a map system is absolutely essential to make such experiences possible in connection with stereographs.

In the guide books the authors are expected to serve as personal guides to the places seen through the stereoscope. The chief objects of interest are pointed out and some history given. Thus in the following pages I give material gathered from many sources for the purpose of interpreting each scene to the mind of the beholder. Apology for the brevity of many comments should hardly be necessary; a voluminous library would be required to tell all the significance of what can be seen from these one hundred positions. The aim has been rather to arouse and quicken interests that will mean more pleasure and profit in all one sees about the Greeks in after years.

Furthermore, in this book I have striven to be not only a guide to the places seen, but also a guide to the use of this travel system, the use of the maps, the manner of looking at the stereographed scenes. The final aim indeed has been to aid the person in

losing his consciousness of his surroundings in America, or wherever he may be, and to help him to gain a consciousness of being in Greece. It is for this reason that I have used the first person and present tense in the text, striving to say everything as I would if standing beside my fellow traveler in the presence of the actual place. In a word, it might be said I have tried to put what I had to say in each place in the form of such exercises that a person in going through them may gain the experiences desired. There are indeed unrealized possibilities in what can be done in leading other people or ourselves into such experiences and no claim is made that the best has been done in this book. Still, I hope enough has been done to point the way. The chief danger is that we should fail to appreciate the importance of conforming implicitly to the simple but necessary requirements laid down.

There will be definite limitations it is true, to the experiences to be gained by this means of being in Greece. We shall not have the traveler's experience of movement—ours can be the experience only of standing in one hundred places and looking over definite and limited fields of vision. We shall not receive impressions of Greece through our senses of touch, taste, smell, or hearing—all our impressions will come through our sense of sight. But sight is more important than all our other senses in giving us our experiences of location and is indeed sufficient for the purpose. Furthermore, the times when we can forget our bodily surroundings and gain a consciousness of being in Greece will be limited, per-

haps to periods of a few seconds each, but feelings come quickly and hence we can know part at least of the feelings that being in Greece gives. At any rate we should see that, though there is a difference in the quantity or intensity of the feelings there need be no difference in the *kind* of feelings experienced. We may experience the very same *kind* of feelings and emotions that we would experience in Greece. And the fact that one can come back to these scenes in the stereographs again and again makes it undoubtedly possible to approximate much nearer than we think to the full emotional experience of the traveler.

The significance of such a result is not easily grasped. It means that we are to have before us not stereographs or pictures but Greece—to have about us not our every day surroundings but the Greek world. It means that to our consciousness for an appreciable length of time the marble columns of the Parthenon and the splendid sculptures of its famous frieze will be but a few feet away, as near as the desk in the room where we sit. Paradoxical? Yes, so it seems. But so also did the experiences made possible by the telegraph and the telephone seem paradoxical at first. Now we realize that the latter experiences are in perfect accord with established physical and mental laws. So with further reflection it can be seen that the experiences obtainable with the stereoscope are in perfect accord with established physical and mental laws.

I shall not pretend to speak of the possibilities

that are here opened up in the fields of education and general culture. Direct access to Greece can be given in this way from every classroom, student's room, and from homes generally. We have been long accustomed to hear of undreamed-of triumphs in the realm of physical science as applied to our material conditions. Here we have the results of this wondrous age of inventive genius applied in the liberation of our minds from bodily limitations, and it is not easy either to accept the facts about it or to appreciate its consequences. But, convinced as I am by long experience that the best way to study history is on the ground where it occurred, it is not too much to say that a truly revolutionary change in the methods of teaching history is now within our reach. We may believe that eventually important historical sections will be stereographed far more extensively than at present and that we shall not merely trace out historical movements and events by means of books and maps, but follow them through the stereoscope among the very hills and through the very valleys where they transpired. With the powerful stimulus thus given to the historical imagination of the student or general reader, the misty characters of history will take on flesh and blood as never before. It is impossible to estimate the influence on the world of such a study of even one race—the history, thought, life, and character of the Greeks, the most gifted race the world has known.

A word should be added in regard to the spelling. In writing Greek proper names it has been my plan

not to Latinize them; particularly not to use the ending *us* for *os*, and not to use *c* (which gets treated as *s*), instead of Greek *k*. Still, in spite of the fact that we ought not to do actual violence to a language which is still alive, some exceptions have been made in deference to long-established and general usage.

Finally, I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Albert E. Osborne of Underwood & Underwood. Without his assistance this book would perhaps never have come to completion in its present form. By his untiring enthusiasm he has contributed much to create the system of seeing Europe, Asia, and Africa without moving from our chairs. He sees more in many cases in the hood of his stereoscope than others have seen in voyaging up the Nile or skirting the coast of Dalmatia.

RUFUS B. RICHARDSON.

## ITINERARY



## ***Instructions***

1. Experiment with the sliding rack which holds the stereographed scene until you find the distance which best suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.

2. Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. Take care that the face of it is not in shadow. It is a good plan to sit with the back toward the window or lamp, letting the light fall over one shoulder directly on the face of the stereograph.

3. Hold the stereoscope with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you, the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

4. Think definitely, while you have your face in the hood, just where your position is, as learned from the maps and explanatory text. Recall your surroundings to mind, i.e., think what is behind you; what lies off at the right; at the left. You will find yourself richly repaid for the effort by your fuller sense of presence in Greece.

Note that the general map of Greece, though referred to from the beginning is numbered 15 and inserted last; this is in order that it may conveniently be kept unfolded during the reading of the book ready for comparison with any one of the other sectional maps, as may be desired.

5. Do not hurry. Take plenty of time to see what is before you. Notice all the little details, or rather, notice as many as you can each time; you will be surprised to find, the next time you look at the same place, how many things you had failed to notice at first. By taking time to notice some of these numberless details, and by thinking definitely of your surroundings, you are helped especially to gain experiences of being in Greece—which should be your constant purpose.

## **GREECE**

First of all, we should turn to the map of Greece (Map 15), and get a general survey of the ancient land and a clear idea of the route we are to follow in visiting it. With this map open we have spread out before us the beloved homeland of the Greeks, with its endless variation in shore line, and infinitely varied surface of hills, valleys and mountains. The small skeleton map in one corner reminds us of the relation of Greece proper to the whole of the Mediterranean basin. We will take a moment to note the route we are to follow. Starting at Athens, we are to make a circuit of Attica, cross the Saronic Gulf to the Island of Aegina, continue to Megara, cross the Isthmus of Corinth for a tour of the great peninsula of the Peloponnesus, return through the Corinthian Gulf to Plataea, pass north through Boeotia to Thebes, west to Goulas, Orchomenos, Chaeronea, Delphi and Mount Parnassus, north again to Thermopylae, northwest through Thessaly to Pharsalos and the Meteora Rocks, and east to Mount Olympus and the Vale of Tempe, south to Volo and Mount Pelion, and finally to Chalkis and Eretria on the Island of Euboea, from which we shall look back again to the shores of Attica.

The rectangles in red indicate the places given on a larger scale on special maps. The numbers in red refer to the positions we are to take. Some of the positions are marked out definitely on this general map by those V-shaped red lines. That is, we are to stand at the point from which the lines branch, and look out in the direction in which they extend and over the territory they include.

We are now ready to give attention to our first position in Greece. Note the red lines numbered 1 on the general map. According to these lines, we are to stand on the northeast side of Athens and look southwest over the city, over Piraeus, its seaport, and over the Saronic Gulf to Aegina, and toward the Peloponnesian shore. Before taking this position, however, we should look at two other maps. First, Map 1, "The Environs of Athens." This map makes clear to us the immediate surroundings of Athens and the red lines numbered 1 which appear here, give a better idea of what our first position is to be in relation to the city. The rectangle in red on Map 1 shows the territory given on the city map, Map 2, to which we now turn. A glance gives us the few principal features of the city we need at first. At the south is the Acropolis, the center of the ancient city. A short distance to the right, or east, are the Gardens and Palace of the present King, while lying between them to the north, is the modern city. On the left side of the map, just above the center, is Lykabettos Hill. On that hill, as we now see, we are to stand, and from it we are to look southwest, over the Acropolis, and all that portion of the city the lines numbered 1 enclose, as well as beyond over the territory indicated on the other maps. We are now ready to take our first position in Greece.

***Position 1. Athens, old and new, southwest from Lykabettos, past Royal Palace and Acropolis, to the sea***

Here we are looking over Athens. That great marble building on our left is the Royal Palace, and there, rising in the middle distance, is the ancient Acropolis, and beyond it, the Saronic Gulf. To the right of the Acropolis and on the shore, we can see

**Position 1. Maps 1, 2 and 15**

the modern town of Piraeus. Its harbor can scarcely be made out at the extreme right. The more open bay seen over the Acropolis is the Bay of Phaleron. (See Map 1.) On the extreme left, dimly seen over the waters of the Gulf, is the Island of Aegina, twenty miles away. We can easily see why Perikles called Aegina the "eyesore of the Piraeus." There was not room enough for two sea powers and Aegina had to bow its head.

To the right of Aegina, or directly before us, the mountains of the Peloponnesus can be indistinctly seen. As we are looking southwest here, we know that beyond that horizon lies the southern part of the Peloponnesus, and that about one hundred miles in the distance yonder, directly before us, lies Sparta, the one dreaded rival of Athens. Farther away are the Mediterranean and the north coast of Africa. More to our right about four hundred miles away are southern Italy and Sicily, and then Spain, the Strait of Gibraltar, and the Atlantic. Sharply to our right, and only thirty miles away is Thebes; directly behind us, Marathon; and behind us and to our left, Asia Minor. Here we are in the midst of the Greek world. But directly before us we look upon the place which was for centuries not only the intellectual center of Greece but of the world. The events that transpired here have had an influence no man can measure on the history of mankind.

Before we think more specifically on the past, though, we will take time to note in more detail this modern city and the principal landmarks that remain. The man near us, in the path by which one must climb to reach the summit of this hill, is a soldier of the Queen's Guards. His overcoat hides his white skirt of

many plaits. We see the zouave cap with long tassel and the red leather shoes with a tuft at the turned-up point. Below us we see tall cypress trees as well as agave plants by the path, and further below, olive trees and stunted pines.

Looking again at the Royal Palace, beyond the modern houses which have crept to the foot of this slope, you will note that it is an unpretentious building of limestone with simple marble porches. The palace was built for the Bavarian Otto, the first King of modern Greece, and its plainness is in marked contrast to the splendid marble palace of the Crown Prince Constantine, completed in 1901, and situated farther to our left than we can now see. To the right, just in front of the Royal Palace, we see an esplanade, and still farther to the right, where some tall dark cypress trees appear, is Constitution Square, around which the better hotels of the city are grouped. (See the city map.) From the lower side of that square Hermes street runs directly away from the Palace or westward through the city, toward the Piraeus. Until recently that was the principal street for shopping. To the right of the square, Stadion street diverges from Hermes street at an angle of 45 degrees. This street has now become the center of trade. Shortly after it has emerged from the square it leaves on its left the Chamber of Deputies.

On the left in our field of vision is seen a boulevard leading down to the sea, a gift of a citizen of Athens. Just to the left of where the boulevard reaches the sea, is seen Phaleron, where all Athens finds consolation in sea-bathing during the heat of the summer. Upon the Acropolis, rising 200 feet above its immediate surroundings and 450 feet above the sea, we see

the Parthenon to the left, and the Erechtheion and part of the Propylaea to the right. Directly behind the Acropolis to the left of the Parthenon, is the Museion Hill, with the ruined monument of Philopappes. To the extreme right, we see just below the Acropolis, a dark rock, the Areopagus or Mars Hill, and just beyond it, though scarcely discernible, the Pnyx.

When the Greeks achieved their complete independence from Turkey in 1830 Athens was an insignificant village consisting of a few hundred inhabitants, living on that north side of the Acropolis. There were at that time many larger towns in Greece. It was purely sentimental considerations that settled the question of the capital here. The selection of Athens instead of Nauplia, however, has been abundantly justified. This city now has a population of about 150,000 and is constantly growing; it is becoming more and more a city worthy of its surroundings. One should climb this hill before sunrise and watch the waking up of Athens. In winter the gorgeous snow mountains of the Peloponnesus and middle Greece are beyond description. Well might Byron say:

"Though I fly to Istamboul,  
Athens holds my heart and soul."

Before we leave our advantageous position on Lykabettos, we should take time to look back and get a birdseye view of the city's great past. This can be quickly done and will be of great help to us when we go down to examine the different parts of the city in more detail. With even a very brief survey of the history we shall be able to fix approximately the date of the remains we see. It will be best for us to try to form outline pictures in our minds of certain great

periods. These can be filled out more and more as we go on. First is the

*Prehistoric Age (1500-776 B. C.).* This was the age of myth and story. No one knows when men first came here, but none questions that it was as early as 1000 years before our era. In that early period not only were there no dwellings in the plain before us, but the Acropolis where the early city was located was only an irregular spine of land with sloping sides. Those great buttressing walls we see, giving a large level summit, were not built until after 480 B. C. Even at the end of the earliest period the only city here was a great rough wall close about the Acropolis, with the people's huts huddled on the slopes and a stone palace and temples on its top. The people of those early tribes who came to dwell in this country were rough and warlike but they were such men as could lay "the foundations of a city which was to become in time the birthplace of free thought, the cradle of democratic government, the source of law, philosophy and art, and forever the inspiration of human ambition." They were gifted with an unusually fertile imagination and sense of the divine. Thus they saw gods dwelling in the sea, in the clouds, and everywhere about them. The whole land was peopled with myriads of half-divine beings. Especially did they ascribe divine attributes to their ancestors. The most important of these earliest god-like heroes was Kekrops, to whom they ascribed the founding of the city and after whom it was called Kekropia for a time. Then comes Erechtheus, a great king, and then Theseus by whom they believed the twelve separate tribes or divisions of Attica were first united into one state with its center here at Athens.

Because of their strong religious instincts, the Athenians early set up on the Acropolis the worship of their virgin goddess Athena, the daughter of Zeus, after whom they named their city. She contended on the Acropolis with Poseidon, the god of the sea, for this Attic land and won. Ever after the people put

her worship above all of their other gods. She symbolized the highest and best in their life and inspired them to their greatest and best achievements.

The form of government worked out here was that of a king with an advisory council of his chiefs and an assembly of people which merely approved what the king and his council dictated. Toward the end of this period after King Kodrus sacrificed himself for the good of the state, the kings were replaced by Archons chosen from the family of the king and at first selected for life but later for limited periods. Thus kingship began, we see, very early to give way to democracy.

*Second Period.—To the Persian Wars (776-500 B. C.).* Soon after the beginning of this period the trend toward democracy was continued by opening the office of Archons to the chief men or nobles. Then came the attempt of Kylon to seize the government and become a tyrant. This was followed by the reforms and first written laws of Draco; by Solon and his famous constitution; by Peisistratos, the first tyrant, and his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchos; and by the overthrow of tyranny and the extension of democracy by Kleisthenes. During this period, then, we are to realize that the people of Athens made great progress in winning their most highly prized treasure—liberty, in spite of the reign of a tyrant for a number of years. At the same time, too, this tyrant did a great work in rebuilding the city, founding its schools of sculpture, architecture and literature.

*Third Period.—The Persian Wars (500-479 B. C.).* First came the startling news that 110,000 Persians were marching here to destroy the city. Consternation gives way to desperate courage, and Miltiades and his 10,000 men march away behind us to the victorious battle at Marathon. Then followed the next Persian invasion, the flight of the Athenians to their ships, the wasting of Athens and all Attica by the Persians, the great naval victory under the leadership of Themistokles, at Salamis, just beyond the Piraeus yonder. The city was again destroyed by the Persians before they and their valiant commander, Mardonios, were finally defeated at Plataea.



*Third Period.—The Periklean or Golden Age (479-431 B. C.).* Here we come to the great work of restoring the ruined city and the building of the city wall by Themistokles, the formation of the Delian League by Aristides, the work of Kimon, and the rise of Perikles. He built the Long Walls to the Piraeus and the wall to Phaleron, and carried the Athenian empire to its height. With the help of Phidias, he transformed the city with those marvelous works of architecture and sculpture which we are to study later, and which made this the golden age in the world's history. Sophokles and Euripides wrote dramas, Herodotus wrote history and Anaxagoras instituted the Athenian school of philosophy.

*Fourth Period.—The Peloponnesian War and the Fall of Athens' Empire (431-338 B. C.).* Now this city saw the siege by Sparta, the terrible plague, the death of Perikles, the ill-starred expedition of Alkibiades to Sicily and finally the destruction of the walls and the surrender to the Spartan Lysander. But a higher leadership for Athens was growing up through such of her citizens as Socrates and Plato the philosophers, Thucydides the historian, and Praxiteles the sculptor.

*Fifth Period.—Athens under Macedonian and Roman control (338 B.C.-1456 A.D.).* Demosthenes rises now to struggle against Philip with his oratory and on the field, but eventually Alexander's empire triumphed at Chaeroneia and a Macedonian garrison was stationed here. Thus began the city's long career as school-master of her conquerors. Greece became a Roman province after the destruction of Corinth in 146 B. C. and in 86 B. C. Sulla took and pillaged Athens for giving aid to an enemy of Rome. Then followed a long period of patronage by such Roman emperors as Julius and Augustus Caesar, Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, all of whom lived here for greater or less periods. Though under nominal Roman control the city suffered from the Goths and Ostrogoths in the third and fourth centuries of our era. A long period of decline and obscurity followed. In 1456 the Turks

gained control and held it, with some interruptions by the Venetians, until 1834, when the modern kingdom was established.

We are now to take our second position. We are to move to our right across the full breadth of the city, to a point considerably farther to the right than we can now see, and then look toward the Acropolis. Find this position near the middle of the left-hand side of Map 2. The red lines numbered 2 show that we shall stand just north of the railroad leading to the Piraeus, and that we shall be looking southeast over the Theseion and the Areopagus to the Acropolis.

***Position 2. The storied Acropolis crowned by the Parthenon (Theseion at base), southeast from railway, Athens***

We are now on the western side of the city, and, as we know, looking southeast. There just over the wall is the railroad which proceeds to our right, through this cut, on its way to the Piraeus. For many years this was the only railroad in Greece. These two little girls appear much like our own little daughters in dress and general appearance, though they are dark like most of the Greeks. That water jar leaning against the wall beside a pine tree that has been stripped by caterpillars is of ancient shape, but of modern make.

In the left middle ground is the Theseion, the most perfectly preserved of all Greek temples, with an olive grove mingled with a few tall cypresses in front of it. Above it, modern houses cover the lower slope of the Acropolis. Excavators would be glad to clear away those houses, since much valuable information about the ancient city would be gained thereby. Just beyond the Theseion, Professor Dörpfeld in the nineties ex-

cavated with great difficulty, owing to the houses that had to be purchased and to the great depth of the accumulated soil, a building that seemed to be the King's Porch, which bordered the Agora (public square) on the west. This sufficiently proved that the old Agora, the daily meeting place of the Athenians for so many centuries, lay on that farther or east side of the Thesion and close to it. The great expense in buying houses will probably long prevent extensive operations there.

In the background the Acropolis is the dominating feature. In its almost perpendicular north side, to the right, we see a great double-mouthed cavern sacred to Apollo. The cave of Pan, who was held in great reverence at Athens from the fact that he frightened the Persians at Marathon by his wild shouting, has only recently been discovered. Its mouth appears to the left of Apollo's cave and lower down. Topographers had long struggled with the problem of making the Apollo cave do duty for both Pan and Apollo.

We can see the buildings of the Acropolis, most of them the creations of the Periklean or Golden Age, stretched out in line against the sky. Beginning at the right we see low down two towers of late date, between which was the entrance, also late. Then the little Nike temple on its high bastion standing out in relief against the sky. A flight of Roman steps in marble led up between this and the monument of Agrippa, which we see on the hither side of the staircase. Immediately to the left is the ruined mass of that splendid portico to the Acropolis—the Propylaea. Even now we can appreciate to a considerable extent the splendid spectacle that the structure must have presented to the admiring eyes of the constant

throng of visitors, emperors, generals, philosophers and men of every station who were constantly pouring into this city during the Golden Age and the long years of the Macedonian and Roman control. Next to the left, after a considerable space, we see the Parthenon with a great break in it at the center. The remainder of it at the east (left) end forms a partial background for the Erechtheion with its lately constructed north gable which projects a little farther to the left than the Parthenon. The mountain in the distance is Hymettos, (see Map 1), and forms a splendid background for the whole. The Areopagus appears on the right just above the house with a roof of a single slope.

Though we are near the limits of the modern city, the course of the wall of Themistokles ran very near where we are standing (see Map 2). The Dipylon, the famous gate, was just to our left, and the northern one of the Long Walls started a short distance to our right.

Directly to the right or west of the Acropolis, farther to the right than we can now see, is a place where was played one of the most important parts of the life of Athens and indeed of Greece. That place is the hill of the Pnyx where the political liberties of the people were wrought out. There we are to go next. First, though, we should look carefully at our map of Athens. On this map directly west of the Acropolis, as we have said, we find the Pnyx, a space enclosed by irregular and partially broken lines. It might be well to say at this point that the heavy black lines on this map indicate remains of ancient walls and buildings. The small rectangle marked on the southern or southwestern side of the Pnyx represents, as we might

suppose, the place where the speakers stood, and the open space enclosed by the semi-circular line on the north, the place for the people. The red lines numbered 3 show our position and that we are to look slightly south of east over the speaker's stand, a small portion of the area for the people, and beyond past the Acropolis.

***Position 3. The Pnyx on which Demosthenes spoke, east-southeast to the Parthenon and Hymettos, Athens***

Here before us is the famous Pnyx, where Athens was wont to hear her great orators and to gather to decide the great questions of State. There close on our right is the platform or Bema with three steps cut out of the native rock and surmounted by a cube ascended by several more rock-cut steps on either side. The total height is over ten feet. We now see, too, that the lines on the map indicating this southern or southwestern side of the Pnyx stood for a wall made by cutting back into the living rock of the hill. A wall similar to that we see beyond the Bema, and forming an obtuse angle with it, extends beneath and behind us. From what the map told us, we know that most of the area of the Pnyx, an area of 395 feet by 212 feet, lies off to our left. All of this area was enclosed by a semi-circular wall which ran from the farther end of the wall before us around to our left until it joined behind us the end of the wall over which we are standing.

Now the problem that has bothered the archaeologists in locating the Pnyx here is, that this enclosed area, to be occupied by the masses of the people sloped away, as we can see, from the Bema. It would seem as though the orator who stood on the Bema, whether

on these steps or on the cube above them, must have stood there to address all Athens. No orator would have chosen a high place to talk *down* to his audience. The explanation undoubtedly is that the gigantic semi-circular wall was once three or four times as high as at present. The remains of the wall are of the style called Cyclopean and belonged to that prehistoric or Mykenaeen Athens of which we find traces on the Acropolis. One block is thirteen feet long and half as high. Every feature stamps the wall as very old. We may therefore suppose that formerly this wall and the enclosed area were so much higher that the orators spoke up to their audiences as into a great theater. That there were no seats appears from a passage in Aristophanes' *Knights* where the Demos, that is, the people personified, had to sit on the rocky floor.

But of more interest are the reflections that here we are looking on the place where the public assemblies of the Athenians met from time immemorial, from the prehistoric age when the people came together simply to approve the decisions of the king and council to the time when they had become the sole controlling power in the state, when, unlike our modern representative system, the whole people met and every citizen had the opportunity to speak on political questions. This has been called the earliest of parliament houses, and its Bema was sacred to the Athenians as was the rostrum to the Romans. Indeed this place was considered sacred to the gods and had its altar. It is truly impossible to conceive the great historical events of which this has been the theater. In what we have called the Second Period of Athenian history, Draco here gave his laws to the people; Solon introduced his constitution and delivered his orations against the tyrant

Peisistratos; Kleisthenes, after the expulsion of the tyrants, instituted further reforms. In this place Aristides and Themistokles stirred the Athenians to their wonderful achievements during the Persian Wars, and it was in this place that Perikles, in the Golden Age following the Persian Wars, was wont to sway the people at will in carrying out his plans for the up-building of an Athenian empire and for the beautifying of the city. Here during the Peloponnesian war appeared such political demagogues as Kleon and Alkibiades to lead the Athenian state on to its fall. Finally Demosthenes came to deliver some of the world's greatest orations, striving to arouse the nation against the Macedonians. The disintegration of the old Cyclopean wall had probably proceeded far in later classic times and when the theater of Dionysos was built many important gatherings were held in it. But on account of the antiquity of the Pnyx important gatherings were held here to the last, like the one held when it was announced that Philip had seized Elateia. Demosthenes probably never spoke to as large an audience before or afterwards.

The view from here, at least from the upper part of the Pnyx, may in very ancient times have included the sea; but in the present form no such view is afforded. The view to the north or our left, however, over Athens, except as it is cut off by the Areopagus and towards Parnes, is superb. But finer yet is the view toward the east, to which we here limit ourselves. Just beyond the Pnyx is seen a deep ravine through which a carriage road comes up from the Theseion to our left and continues along the south side of the Acropolis. Beyond the ravine we can see a carriage road ascending in several zigzags to the Acropolis.

The very late entrance gate appears. Above this and farther to the right is the little Nike temple on its high bastion. A modern flight of steps leads along up by the side of that bastion into the Propylaea. Behind and above the Nike temple rises the comparatively well preserved west end of the Parthenon. Just to the right of the Parthenon appear the precipitous rock and the high southern wall of the Acropolis. Farther still to the right rising above the slope on which we see the carriage road, appears the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, a comparatively late comer on the scene, but now mellowed by time. Directly behind it and nestled against the flank of Hymettos we can see the charming monastery of Daphne from which Athens gets its best drinking water, brought in carts. Hymettos (see Map 1) grandly closes the view, which is hardly surpassed even in Attica, especially at sunset when the sun gilds the Propylaea, the Nike temple and the Parthenon with a glory that is hardly seen elsewhere on land or sea.

For our next position we shall move on to the southeast or to our right until we arrive at the Museion Hill. Turning to the map we find this hill to the southwest of the Acropolis. This then is the last and highest of the three knobs of a long range, which begins with the Hill of the Nymphs at the north and has the Pnyx in the middle. The red lines numbered 4 show that we shall look northwest over the Acropolis and Lykabettos.



***Position 4. The Acropolis, the glory of ancient Athens, showing Lykabetos and Royal Palace, northwest from the Philopappos Monument***

This hill on which we now are, played a comparatively small part in the life of Athens as far as we know. It is sometimes called the Hill of Philopappos but more properly Museion Hill from a name derived from an ancient temple of the Muses, or from a tradition that the poet Musaeos, a son of Orpheus, was buried on its slopes. The wall of Themistokles included the summit of this hill and the southern one of the Long Walls to the Piraeus started behind us on this hill. Just to our left is the monument of Philopappos which we pointed out from Position 1, page 23. Those stones on which the Greek boy is standing with arms akimbo are part of the monument's foundations.

Across the deep ravine before us we notice a large dump heap from the excavations on the south slope of the Acropolis, of about twenty-five years ago. The road beyond it bordered with olive trees is the one which we spoke of at our last position, though we could not see it, as passing up the ravine below the Pnyx. After its rise here before us it drops down until it reaches the east end of the Acropolis where it finds itself in modern Athens. Beyond the road, between us and the Propylaea, is seen the theater of Herodes Atticus, or rather the wreck of it, only the upper portion of which we saw from our last position. As this is a late intruder we will let it pass with the statement that it was built by a wealthy Roman in memory of his wife in about 160 A. D., during the reign of Hadrian. From the right of this theater you see a long line of arches extending to the theater of Dionysos. Those are simply the back wall of a long porch donated

to Athens in the second century of our era, when Athens had become an object of charity, by a foreign potentate, Eumenes II, King of Pergamon. Attalos II, his predecessor, had already built an enormous porch, the imposing remains of which are still among the modern houses on the northern foot of the Acropolis.

Above the porch of Eumenes is the precinct of Aesculapius nestling against the rugged rock of the Acropolis. There is now little evidence of it left, but it was once a favorite resort on account of the southern exposure and a spring which was supposed to have healing power. From it one looked over the sea directly to the great Asklepieion at Epidauros, of which the Athenian sanctuary of the healing god was only a branch. Still farther to the right, some distance beyond the right end of the porch of Eumenes, we see the upper part of the theater of Dionysos. Gazing upwards we see, just above this theater, resting upon the rugged rock the south wall with its buttresses, a mighty work. On the plateau formed by filling in behind the wall stand the little Nike temple, scarcely seen against the mass of the ruined Propylaea, the august Parthenon and to the left of it in the background the Erechtheion with a staging erected about it for repairs and restorations.

We are now reviewing the buildings in reverse order from Positions 1 and 2. Indeed there is no point from which one can get a more satisfactory view of the Acropolis. And what a grand background we have on which to project the old citadel! Lykabettos on the right, clad on its lower slopes with pines, seems to come so near the little flat-roofed museum of the Acropolis, sunken to avoid prominence, and full of the

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choicest treasures of archaic art found on the Acropolis, that one would almost think it to be on Lykabettos itself, but between it and the mountain lies an important part of modern Athens. On the right-hand slope of Lykabettos we see to the right of the Acropolis among the houses one rather large white building directly over the middle of the King's palace. That is the American School of Archaeology. Off to the left over the Propylaea and the Erechtheion is a mountain, perhaps Anchesmos, but now called Tourkovouni which, though it appears lower than Lykabettos, is actually higher. Lykabettos it is true, is only 910 feet high; but a view is not to be measured by its height in feet but by what lies before the viewer. In the remote background is Pentelikon, with a long gentle slope on either side very similar to the low gable of a Greek temple. The various white spots on its sides are quarries old and new. Pausanias says that when Herodes Atticus lined the Athenian Stadion with marble the greater part of the mountain was used up! But quarrying marble for a thousand stadia would simply result in scratching its sides. An English company secured shortly before 1900 the concession to quarry on the back side of the mountain; and with railroad connections secured after much trouble it is making great profits.

Remembering that we are looking northeast, then we know that just beyond Pentelikon lies Marathon, (see general map of Greece). In whichever direction one looks in this land, places of great historic interest lie not far away. And it is, too, an interesting reflection that however much the structures raised by men's hands may have changed, yet the main natural features of this notable landscape have remained the

same throughout history. The outlines of those hills were seen by each succeeding generation of Athenians as we see them now.

Our next point of interest is the Acropolis, the scene for three thousand years of a continuous life, more active and far-reaching in its influence, some have held, than any other spot on earth. We shall stand first immediately before the rather late entrance in front of the magnificent Propylaea. This position is given on a map we have not before used, the map of the Acropolis, Map 3.

***Position 5. Looking northeast up through the Propylaea,—entrance to Acropolis,—Nike temple at right, Athens***

DISCARD

We are now approaching the Acropolis after looking at it from four different points of view. Our delay is now about to be rewarded by an entrance into it. We are at the portal; but we will proceed slowly, carefully noting every object as we go, not forgetting to notice the man and woman right before us. They are typical Greeks in dress and features. The others might be of any nationality. Carriages are waiting for the party of tourists whom we see above at the right. Such a scene may be noticed almost any pleasant day. But it is in the spring especially that the throng is so great that carriages loaded with strangers crowd these approaches to the Acropolis.

You see a wall flanked by two towers of unequal size, pierced by an opening through which all visitors to the Acropolis must go. There is no charge for entrance, not even to the Museum. That nearest structure is known as the Beulé Gate, because a member of the French School of Archaeology at Athens bearing

that name cleared away the débris which covered it in 1882. Beulé thought that he had discovered the ancient entrance to the Acropolis and had his discovery chiseled on a block of marble in the right-hand tower. This gate is now known to belong to the second century A. D. We see over the entrance a Doric frieze of triglyphs and metopes which were transferred here from a choregic monument of Nikias, which was broken up when the theater of Herodes Atticus was built. The ancient Greek entrance was probably only the great Propylaea above, approached by a zigzag path over the bare rock. Once inside this near gate one sees the remains of a broad marble staircase of Roman times fortunately so broken up that traces of the old zigzag approach can be seen. One of the windings came up near to that high pedestal, close in front of the north or left wing of the Propylaea, on which once stood an equestrian statue of Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus and a famous general, here very much out of place.

The Propylaea yonder was one of the most imposing buildings of Athens, indeed it was the most important secular building in the city. Even the difficulties of the position were forced by Perikles' clever architect, Mnesikles, to contribute to its grandeur. So much was it the glory of Athens that Epaminondas once told the Thebans that their city could never eclipse Athens until they brought the Propylaea bodily to Thebes.

The essential part of the Propylaea was a wall pierced by five doors, a large central one and two more to the right and left diminishing in size. That wall we can see back of those columns in the central portion of the structure; we can also catch a glimpse of the

large central opening and the two of lesser size to the left of it. Mnesikles, however, added in front and rear of that wall two porches which gave the structure its architectural distinction. The columns we see on this western side of the wall belonged, of course, to the outer porch. Both porches were surmounted by a gable roof, the inner or farther one rising above the outer to correspond with the rise of the Acropolis rock. That outer porch is much deeper than the other, and had back of the imposing six Doric columns at the front (we see remains of only five of this front row) two rows of three Ionic columns which extended back to the large central door and on either side of the passage which led to the Acropolis. The columns in the center were more widely separated than the others in both porches since this was the main entrance. On the map of the Acropolis, we can find the front row of six Doric columns and the two inner rows of three Ionic columns plainly marked, together with other parts of the Propylaea to which reference is made. Neither gable had sculptural decorations. The Greeks had no desire to overload an entrance gate with ornaments. One of the greatest losses that Athens has suffered has been the almost complete destruction, chiefly in the 17th century, of this splendid structure. On the left of the Propylaea proper, we see beyond the Agrippa base a large room opening only upon the broad ascent through three columns. One could enter it only by passing between the left or nearer column of the front and the end of the wall behind it. Pausanias says that the room contained pictures, but whether wall frescoes or easel paintings he does not say. The corresponding wing to the right, nearly hidden by the Nike temple but projecting slightly on the right of it,

was greatly curtailed, although the plan evidently was to make two symmetrical wings. It is generally believed that the Peloponnesian war here curtailed Perikles' great architectural plans. Nevertheless when finished this was the most magnificent building of its kind in the world. It was one of the last products of the Greek genius at its best towards the end of the Golden Age. It formed a fitting gateway for the great procession of the Panathenaea when all Athens made its way up this slope to Athena's shrine.

Before leaving this spot we must take note of that right-hand bastion 26 feet high, the core of which is an old Cyclopean wall now covered with squared stones. This shell is in many places cracked; and some day an earthquake will shake it down, and with it the beautiful temple which was once destroyed and then experienced a resurrection. From an earthquake, however, there would be no hope of a resurrection, but only absolute ruin.

We are now to stand within the sacred precincts of the Acropolis. Our position will be beyond the left-hand portion of the Propylaea. Turn to the map of the Acropolis where this next position is clearly indicated by the red lines numbered 6. We shall be standing on the northwest corner of the Acropolis, and looking slightly south of east.

***Position 6. Looking east from the Propylaea across the ruin-strewn Acropolis to the west end of the Parthenon, Athens***

Behind us and to our right is the Propylaea. Before us is the summit of the Acropolis. Immediately in front of us is an ancient cistern at the lowest point of the whole area. In the days of Perikles when the

Acropolis seemed in no danger, it was not essential that water should be stored here in cisterns, except as a matter of convenience. In later times the storing became of vital importance for standing a siege. Many channels cut in the surface of the rock conducted rain water to this cistern. It is easily understood that in Greece, where there is practically no rainfall from May 15 to October 15, every drop of water was stored up in the rainy season. There was also a spring just behind us, outside the northwest corner of the Acropolis wall, concealed and protected by masonry so as to be serviceable to the garrison. This was the famous Klepsydra, "concealed water."

Beyond the rising slope of rock, strewn with marble blocks, three objects claim our attention, the Erechtheion to the left, the Parthenon to the right, and between them, though nearer to the Erechtheion and connected with it, the foundations of a far older temple which up to 1886 was reckoned as a terrace wall. The Erechtheion has since 1903 been much improved by the replacing of many blocks which had lain on the ground for centuries. The most important additions were made on that great north porch, on the extreme left, and on the side towards us, where columns and part of the gable were added. Somewhat earlier, repairs were made on the Parthenon which, however, left its outward appearance unchanged. Several large architrave blocks had to be replaced in order to keep this west end from collapsing. It is a striking fact that the Greek architects, who have been supposed to have worked as if the eyes of the gods were upon them, actually put bad blocks of marble where they were not exposed to view. Of three architrave blocks set up on edge and resting on the columns the inside



ones were of poor marble with bad streaks in them. The Parthenon might, however, have stood the strain but for the dire accident of 1687 which deprived it of the greater part of its roof. The Turks at that time, thinking that the Christian Venetians would not violate the Parthenon, placed in it their powder magazine. A too well directed bomb, however, from a point near the Philapappos monument struck the roof, ignited the powder magazine and left the Parthenon in ruins, as we see it now. After standing a wonder and delight to the world for nearly twenty-one and a half centuries, it has been a ruin for only slightly over two centuries. But the modern world has become reconciled to the terrible loss because it is beautiful still.

The great rent caused by the explosion we see towards the eastern end. The cross wall making a separate compartment at the west end probably protected this part from the utter destruction which nearly overtook the east end. It is to be noticed that the northwest corner facing us is supported by five or six courses, while at the east end the rock had to be cut away for laying the necessary three steps. Through the columns, some badly shattered, and to the left of them, appears Hymettos.

But we must return to the wall which we see between the Parthenon and the Erechtheion. We see the high wall of dark stone which runs under the Erechtheion, and at right angles a wall of similar construction running toward the Parthenon. It was Dörpfeld, the Director of the German School at Athens, who first recognized in those walls and others connected with them the remains of the one great temple which stood here on the Acropolis before the Persian War. Its very existence was not suspected until 1886; but

then it became an object for study. It was then seen that here was a very old temple as early as 600 B. C. which in the time of Peisistratos, probably, was enlarged by placing columns around it and putting on it a larger roof. The old temple remained substantially intact and bore the name of Hekatompedon, "the hundred footer," even when it was transformed by the additions of Peisistratos. When the Erechtheion was built the magnificent colonnade of this old temple was lacking. There is considerable controversy as to whether even the cella of the "oldest temple" was patched up and occupied again after the Persian War.

We have remains of the gable structures of both the "oldest" and the "old" temples. One figure which we shall see later shows a grotesque monster with three human bodies and serpents' tails cut out of the soft limestone and painted with brilliant hues. From the "old" temple of the time of Peisistratos we have a battle of the gods and giants. Athena, in the middle, strikes down a giant, transfixing him with her spear. Other giants come to the rescue too late. These creatures of the age of Peisistratos are supplemented by a great number of figures mostly female, with garments with borders of red, blue and green, set up in the open air around the temple, as votive offerings to the great goddess Athena. Probably never was this Acropolis so gaily ornamented as in those days. When the Persians came here they doubtless took pleasure in tipping over these pretty painted figures from their high pedestals, and smashing them. When the Acropolis was levelled up after the Persian War these dainty statues were worthless rubbish, and were used for filling along the edges of the Acropolis. Fourteen of them came to light in 1886 in one day, half of them with heads on.

We look here, then, we should remember, on what was the earliest seat of the Athenian kings. Back in those prehistoric times, kings sat here in judgment, met with their councils, and here were erected the first altars and the first temple for the worship of Athena. Later the public assemblies were removed to the Pnyx and the judicial bodies met in the lower town and this place was given up more exclusively to the gods. In the second period Peisistratos not only rebuilt the old temple as we have seen, but made the Acropolis the seat of his rule. Then came the Persians who in 479 B. C. destroyed all they found here. There is little reason to believe that the Acropolis was again thought of as a fortress during classic times. The outer city defences made it possible to make this a religious sanctuary solely. Themistokles and Kimon repaired the walls and Perikles made this summit the most notable art center in the world's history. For centuries thereafter, there was undoubtedly little change in the general appearance of the Acropolis. Justinian in the 6th century strengthened it as a stronghold and changed the temples into Christian churches, but these noble buildings remained practically intact until the 17th century.

Our next position will be at the farther or east end of the Acropolis from which we shall look back to the Parthenon. The lines numbered 7 on the Acropolis map show that we shall be looking somewhat south of west.

***Position 7. "Earth proudly wears the Parthenon as the best gem upon her zone," west-southwest to east end, Athens***

We have now arrived at the stately front of the Parthenon, and we look through the ruined building diagonally. The rock is cut down here to bed the steps well into it. Between us and this nearer or northeast corner, a mass of the rock is left undisturbed. The diagonally opposite corner and most of the south side to our left rest on some twenty-five feet of masonry.

The columns and the entablature of this east end are preserved. The metopes between the triglyphs are so badly battered that they do not exist as works of art. The gable you notice is gone with the exception of a few pieces at each corner representing the chariots of the rising Sun, Helios, on the left and of Night sinking into the sea on the right. All the rest of the glorious composition between these end figures, doubtless inspired by Phidias, is in the British Museum much mutilated but still glorious, with the exception of the important central group. That represented the birth of Athena in the presence of Zeus and other immortals, and it was cut away when the building was converted into a Christian church in the 5th century A. D. At that time an apse was constructed at this east end, and a great aperture made in the gable to let in light, which caused the destruction of the central figures. Henceforth the farther or west end became the front of the building, the entrance for the congregation.

On the architrave a good many holes not visible here had long been recognized and supposed to have held large bronze letters; but it was reserved for Eugene P. Andrews, an energetic member of the

American School, to ascend in 1896 this front with pulleys and ropes and get impressions of all the holes with damp paper. When they were dry he studied them at his leisure and made out most of the missing bronze letters. And lo! it was praise to Nero who passed this way on one of his journeys.

This building before us surpasses every building erected by the hand of man, in its exquisite proportions and graceful curves. Some of these curves we recognize very plainly. The columns instead of tapering gradually upward swell out just below the middle before they begin to taper. They all incline slightly inward, the slant being made in the lowest drum. The columns would meet in a point if they were prolonged to the height of about a mile. The three steps which at a casual glance appear horizontal, are really gently curved. Notice particularly the steps on this right or north side. The radius of the curve would probably be something like a mile. A tall hat placed on one end of a step on the long side disappears to an eye at the other end. These curves convey an impression of elasticity.

You enter the temple over the three steps, each one about a foot and a half high. But these are now, as in ancient times, supplemented by marble blocks laid on the steps at the middle of this east end, making a comfortable flight of steps. Passing through this outer colonnade, you find stumps of columns belonging to another colonnade, to which you mount by two steps so low as to need no intermediate blocks. You are then in the inner porch of this east end of the Parthenon. At the other end is a similar porch. A temple would be complete without the whole outside ring of columns. But the Parthenon, of course, must have the fullest adornment.

It would be well to consult the plan of the Parthenon on the Acropolis map at this time and in connection with the following descriptions. The dark portions on the plan represent the parts of the building now standing, the lighter shaded portions represent stumps of columns, and the outlined portions, parts that have entirely disappeared.

The interior was closely walled up and divided into two compartments. It is only at that west end, that you see that portions of the inner walls are preserved. But when one scans the inside, he finds traces of a cross wall dividing the closed area into two unequal parts. The longer, eastern part at this end, contained the statue of Athena in gold and ivory, about thirty feet high, or with the base, thirty-eight feet high. Her part of the temple was divided longitudinally into three sections, by two lines of columns. If we may believe ancient testimony, we may be confident that the view of the goddess was awe-inspiring in the highest degree; and even now the most interesting spot on that desolate floor is a rectangle of poros stone which was once covered by the marble base of the worshipped goddess.

The western part, a rectangular room in which the roof was supported by four Ionic columns was, so to speak, a "business room." It was there that maidens devoted to the worship of Athena wove the splendid peplos or garment which was brought during the great Panathenaic festival as an offering to Athena once in four years. "Parthenon" means the "place of the maidens." By a singular transition, the name which was once applied to that west end has been transferred to the whole building.

For our next position we shall move out among those fallen columns seen on our extreme right and look back to the inside of this east end or toward the southeast. Notice the position on the Acropolis map.

***Position 8. East end of the far-famed Parthenon from among shattered columns at north side, Acropolis, Athens***

From this position on the north side of the Parthenon we are looking on the place where the explosion of 1687 wrought the cruel destruction. We can almost touch the beautiful marble drums so ruthlessly thrown down at that time. In the presence of all these column drums the question is often raised, "Why not erect the fallen drums?" The answer is that these drums which are in such fine alignment do not form a single column. The missing drums would have to be supplied by new pieces which would be in marked contrast to the old ones, covered as those are with a golden patina from the iron oxide which Pentelic marble contains. The dreadful result of an attempt to piece out a column will be seen from the next position we are to take. Another reason is that the joints could never be made again as close as those of the standing columns, which can hardly be seen ten feet away. The drums were roughly cut in the quarries of Pentelikon and hauled here when, after their upper and lower sides were carefully chiseled, they were placed one upon another in their rough form. The square dowel holes which we see in every drum contained a square wooden dowel which fitted exactly into the hole which we see. But this dowel in every case had a small round peg which projected upwards a trifle from the square one. After considerable turning of the upper drum its weight brought it down into position. When

all the drums, so hollowed out as to touch only on their outward rim, were piled up, the whole shaft was carved into grooves a few inches wide at the very bottom, and even less on the lower part of the capital which formed the last few inches of the column. The capital, as we see plainly from here, was made up of the square part (the abacus), the flaring part (the toros), and a few inches of the column.

Remember, we are looking across the northeast corner; and we see the inside of the entablature composed of three members, the architrave, resting on the abaci of the columns, the Doric frieze, made of alternate metopes and triglyphs on the outside but of plain blocks on the inside, and the top member, the cornice, which projects outward on the outside, forming the eaves. All these members are best seen above the three columns which remain in place on this long side to our left. It is there seen that the architrave is composed of three blocks set on edge.

The columns that have not been dislocated by the explosion are so compact that the separate drums appear as one monolithic column, while architects of our day have recourse to mortar as binding material!

Near us we see more of the Queen's Guards, representatives of modern Greece, who feign an interest if they have it not.

If our minds could call up the past what sights would meet our eyes here! What eager, reverent crowds thronging this space before us and all the approaches to this great temple! For this was the objective point of the great procession of the Panathenaic festival. Festivals and processions were held annually, but they held the great Panathenaea, in honor of their beloved Athena, every four years. This festival began



in the early fall. All kinds of athletic games and contests were held, the contestants being divided into three classes—boys, youths and men. Finally come the preparations for the great procession. In the early dawn a vast crowd gathers on the west side of the city. Slowly, as the vast concourse is formed in line the splendid pageant moves through the Agora, with its beautiful colonnades, and finally up the easy slope to the Acropolis. All the best of Athens is in line, first the victorious contestants of the last festival, then the leaders in the sacrifices, horsemen in bright armor and rich mantles, followed by the hardy, battle-scarred veterans of many campaigns; the chief magistrates and officials of state, and finally, in stately dignity, beautiful women—dames and maidens—carrying sacrifices. All toil up the winding path into the Propylaea, enter the gate, followed by the unofficial citizens, according to tribes, until this Acropolis area is thronged. Then the impressive sacrifices of cows and sheep begin. The priestesses of the temple come forth and receive on the steps the peplos, the wonderful new robe brought for the goddess. Feasting follows the sacrifices, continuing on into the night. Sweet music rises as the older priestesses chant their litanies:

Chant thanksgivings for Athena's birth,  
Chant her praises in the field of war,  
Chant her bounty to life-giving earth,  
Renowned, victorious, worshipped near and far.

The younger priestesses take up the worship with songs and dances. After midnight passes the men and boys take up their chorus in a still gayer strain. So the feast is prolonged until Phoebus rising above

Hymettos, seen yonder through the columns, ushers in another day.

Bringing our thoughts back to the present again we shall move for our next position to the right, to the top of the western wall which we saw still standing within the columns from our Position 7. From this new position we shall look east-northeast and down on the temple floor and within the columns. Notice the lines numbered 9 on the Acropolis map which gives the position and outlook more definitely. This position is given also on Maps 1, 2 and 15.

***Position 9. From west wall of the Parthenon, over modern city east-northeast to Lykabettos and Pentelikon, Athens***

Here finally we, too, can feel that we have arrived within the great temple of the Athenians. From this west wall we get another superb view looking somewhat north and east over the temple's floor. We see to the left the battered wall patched up with bricks and mortar. This makes a very ugly appearance but the addition was made to hold up the ends of marble blocks which without some support might fall. This very cella wall on the outside is of beautiful Pentelic marble. We see also the column previously referred to as badly patched up.

We see this north wall of the cella continued by straggling blocks back of the settees on which people are sitting, until it nearly reaches the left column of the inner porch. The temple would have been complete, as already stated, without the outer ring of columns. Much nearer to us and close to the wall (though not apparent here) dividing the temple into two compartments, we see the beginning of a black

rectangle. There stood the gold and ivory statue of Athena, thirty-nine feet high, on which Phidias lavished love and care before his enemies in Athens had him thrown into prison on a false charge of purloining gold and other trumped-up charges. The great base spread out over the edges of that rectangle; so it was not thought necessary to waste marble where it was to be covered up.

Again we have a grand background a little different from the former ones. Looking through the columns we see, beyond the marble-strewn ground on the right and left of the third column, an eminence called the Belvidere, from which visitors look from the wall of the Acropolis over the city with its interesting buildings both ancient and modern. We now see the wide area that separates the Acropolis from Lykabettos. The best part of Athens in fact lies here. Just behind the corner of the Parthenon lies the King's palace, partly hidden by it. We see the Hotel Grande Bretagne on Perikles street over the top of the patched-up column. Just to the left of the Palace, almost hidden by a pine grove is the stately French Legation, the best of the legations in Athens. Above the right half of the Palace almost cut off by the frieze blocks appears the American School and to the left of it the British School. There also is Lykabettos always beautiful and attractive but dwarfed by Hymettos on the right and Pentelikon in the distance on the left. A winter cloud rests on Pentelikon, and how clearly we see the quarries of marble from which these columns and architraves now right before us were drawn to the Acropolis. The sight of this splendid prospect, seen from the world's most perfect piece of architecture, draws us on and outward. Beyond that glorious

horizon we see in imagination another and then another. It is here that the soul *will* take its flight to the uttermost confines of the Greek world, of which Athens was the heart and soul. Beyond Pentelikon, we know, is Marathon. Through that valley before us Miltiades and his courageous army went to meet the Persians, and it was through that same valley that they hurried back ready for another battle in defence of their city. But beyond Marathon are the great island of Euboea, the glorious Aegean sea, and the shore of Asia Minor, the home of Homeric poetry and of the earliest philosophers. Off to our left is Thebes, laden with curses, and central and northern Greece; off to our right the Attic peninsula to Sunium, behind us the Saronic Gulf and the Peloponnesus.

Coming back, we remind ourselves again that we are standing on the glorious Acropolis of Athens, "the eye of Greece," and on the Parthenon itself. Only a little back of us is the western portion of the celebrated Parthenon frieze.

Most of the sculptural decorations of the Parthenon have practically disappeared. The great eastern gable, has, it is true, left to the British Museum the wrecks of a once glorious group of figures. Yes, even now glorious, though wrecks. The western gable group stood nearly intact until the Venetian commander, Morosini, after driving out the Turks in 1687, tried to carry off these statues; but in lowering the great central group of Athena and Poseidon taking possession of Athens, the machinery broke and the group of Athena and her chariot was dashed to pieces. Before Elgin came to steal or save the remaining statues in 1801, there was little remaining in the west gable

that was worth saving. The same may be said of the metopes. Most of those remaining on the building are no longer works of art but puzzles for archaeologists to work out. The extreme western metope on the south side is a solitary exception. Elgin brought to England a very good representative lot of metopes from the south side, all representing a Centaur and a Lapith, man or woman, in a death struggle. In like manner most of the frieze, which surrounded the cella wall immediately below the cornice and thirty-nine feet above the floor, has found its way to the British Museum. But Elgin was not able to wrench out the western frieze, because it was held in place by the architecture above it. Thus it happens that out of a length of five hundred and twenty-four feet we have still on the west side of the building a length of about seventy-five feet in a very good state of preservation.

It is a part of this western frieze we are now to have the pleasure of seeing. The red lines numbered 10 on the Acropolis map indicate approximately our position.

***Position 10. Horsemen in procession, part of the frieze by Phidias still on the west wall of the Parthenon, Athens***

Here we look upon the famous frieze, "the masterpiece of Attic bas-relief." This is a privilege that even the Athenians did not enjoy, as they could only look up to these wonderful sculptures from the floor or steps about forty feet below. We have singled out this one slab for attention partly because Victor Cherbuliez has made it a text for the art of Phidias, in his "Un Cheval de Phidias." We look upon a youthful rider, sitting with easy grace, as his horse like all the horses, full of mettle, canters along to the left. The

head bent forward and the face shaded by the broad-brimmed hat give a peculiar charm to his person. That the horses were held in by bridles of bronze or some other metal is seen by the two holes in the head of the rear horse.

The field for the figures is only about 3 1-3 feet high; but we cannot fail to recognize in them the grand style of the great 5th century. Some authorities have been disposed to believe that the plan of the whole frieze, containing 358 human figures besides horses and animals for sacrifice, can be the work of Phidias only. It is a plausible supposition but lacking certainty.

Authorities agree that the subject of the frieze is the grand procession which ascended to the Acropolis at the end of the Panathenaic festival, to which we have already referred. The whole frieze of this west side to which our figures belong is a preparation for this great procession. Riders appear in every stage of preparation. At the extreme right a man points around the corner to the south side, indicating that there are riders there also. But after some stoppages the riders get more and more into order as they reach the northwest corner, to our left. The one who made the plan of the procession, whether he be Phidias or some one else, cleverly escaped dividing the procession symmetrically on this west side by giving it all to preparation. The two long sides are duplicates of each other with some trifling variations. On the front (east side) the two processions converge on an assembly of the great gods, arranged in two symmetrical groups, between which, immediately over the entrance to the temple, the priest of Athena seems to be taking the peplos, which was woven by selected maidens from the aristocracy of Athens, to present

it to the maiden goddess. This was the crowning event of the whole procession.

We now leave the Parthenon, the very stones of which are eloquent, and turn to a less important but ever beautiful creation of the same glorious age—the Erechtheion. This building we have already caught sight of several times from previous positions. It was undoubtedly begun in the time of Perikles, though the work was so delayed during the Peloponnesian war that it did not reach completion until 407 B. C. The lines numbered 11 on the Acropolis map show what our next position is to be in connection with this temple, the most revered of the Athenians' places of worship. The map also gives the plan of the temple which was, in its extreme irregularity, the most remarkable of Greek temples. It stands on the site of an ancient temple of Erechtheus, which is merely another epithet for Poseidon. It was on that spot that the contest occurred between Athena and Poseidon, referred to on page 24, for the possession of Athens. Each strove to produce the gift which should be most useful to mortals. Poseidon struck the rock with his trident, and a salt spring sprung forth. Athena touched the ground with her spear, and produced the sacred olive tree from which came all the olive trees of Attica. When this olive tree was destroyed by the burning of the temple by the Persians, a new shoot, it is said, was immediately put forth. Besides this sacred olive tree, several sacred places existed on the site of the Erechtheion, such as the revered tomb of Kekrops and the rock bearing the three marks of Poseidon's trident already mentioned. It is believed by some that the irregularity of the temple plan may be

due to the effort of the architect to include these various sacred places in his building. As will be noticed on the map, the chief irregularity of the temple is the absence of the usual west portico. Two lateral porticoes, the North Portico and the Portico of the Maidens, take its place. We are to inspect the Portico of the Maidens first.

***Position II. Porch of the Maidens, southwest end of Erechtheion, approach to the grave of Kekrops, Athens***

We now stand in the presence of the most remarkable piece of architecture and sculpture combined that the Greeks ever produced. It is true that the claim to originality is somewhat impaired by the recent discovery at Delphi of the porches of the treasuries of Sikyon and Knidos in which the entablatures are supported by female figures prior to those with which we are now concerned by nearly a century, and contemporary with the older painted female figures found on the Athenian Acropolis in the debris left by the Persians. But, after all, this south porch of the Erechtheion is the most striking if not the most original piece of architecture that Greece has produced. It is also remarkable for the manifold repetitions of the figures in one variety or another, down to the present day. We are looking northeast diagonally across this south porch. We see how badly battered it is, and how many gaps have been filled by late insertions. It has shared the fate of the whole complex building, which was early transformed into a Christian church and later into the residence of the Turkish governor. It suffered also at the hands of Elgin, who wrenched out the second figure from the left, its place being supplied by a dark terra cotta cast from England. The figure



back of the one on the extreme right is a clumsy reconstruction in which all the life is gone. But the originals, though their faces are battered almost beyond recognition, are most impressive. They bear their load lightly with striking elasticity. They are not carrying the roof away, as it might seem at first glance, but are standing firm, supporting it. This is made clear by the fact that the three figures to the right have the left leg stiffly supporting, while the three others to the left have the *right* leg supporting. Thus all suggestion that they are likely to walk off with the roof or pull it apart is avoided. The gentle bend of the knee of the inside legs adds grace to the positions. Inward pressure is suggested while both elasticity and grace appear in the attitudes.

These "maidens," worthy of glorious Athens, while they stand as if on duty, are not overloaded. The entablature which they bear is with fine Greek taste made designedly light that the gentle bearers may not seem crushed by their load. The frieze is practically eliminated, and the cornice made very light. The architrave with the usual three "steps" has the upper step ornamented with rosettes.

We see that the figures stand on a parapet about four feet high which gives the interior of the porch a sort of seclusion. If we pass around the right-hand corner, we find that the parapet on that side does not come up against the wall of the temple but leaves an interval of about two and a half feet between its end and the temple wall. We go in and find a flight of steps running down northward to an area which was doubtless the grave of Kekrops, sprung from the rock of the Athenian Acropolis, the venerable parent of the earliest Athenians. It is fitting that this old earth-

born ancestor should find rest in the spot from which he sprung, and that the porch by which one approached should be shut in by a wall.

We note below the parapet of the porch three marble steps, and below these we see darker courses on which the marble steps rest. These darker courses, however, were laid a hundred years before the Porch of the Maidens existed. What we here look upon is the stylobate of the enlarged temple of Athena, (perhaps enlarged by Peisistratos), which bore columns, and was for many years the one great temple here on the Acropolis. We have already seen its foundation as we looked (Position 6) from the Propylaea toward the Erechtheion and the Parthenon.

Beneath the well-dressed man in Albanian costume is a wall much older than the additions made to the earliest temple by Peisistratos. This wall underneath the man was the outside wall of the "oldest temple" which had the grotesque monsters in its gables, as we shall later see. Below the earth in front of us are remains much older than these oldest temple walls—the walls of the palace of kings of Kekrops' line. In Athens, as at Mykenae, the temple rose on the top of the king's palace. Thus the immemorial age of Athens is certain.

Just back of the modern Greek citizen and above his head we see the right-hand end of a block of marble surpassing in size tenfold any other block used in this wall. If we clambered over the great stylobate behind him we should see under the great block a void which is intentional. Though carefully supported at each end, the block has such a wide span that it is likely to break apart. In fact it is cracked. It is probable that this void in the west wall was left because it was di-

rectly over the grave of old Kekrops, which must be left inviolate.

Leaving now our porch which has long had attached to it the name of the "Karyatid porch," from a most untrustworthy yarn, while official records make it the "Porch of the Maidens," we note to the right of the porch the continuation of the lower three plain courses and a thinner molded course which we see in the porch. Above the thin course is the usual course of blocks set up on edge, called the *orthostatai*, the "uprights." Below the marble we see also a line of stone belonging to the temple of Peisistratos running under the marble. As it proceeds it gets more and more under the marble courses and finally appears in the inside of the temple.

Above the *orthostatai* there is hardly a block that has not at some time been thrown to the ground. Hence the battered condition of the corners. Above the wall negligently piled up, we see, to the right, the east porch from the inside. We see two columns and part of a third. Five only now remain, since Elgin carried away the northernmost, which is now in the British Museum. Ernst Curtius once said to me, "I can forgive Elgin all that he did on the Acropolis except prying out that north column of the Erechtheion, thereby destroying a gem of Ionic architecture." Above the Ionic capitals we see, instead of the plain Doric architrave, blocks with three "steps." The same is true of the outside. Thus the architrave broadens materially at the top. Above the architrave there remains here and there a block of black Eleusinian stone, sometimes called marble, such as appears in the thresholds of the Propylaea. These are all that remains of the once continuous frieze, made by pinning marble figures in relief to this dark background. It can easily be un-

derstood that only the merest fragments of these figures remain. We have a list of prices paid for making these figures as "piece work" and by the day, from which we see that even artists' labor was rated scandalously low. The trouble was that sculptors swarmed in Athens.

Our next position will be on the opposite side of the temple from which point we shall look back southwest to the North Porch. See the lines numbered 12 on the Acropolis map.

***Position 12. North Portico of the Erechtheion and outlook west-southwest from Acropolis towards Salamis***

Our position here is at the top of a modern flight of steps which lead down from the level of the East Porch and the Porch of the Maidens, to this splendid North Porch. Instinctively the eye glides through the columns over what is nearest to the view of the right (northern) end of the inside face of the ruined Propylaea. The eye, being now accustomed to rove, glides over the broad plain beyond, the gift of the Kephisos, and over the Piraeus. It scans with peculiar interest the strip of water between the Piraeus and Salamis which rises high up behind it. On that little strip of water was fought in 479 B. C. the battle of Salamis. Thus far did Asia project itself upon Europe but no farther. How can we take our eyes off that scene to notice other things? How we wish that for a moment we could push back these four front columns out of the way, that we might see also the islet Psyttaleia where Aristides wrought havoc among the Persian nobles who had fled thither from the wreck of their ships. We see, however, the high and impressive island of Salamis

which once saw the strait at its foot dyed with Persian blood. But while we love to stray over spots where such deeds were wrought we must come back for the present to what is immediately before us.

We are looking slightly south of west through the beautiful North Porch which since 1902 has been carefully restored. Many blocks of marble that formerly cumbered the ground have been lifted to their proper position with a most pleasing result. A few of the columns have been pieced out by new drums which are here readily recognized by their lighter color. It has thus been possible to actually roof over this porch and make it practically complete. Fortunately for art, abundant funds are furnished for such work by a lottery conducted by the Greek Archaeological Society which is well patronized. Of course some might think that the end does not justify the means.

This restored North Porch dwarfs not only the Porch of the Maidens, but even the East Porch in front of the main cella of the complex temple. Nowhere has the Ionic order been so brilliantly represented as here. We see the slender Ionic columns arranged in the same order as the Maidens, four in front and one behind each end column. The pilasters which come out of the wall to meet them are never lacking. We see them also in the Porch of the Maidens. But how immense is the difference between the two porches! Instead of the human figure we have stately columns, which lacking the entasis of the Doric order seem by our optical illusion to be hollowed out a little half way up. Between the elaborate Ionic capital and the top of the shaft is a neck most elaborately carved with palmettes and flowers alternating. We miss of course altogether the gilding which was applied to the capitals and the neck. The shaft was not painted.

In this restored porch we have the complete entablature, architrave and frieze, with holes by means of which the white marble figures were pinned on, and, at the top, the projecting cornice. The great north door through which the sunlight is pouring, leaving, however, the casing ornamented with rosettes quite in the dark, has been much restored. This casing was a later addition put in to keep the cracked lintel from falling.

The interior arrangement of this most complicated building is difficult to determine on account of the changes it underwent when it was converted into a Christian church. It is clear that the part immediately behind the East Porch was the cella in which Athena Polias, or Athena as the guardian of the city, was supreme. There is general agreement on that point. There certainty ends. It is probable, however, that behind this cella, which occupied the whole breadth of the temple but had little depth, was a similar cella, still narrower, and about nine feet lower, opening upon the long corridor running from this North Porch to the Porch of the Maidens, the latter reached, of course, by a staircase. We look into this corridor now through the open door. Since it is well known that Poseidon had an allowed claim to a *part* of the building, this lower cella must be his if he had one at all. We must remember that Erechtheus is really only an epithet of Poseidon. He in fact had the whole building named for him. The corridor which is entered by this north door was lighted through the columns standing on a high parapet on the west side, as can be seen from Position 6. We catch a glimpse of them now through this gap in the north wall. Poseidon was no deity of second rank, but was received on the Acropolis on

equal terms with Athena, as we see in the west gable of the Parthenon.

In the pavement of the porch before us, back of the column near which stands a man with a straw hat, confronted by a guard dressed for winter weather, there is an opening which is not casual. It was always left open, and in the rock below appear to those who have sharp enough eyes to see or faith enough to believe that they see them, the marks of Poseidon's trident to which we have already referred. A young Scandinavian archaeologist, Nilsson, has recently maintained that the marks of the trident are quite visible in the rock under the temple wall and not under this opening in the floor of the porch. But this leaves the opening without a *raison d'être*. What seems to prove that the marks were seen (perhaps by excessive credulity) below the opening in the floor, is that in the lately restored roof there has been found a marble tile with a hole through which Poseidon is supposed to have driven his trident. The open space between us and the porch has been much tampered with in later times by the construction of the cistern into which we are looking.

A recent explanation of the extreme irregularity of this temple, being not only built on uneven ground, but having its porches unsymmetrically placed, is that a west wing containing the Pandroseion, a temple to Pandrosos, daughter of Kekrops, was projected but never carried out. Such a wing, as long as that occupied by Athena and Poseidon, would have brought absolute symmetry. The north and south porches were, it is true, of very unequal size, but they lie on the same axis.

Leaving the Erechtheion we now return to the Propylaea and, turning to the left, take our stand before the temple of Athena, Nike. The red lines, numbered 13, which show this position, are found on the maps of the Acropolis, and the "Environs of Athens."

***Position 13. Exquisite temple of Nike on the parapet of the Acropolis and view northwest over the Theseion, Athens***

This is not our first view of this beautiful temple of Athena Nike. As we passed up into the Acropolis we saw it to the right perched on its high bastion while a group of tourists were enjoying from it the magnificent view. As we are now passing out of the Acropolis we here make a detour to the left through the south wing of the Propylaea, and stand before its front on a level area between it and the temple. In ancient times people approached this area by a staircase which came up along the north side of the bastion on which the temple stood. Arrived at the top they turned to the right and came in past this front of the little temple.

Usually one does not look at the temple until he has taken a long lingering look at the view which is here unfolded. Behind us there is nothing to look at except the part of the Propylaea through which we have just passed, a Cyclopean wall of the age of Kekrops, and a bit of the Parthenon above it. But looking southwest and west we have a scene that we are loath to leave. The sunset hour from this point is too beautiful to describe in words. Following the example of the tourists whom, as we passed through the entrance to the Acropolis, we saw arranged along the edge of the bastion, we should take our place either on the left steps of the temple or in front of them. There it is that one gets the whole beauty of the mountains of



Peloponnesus as well as Akro-Corinth, Aegina, Salamis, Hymettos and the sea to the south. Enchanted by this beauty we should not stir from the spot until guards reminded us that it was time to close the Acropolis gate.

We have, however, chosen this point of view in order to see the temple rather than its environment. But before we examine it in detail we must pay some attention to the background. On the extreme left we catch a glimpse of the left end of the rocky Hill of the Nymphs with a carriage-road winding up to it. The Astronomical and Meteorological Observatory, which occupies the hill is hidden by the temple; but off to the right we see, with an esplanade before it, the Theseion practically as it was in antiquity, with the exception of its modern roof, and beyond this the western end of the city. Beyond that is a dark belt of olives, vines and a general tangle of gardens and orchards. This is the gift of the Kephisos, which being led off into hundreds of canals, never reaches the sea. Among the olives we see a long cleared space, and in the middle of it just this side of a white house peeping forth from the olives there is a low rocky hill called Kolonos. There it was that Sophokles loved to dwell with the nightingales and compose his tragedies, "tranquil here and tranquil among the shades below." It was there that he laid the scene of the death, or rather the "translation" of the long suffering Oedipus. It was reported in Athens that, since Charles Lenormont and Karl Ottfried Müller were buried on that hill, Schliemann expressed a wish to be placed beside them. But the frightful mutilation of the two monuments must have been persuasive reasons to his relatives for placing him in the Athenian cemetery.

Quite near is the probable site of Plato's Academy. We are deprived here of absolute certainty, but undoubtedly the nursery of Greek poetry and philosophy was in that immediate vicinity. The name Academy, taken from the name of the early owner of the land, Akademos, has come to be applied to homes of learning everywhere. Given to the state by a later owner, Kimon, it became the home of literature and philosophy for centuries. Enthusiastic students thronged its olive groves to hear the wisdom of Plato and later to hear the words of his greatest pupil, Aristotle. Soon after Sulla swept the plain in 86 B. C., destroying the classic groves, Cicero came here and found this old haunt of Plato still a center for students.

In the extreme right background we see Parnes sloping to the left and sinking behind a darker mountain nearer to us. That is the Aegaleos range, which causes the Peloponnesus railroad to make a long detour to the right in order to pass between Parnes and Aegaleos, after which there is a long down grade to the left to Eleusis. On the extreme left we see Aegaleos beginning to slope down towards the sea by Salamis.

It is time to come back to what lies directly before us. This diminutive temple has passed through great vicissitudes. The English traveler, Wheler, who visited Athens in the 17th century, before the explosion in the Parthenon, saw and mentioned it. He had, it is true, scant time for his observations, since the Turkish officials allowed him and his French companion, Spon, only one visit to the Acropolis. To his haste is to be ascribed his statement that there were certain "small figures well cut on the architrave," whereas they are in their proper place, *above* the architrave.

When Chandler, more than a century later, visited Athens he saw no such temple, and impugned Wheler's veracity. Others thought that Wheler had taken the north wing of the Propylaea as a temple. But the fact was that shortly after Wheler's visit, when the Venetians were about to attack the Acropolis, the Turks pulled down this gem of Ionic art and used the material to broaden a wall which ran across the approach to the Propylaea on our right to the base of Agrippa's statue. For nearly a century and a half, but for the fact that Elgin pulled out a few slabs of the frieze from the inside face of the wall, nothing was known of this temple. But after the liberation of Greece, in 1834-5 the whole wall was removed, and nearly all the pieces of the temple were recovered and set up here in their places. Several blocks had to be supplied to complete the building. These are recognized by their lighter color. The column at the rear has a new piece not fluted and a clumsy capital just blocked out. This proceeding was much better than an ambitious attempt to make something as good as the original. The slabs of the frieze that Elgin had carried off were replaced by the British Museum with copies in terra cotta, a rather poor substitute for marble, with which it strangely contrasts. The greater part of this east frieze and that on the south side has been put back into place. The dark terra cotta slabs have been put on the west and north sides, where they are conspicuous from afar.

Although the parts of the marble frieze that remain are so small (only about 1 1-2 feet high) the temple being only about 18x28 feet, they show the grand style. Over the columns of this front side is an assembly of the gods, in which Zeus, Athena, Poseidon and some

others are identified. The two long sides appear to represent Persian cavalry (marked as Persians by their trousers) fighting Greek infantry. This feature recalls the battle of Plataea, where the Athenians routed Mardonios and his Persian cavalry. The glory of Athens is thus portrayed. On the west front where Greek meets Greek it is probably the Athenian hoplite striking down the Boeotian, his enemy who preferred Persians to Greeks. The whole frieze is a song of triumph over all who fought against Athens.

The question of the date of this little temple has cost the archaeologists considerable trouble and some temper. When it was restored in 1834 under the supervision of Ludwig Ross, he proposed for the temple the date of 466 B. C., regarding it as a trophy for Kimon's great victory at the river Eurymedon. But the date has been lowered by one authority after another, until Furtwängler proposed 426 B. C., when Demosthenes gained in Amphilochia his signal victory over the Spartans and Ambrakiots. But lo! an inscription found on the north slope of the Acropolis in 1898 seems to show conclusively that it was built at about 450 B. C. Inscriptions have in the last twenty years settled a good many mooted points.

Behind this temple is the Areopagus. It is this hill that we are to see next. See the lines numbered 14 on the maps of Athens and the "Environs of Athens."

**Position 14. Areopagus (Mars' Hill), and Theseion northwest from the Acropolis, Athens, toward the Sacred Way to Eleusis**

We are now standing pretty near the top of the winding road which leads up to the Acropolis. Just before us is a typical barefooted overgrown Greek boy

from the country, probably from the rich plain of the Kephisos (on which we lately looked). His stock is largely composed of oranges; but he has also lemons and figs. This is a typical sight of modern Athens. One is apt to think that such a load is too much for even the most patient of asses; but one soon learns that these baskets are filled with straw, covered with green leaves, and that the fruit is heaped up upon them. To the right, behind the boy we see a line of aloes which in a period of several years send up a stalk some fifteen feet high which blossoms with a beautiful red flower. Farther to the right, directly behind the baskets, are two pine trees badly treated by caterpillars which attack pines with especial avidity. One sees whole pine forests between Athens and Corinth thus deprived of their green color, and some trees are destroyed.

Beyond the depression we see the principal object we have come here to see. Here is a bare rock only 375 feet above the sea level, and about 75 feet lower than the Acropolis. This is the famous Areopagus, the rock of Ares. Many, perhaps the majority of tourists, look with as much interest on this bare rock as on the stately Acropolis. For here stood the great Apostle to the Greeks, and preached Christ to the gathering that came forth to hear him. The occasion and the man were both great. Taking it all in all, probably no sermon was so fitting in all the history of preaching. What a beginning! How conciliatory! "I perceive that ye are in all things very religious." One can imagine the light upon the face of the great Apostle when he said, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him I make known unto you." Athens had never heard words like these.

Towards the right we see, cut into the rock, a flight of about fifteen steps by which we reach the top. Not a vestige of any building appears on the summit, although cuttings in the rock, like those on the Pnyx Hill, indicate the presence of very ancient small dwellings, probably prehistoric.

This hill was the seat of criminal justice in Athens for centuries. Somewhere on or near the rock stood the shrine of the Furies or Avengers of Blood, called in ancient Athens the Eumenides (the kindly ones), on the principle of calling the divinities whom one especially feared by a name fitted to appease them. The shrine may have lain below the rock and all traces of it may have been obliterated by the falling of huge masses of rock such as we see in line with the Thesion, at the extreme right. The court that sat on the hill was composed of the most eminent of the older citizens of the city and had supreme jurisdiction in all cases concerning religion.

The geological structure of the rock is extremely interesting. It rests on a layer of very soft sandstone, which being worn away has caused masses of the harder rock above to split and fall in great blocks. It is probable that in geologic ages this limestone mass formed part of an extended plateau including the Museion Hill with its three peaks, and also the Acropolis. Plato may be right in declaring that the Acropolis was once joined to Lykabettos, but that state of things was millenniums before St. Paul spoke to the people under the open sky at the foot of this rock before us. There is no reason for the supposition that St. Paul was brought before the court of the Areopagus, a sort of senate trying cases connected with religion, in the city. He was not on trial. It would

lend interest to the occasion if we knew that he spoke in the shrine of the Eumenides, the guardians of religion, before whom the parricide Orestes stood and suffered.

Over and above the Areopagus and its immediate surroundings we have, not far behind it, the Theseion on the right and the Observatory on the extreme left, with much of the city between. Then comes the plain of the Kephisos that we saw from our previous position. Beyond it we see the road leading to Eleusis. It soon passes, as it rises, a group of houses constituting an insane asylum. The number of insane patients is in Greece strikingly small; but some foreigners have been heard to declare that in Greece a great many people are at large who ought to be in asylums. While this is true to a certain degree, who is to decide in certain cases with absolute correctness? Greek authorities lean to liberality. The fine climate which invites to open air life does a great deal to lessen the number of the insane. Beyond the asylum the road disappears between a round hill to the right and the southern part of Aegaleos to the left, and continues to the bay of Salamis. Right above the gap and on the sky lines rises majestically Kithaeron, thirty miles away. The Plataeans when in trouble could signal to friendly Athens.

This road which we have seen disappear is the Sacred Way over which the grand procession passed from Athens to Eleusis to celebrate the mysteries there. On either side of it were noted buildings, most of them now altogether lost. The most important after you get into the gap is the temple of Apollo Daphneios, on the ruins of which is a monastery of the 13th century A. D., which has had a very interesting history. There

it was that Dukes of Athens resided and were buried. Shakespeare had heard of Dukes of Athens. Beyond the monastery one descends to the sea enjoying one of the finest views in Greece. The very blue sea hemmed in by the very brown land and rock is there seen in its most charming aspect. Eleusis is in plain sight and Salamis rising high closes the view. You soon get down near the sea where there are remains of a temple of Aphrodite (see map, "Environs of Athens"), and where many clay doves may still be found. You then follow the shore turning to the right and in another mile the railroad which has made its long detour to the north joins us; and the road and railroad run parallel till they reach Eleusis.

We now return to the Acropolis where from the wall at the east end we shall look over the whole south-east quarter of Athens. Our field of vision will include three interesting monuments which later we shall visit in order. See the lines numbered 15 on the Athens map and the "Environs of Athens."

***Position 15. Lysikrates Monument (below), Temple of Zeus and restored Stadion, east-southeast from the Acropolis wall, Athens***

The man near us is sitting on the Acropolis wall. By glancing over it to the ground below we get a good idea of the formidable height of this fortress. Beyond we get a splendid view southeast. Immediately below us is a small round building at the foot of that narrow street. The round structure was long popularly known as the Lantern of Demosthenes, but now as the Lysikrates monument. The street is called Lysikrates street after the man who set up the building in his own honor. We see the narrow street running straight ahead until



it reaches the boulevard named after Amalia, the queen of Otto the Bavarian, the first King of Greece. Across the boulevard is an arch made by Hadrian in a wall which separated the new quarter which he laid out with great magnificence, from the older Athens. On the front towards us is cut in large letters, "This is Athens, the old city of Theseus," on the other, "This is the city of Hadrian and not of Theseus." Beyond the gate we see the broad platform on which still stand at the southeast corner thirteen columns, with their architraves, of the temple of Olympian Zeus. Farther to the right are two columns of the inside row, and another lying as it fell in a violent storm in 1852.

Some of the oldest traditions of the Greek world are attached to that enormous foundation. It is said that Deukalion and Pyrrha, after the flood, repopled the earth by throwing over their shoulders stones which were transformed into men and women, with whose help they built here the most ancient temple of the world. But our first known temple on this spot was that begun by Peisistratos who, after honoring Athena on the Acropolis, went on to glorify the Olympian Zeus with a still more impressive offering. A good deal of the foundation which we here see is the work of Peisistratos, and there he was checked.

Just beyond the group of columns the ground falls off to the Ilissos, and beyond it we see the farther bank rising high, and beyond that, one of many little suburbs of Athens. The Ilissos is not much of a river. President Felton once said, "On my first visit to Athens I went down to the Ilissos, bent reverently over it, and drank it all up." But the Ilissos is not always a subject for jokes. Twice I have seen it very much alive and to be feared. On our Thanksgiving

Day in 1895 rain fell all day and all the following night. Then the Ilissos came down through its bed with fury, wiping out a little summer theater with houses around it. Farther to the left and above the bridge which now leads over the Ilissos into the Stadion, but which did not then exist, people who were living on the slopes of the river bed were overwhelmed by the flood, which rose to a height of 25 feet, covering houses in which poor people had long dwelt in absolute security. The Kephisos, which flowed through the olive groves seen from Positions 13 and 14, contributed a still larger volume of water; and the two streams united swept over the Piraeus, wiping out the manufacturing part of that city. Some seventy people were drowned, mostly by the Ilissos. The Piraeus was cut off from communication with Athens for thirty-six hours, and reverted to its original condition as an island. "Piraeus" means "the beyond." Seen then from the Acropolis at the time of this flood it was an island. When a heavy rain does fall in Attica, since there is no earth on the sides of the mountains the rivers are at once filled, and the water speeds along like a race-horse, sweeping all before it.

Coming back to Hadrian's Gate we see the street which passes to the left in front of it sending off to the right a broad boulevard. At its very beginning it passes on the left a statue, which we can see, of Byron leaning on the knee of Hellas. It then sweeps along in a graceful curve through some fine pines until it reaches the Stadion laid out, as we see, between two hills. Beyond the Stadion is another suburb; and then rises Hymettos, forming again a fitting back-ground. In the winter of 1900-'01, thick snow remained on its slope for nearly a month, but that is very unusual.

The great glory of Hymettos, however, is the rich pink and purple glow which suffuses its top when the last rays of the setting sun fall upon it.

Having viewed summarily from our coign of vantage this whole southeastern quarter of Athens we are prepared to take up in order the three principal monuments before us.

First we shall stand in that narrow street just beyond the Lysikrates monument and look back to the monument and to the Acropolis where we now are. See the position on the Athens map.

***Position 16. Lysikrates Monument, oldest structure of Corinthian order,—great Acropolis wall at west-northwest, Athens***

We now have the monument directly before us, and beyond the mighty rock of the Acropolis towering above us, with the walls upon which we have just been standing resting upon it. The small structure near us is about 35 feet high, including the square base which is 13 feet high. This is only one of a large series of choregic monuments lining a street called the street of the tripods, and also placed about the theater, which is just out of our sight to the left. The two columns which we see high up against the sky line by the south wall of the Acropolis are other forms of choregic monuments.

The dramas at Athens were brought out in competition. A citizen, generally a man of some property, was appointed choregos, (literally, "leader of the chorus," though he took no part in the play) to bring out a drama or a series of dramas in competition with another choregos. Thus the dramas were brought out with splendor. To the choregos whose group was

judged to be the best, was awarded a bronze tripod, a three-legged standard for a kettle, all in bronze. What gave the prize its peculiar value was that the winner of the tripod was allowed to set it up on a base. The form of a round building was by no means the exclusive form. Two are known to have had façades; the Nikias monument which we saw worked into the gate of the Propylaea (Position 5) and the Thrasylos monument, which, though shorn of its glory still stands above the theater.

There is no surviving choregic monument so interesting and beautiful as the one before us. It has six engaged columns of the Corinthian order, the earliest example of a complete building in that order. Between the tops of the columns there is a broad band of tripods carved in low relief. Then follows the stepped architrave and then the frieze, the most interesting part, and lastly the cornice with dentils. The roof is of one convex piece of marble; and above it rises an *akanthos* plant in marble, branching out in three directions to afford supports for the legs of the tripod, now lost forever. This *akanthos* plant is much less schematic than the later *akanthos* capitals known in architecture, and more realistic. That the tripod was in exquisite taste may be taken for granted. An inscription on the architrave turned towards us, here not very legible on the stone, says, "Lysikrates, son of Lysithides, was choregos: Lysiades of Athens trained the choros; Euainetos was archon." Since this archon is known to have held his office in 335-4 B. C. we have a definite date for the structure. The other three persons appear from their names to belong to the same family.

Of the sculptured decorations the pairs of tripods

between the engaged columns are unimportant. But the frieze has an interesting representation of Dionysos and his attendant Satyrs being attacked by pirates. Dionysos sits tranquilly with his panther beside him, while his six Satyrs rout the pirates and pitch them into the sea. The pirates are being transformed in an ascending scale. The story is treated in the Sixth Homeric Hymn. Mr. De Cou, a member of the American School, noticed that Stuart in his *Antiquities of Athens* had by accident transposed his drawings and reproduced his plates in a wrong order in which everybody had followed him. The correct order on the monument is much more effective.

This monument under the Turkish regime belonged to a French Capuchin monastery which enjoyed ex-territorial privileges from the Porte. The library was in the monument, a panel being removed to admit of access. The monks could not have been great readers, since the monument is only nine feet in diameter.

The story that Demosthenes retired to this cozy place to practice oratory, by which circumstance it got the name of the Lantern of Demosthenes, has no foundation in fact. Byron used it as a study.

We shall now proceed southeast about 300 yards and stand near the southeast corner of the great temple of Olympian Zeus, and not far from the Ilissos. Note the position on the map of Athens.

***Position 17. Splendid columns of temple of Olympian Zeus,—Parthenon-crowned Acropolis at northwest Athens***

We now come to consider a little more in detail the grandest monument in the "city of Hadrian," the temple of Olympian Zeus, the largest Greek temple

with the exception of the Artemision at Ephesus. After Peisistratos and his sons had begun the gigantic work it apparently lay for some time as he left it. More than three hundred years in fact pass before we hear of anything more being done on it. Then Antiochos Epiphanes, who had so much trouble with the Jews, is said to have taken up the scheme of continuing it. How much he did we do not know.

Hadrian, when he came to Athens three hundred years later, with all the resources that the Roman empire could supply, probably found little except the work of Peisistratos which would be of any help to him. He apparently took the gigantic stylobate of Peisistratos as it was, but put a marble course above it and slightly changed its orientation. Peisistratos' building was of poros stone from the Piraeus, and since Hadrian in the changed times took Pentelic marble all the column drums of the old temple went to waste. But underneath both the marble stylobate of Hadrian and the poros stylobate of Peisistratos, were found traces of a still older and somewhat primitive temple. This is Deukalion's temple. All of which indicates that in this new quarter, laid out by Hadrian, there still remain tokens of a primeval Athens.

But we shall now confine ourselves to what appears above ground. With our position some twenty yards distant from the southeast corner of the temple and with our back to the Ilissos we look northwest along the southern outer row of four Corinthian columns. Through the gap between them and a column farther to the left, we see the upper part of the theater of Dionysos, and a little higher up the choregic monument of Thrasyllus, despoiled of its marble facing and looking like a cave. There above the high south wall

risers the ever glorious Parthenon with a back-ground of winter clouds.

But to come back to the immediate object of our view, one is at first sight dazed by such a forest of columns. But we must remember that this temple had two rows of columns all around it, and at the front a third row. By good luck the architrave blocks held in their places at this southeast corner thirteen of the mighty columns, 56 1-2 feet high and 5 1-2 feet in diameter at the bottom. While the columns lack the elasticity of the Parthenon columns the mere size of the members is overpowering. When the temple was entire we may well believe that this mere size led to the overlooking of details. Aristotle puts it in the same category as the Pyramids of Egypt, as one of the colossal works of despots.

Before the recent excavation and examination of it, it was supposed to have had a front of ten columns, and since Vitruvius spoke of a temple in Athens having an eight column front with an opening in the roof, that is to say an hypaethral temple, it was supposed that the Parthenon must be that hypaethral temple. But now we know that the Olympieion is the temple referred to by Vitruvius, and we no longer suppose that the gold and ivory statue of Athena in the Parthenon was exposed to all weathers. The Parthenon was sufficiently lighted through its doors.

We know nothing of the gold and ivory statue of Zeus in this temple; but we may well assume that it had not the grandeur of Phidias' Olympian Zeus at Olympia. The spirit that could create such works, the spirit that "wrought in a sad sincerity," had passed away. The mere mass of the building and the colossal size of its statue could not produce that religious awe

with which the pious Greeks of the fifth century gazed upon their Zeus and their Athena. It was therefore, no desecration that in mediæval times an ascetic like Simon Stylites slept in the hollow of the architrave which we see on the left, and had his food and drink brought up to him by a cord.

We now move on east along the Ilissos until we reach the Stadion, the third and last member of the group which we saw from the Acropolis wall. Note our position on the Athens map.

***Position 18. Crowds gathering at restored Stadion (southeast) for 20th century celebration of old games, Athens***

Before us is the Athenian Stadion. We have already (Position 15) seen the curving boulevard, called after Queen Olga, passing the Olympieion on its right, and then following the Ilissos to the entrance of the Stadion. We now look directly into the Stadion over the bridge across the Ilissos. We see the people gathering. They have arrived by the boulevard of Queen Olga, or by a broad foot path that skirts the southern edge of the King's Gardens, or lastly, farther east by the broad street of Herodes Atticus which passes the marble Palace of the Crown Prince. We see the farther end of the bridge marked by a post beyond and to the left of a ticket office now somewhat crowded. The so-called Olympic Games are here taking place. The time is the spring of 1906, ten years after the first revival of these games.

In very ancient times the Stadion occupied the depression between the two parallel hills before us, which run back from the Ilissos, and are joined at the back by a low ridge. The spectators sat or stood on the



rough slopes. Lykurgos, a contemporary of Demosthenes, at about 340 B. C., made a level course by digging away the earth at the upper end of this valley and filling in at the lower end to make a level track. The main thing in a stadion was this level track for runners, 600 feet long.

Four centuries later Herodes Atticus proclaimed at the Panathenaean Games that at the next Games four years later, he would have for the atheletes a stadion of marble. Four years elapsed, and he had kept his word. The completed stadion was a wonder, but it did not use up all the marble of Pentelikon as Pausanias said. Herodes had a certain shady side in his pecuniary transactions which touched a great number of Athenians. Some said that the Stadion might well be called Pan-Athenaic because it was made with the money of all the Athenians; but they praised him with evident sincerity after his death, and buried him in the Stadion as his monument. Philostratos said of him, "Of all mankind he made the best use of his money."

This Stadion became, with the decline of Athens, a quarry where every man helped himself to marble, and made lime of it. When it was proposed to have in 1896 a revival of "Olympic Games" the first requisite was a proper gathering place. The thoughts of all turned to the Stadion. Work was at once begun here and much more of the old walls was found than had been expected. But the task was also more colossal than had been expected. One day the energetic Mayor of Athens, Philemon, came into a session of our committee with a telegram from Averoff, a rich Greek of Alexandria, which said, "I give a million," in francs. This seemed a large sum when converted into the de-

preciated currency of Greece, and where labor is very poorly paid. But the time still remaining before the date set for the games was less than a year, and little had been done. To rebuild the Stadion in marble was impossible; but everything was set in feverish action. On account of lack of time only the four lower seats were in marble; then came a few rows of seats of Piraeus stone, and the rest were of wood. The seating capacity was about 60,000.

When the games came on the competition was not so sharp as was to be desired. The American contingent carried off most of the important prizes; but the Greeks were contented when a Greek peasant won the twenty-five mile run from Marathon to the Stadion. When he came in having distanced all competitors, there were nearly 100,000 spectators assembled here in and around the Stadion. I have never seen so large a crowd wrought up to such a pitch of excitement. But what was all this compared with Olympia when the runners contended for everlasting fame and an ode from Pindar?

Later Averoff made abundant provision in his will for a marble Stadion which was completed and in it were held the Olympic Games of 1906. A much more representative body of athletes competed but the Americans again won the largest number of prizes and many of the most important ones; the Marathon Run, however, was won by a Canadian.

In each of the Olympic Games not only the royal family of Greece but also other kings and queens, as well as princes and princesses have added interest by their presence. Priests, peasants and officers here crowd one another on the seats, and the enthusiasm surpasses belief. One sees princes, priests, soldiers

officers and laborers, in one grand medley hugging one another for joy. Here is no rank, no dignity, but one wild spasm of joy. Tomorrow they separate again into various classes.

Of all athletic contests, both of the present time and at old Olympia, it is the foot race that most stirs the blood. The four horse chariot races brought in a showy element of luxury and pride. But what are horses and drivers compared to a man struggling for a goal? Had we seen Lados, the Spartan, "breast the tape" and breathe out his young life we should probably have said; "Well done! his life is ended but his name will be known throughout Greece when kings and generals are forgotten."

We shall now turn back and visit the Theater of Dionysos (also called Bacchus), on the south slope of the Acropolis. See the lines numbered 19 on the maps of Athens and the Atropolis.

***Position 19. Looking southwest over Theater of Dionysos where master-pieces of Greek drama were given, Athens***

We are now seated in the great theater of Dionysos, about twelve rows back from the orchestra. We look down over the theater southwest to the sea where Aegina, long time the foe of Athens, is swimming. Still farther to the left, dimly seen, is the projecting eastern prong of Argolis, forty miles away, in which Troezen was the ruling city. (See the general map of Greece.) Nearer us on the extreme right are the Museion Hill and the Philopappos monument. This view was seen and enjoyed by a great number of the spectators, not being interrupted by the stage building. The audience of about 30,000 persons were mostly

men. The plays were given as a religious ceremony in honor of the god of wine, Dionysos Eleuthereus, "the god who makes us free." All the plays were crowded into a few days at certain festivals. At the great Dionysia, the principal festival, in the spring, drama after drama was crowded into three days, and for the rest of the year the theater was for the most part empty or used for popular assemblies. The audience sat under the open sky and if it happened to rain they either bore it or took refuge in porches or similar protection. In the time when the porch of Eumenes was built this was a convenient refuge.

The auditorium was, for the purpose of seating the crowd, divided into thirteen compartments called *Kerkides* (wedges). One of the dividing aisles is just before us, others can be seen to the right. The upper part was probably subdivided as at Epidauros; but here so much has been removed that there is less certainty as to its arrangement. The seats of Piraeus limestone are here before us. The back part of the tread is cut down to give the man who sits above room to let his knees bend comfortably, and at the same time not be hitting the back of the man who sits below. The upright part is also cut back to make more room for the heels. Aside from giving comfort to the sitters, who sat all day, all this means a great economy of material and space. If the feet were not let down on the back part of the tread every next block above would have to be higher to give equal comfort. In the same way if the face of each seat were not undercut the toes of the sitter would trouble the next lower man. The forms of the seats can be seen just below us and especially off to our right. It is strange that not all stone theaters have thus saved material and space.

The auditorium as we now see it is of the 4th century B. C. In the great days of Aeschylus and Sophocles the people sat on a wooden staging like modern base ball seats. We have record of the collapse of such an auditorium. We can now, thanks to excavations, see a part of the orchestra circle of that early time down below these later stage foundations, and considerably farther south than the present orchestra. This orchestra of the 4th century was moved farther up toward the slope and laid out by filling in to the south, just like the operation which was made in the Stadion.

The orchestra as we now see it is not as in old times a complete circle but is cut into by a low stage. It suffered also in Roman times various transformations. It was made into a tank on which naval battles were fought. A balustrade was set up around it, probably as a protection for the audiences in gladiatorial combats or in combats with wild beasts. What a contrast to the plays of Sophocles.

When we look out over the various stage buildings, each newer one encroaching more and more upon the orchestra, we seem to need an architect like Professor Dörpfeld to straighten out the tangle. The last stage of all, the stage of Phaedrus, erected about 200 A. D., is, as we see, very low, about 4 feet high. We should have to approach much nearer to make much out of the figures. But it is clear when we see it that it has seen service elsewhere, probably on one of the earlier stage fronts. The relief is good fourth century work, and celebrates the god Dionysos in various scenes. All the heads of the figures were knocked off when it was put in this place. Its treatment was very shabby and inspires disgust at the Roman who thought it worth while to do such violence to it. It is a far cry from Aeschylus to Phaedrus who thought to please a de-

generate Roman emperor by such a travesty of a stage front.

Before leaving the spot where we stand we may note the grooves cut in the steps to prevent the feet from slipping and falling on the hard rock. It is well also to call attention now to the fact that the front row of seats next to the orchestra is made up of marble chairs every one of which has an inscription on the front telling of the numerous priests, priestesses and other officials to whom they belong. There are also a few others in rows farther up. There is also a base for a throne for some Roman emperor.

We shall now pass to the orchestra and look back to some of the seats directly opposite the stage. This position is given on the Acropolis map.

***Position 20. Seat of honor for Priest of Dionysos, north side Theater of 4th century B. C., Athens***

With our position reversed we now look from the orchestra into the seats. Just before us there are remains of three rows, the only spot where there is more than *one* row. These seats alone are in Pentelic marble. Furthermore, of all the marble chairs the one before us is the only one that has arms and also ornamental sculpture in relief. By all this and by the name inscribed upon it we find that it belongs to the Priest of Dionysos, who thus sat exactly in the center of the row and so directly in front of the actors, whether they stood on a stage or, as is more probable, in the orchestra *before* the stage. All this lends point to a passage in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, where Dionysos in fright calls across the orchestra to his priest, that he may deliver him.

As pointed out, no other chairs have ornaments, but simply the names of the occupants. This one, however, is extremely elaborate. On its front between the lion's legs forming the legs of the chair are two remarkably oriental looking figures, griffins, or something of that sort, fighting two very oriental looking men. In fact we seem here to see a piece of Assyria strangely transported hither. On the back of the chair is a genuinely Greek representation, namely two satyrs plucking grapes, hemmed in to the right and left by two curiously carved borders. On the arms of the chair at the outside which we do not see youthful figures are superintending a cock fight. The boys are squatting down and reaching out their hands to encourage the game.

This one chair is much broader than the others and more hollowed out. There is a hole at the front, inside, which lets the water run off. Several chairs contain holes to which probably cushions were tied. The officials had greater regard shown to them than was shown to the οἱ πολλοί. But most highly revered of all was the priest of "Dionysos who makes us free" (Διόνυσος Ἐλευθερεύς).

We can see this title cut on the lower edge of this chair or throne.

It is striking that out of the early Bacchic revels, first practiced among the country folk at the vintage season, in honor of the Theban's wine-loving god, there should have grown up in the cities, especially at Athens, the noble form of tragedy, which became the mouthpiece of the grandest thoughts of Greece. But it is certain that no one can visit this spot without having ever afterwards a fresher and keener interest in the masterpieces of Aeschylus, Sophokles, Euripides and Aristophanes, here first given to mankind.

We shall now move to the northwest side of the Acropolis for a near view of the so-called Theseion. See the lines numbered 21 on the map of Athens.

***Position 21. The best preserved temple in all Greece, the Doric "Theseion" of time-yellowed marble, Athens***

The Theseion, of which we have already had several glimpses from various positions, is now immediately before us. On either side we see the city spread out: on the right is the slope of Lykabettos and on the left Tourkovouni. Before we note the building we may devote a moment's attention to the specimens of Greek humanity which happen to be in the way. First are two laborers on donkeys which seem too small to support their load. The men are clad in homespun on which patches abound. They sit side-saddle, as is usually the custom in riding donkeys. These men have come to the city and are now returning to their "country" to the south. Every man who lives out of town, must as a matter of course, have a donkey if he is not poor as a church mouse. The donkey not only is a good burden bearer, but is also nimble gaited. Behind these we see a toiler who has brought in from the country two loads of wood. He cannot ride until he has sold his loads. He has turned about for a moment and will presently go back past the temple and shout through the town that he has wood. Perhaps this does not seem to us much like our cord wood. In fact, the average Athenian knows very little of such wood. He wants brushwood to heat his brick oven and bake his bread. All over the stony ground towards Hymettos and in other quarters one constantly sees men, like those before us, grubbing up with a mattock the prickly holm oak when it is a mere shrub. If left alone



the "prinari," as it is called, grows to a height of thirty or forty feet. Attica is becoming denuded, but who cares? It is a not uncommon sight to see twenty or even more donkeys, piled twice as high as these before us, ambling along the Marathon road towards Athens. As they are completely hidden it reminds one of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane. Carriages meeting them get through only after a good deal of yelling and objurgation.

But to return to the Theseion. We are looking northeast surveying the south side and the west end—the rear end. The temple is the best preserved of all Greek temples, owing to its being early converted into a church of St. George. The Theseion sails under false colors. There is no doubt that it is *not* the Theseion mentioned by Pausanias, but it has been so long known by that name that it is likely to be called so for all time. No temple has had so many names proposed for it. Just now the name Hephaistos is perhaps the most popular. Resting upon the usual three stepped platform we see six columns on the end and thirteen on the long side. Since the Parthenon has eight columns on the ends and seventeen on the long sides, we seem to have the rule of twice as many columns on the long sides as on the ends and one over; and this generally holds good; but the rule does not hold good in Sicily, especially in Selinus, where the rule of three steps is also disregarded.

Perfect as the temple seems compared with others, we see here and there a column drum pushed out of its place by earthquakes, a feature also seen in the inside porch of the Propylaea. The original roof is gone, as is the case with every Greek temple. The present roof is modern. We do not see any sculptured orna-

ments except four metopes at the extreme right which represent labors of the Attic hero Theseus. These, being greatly exposed, have been battered almost beyond recognition. Around the corner on the front, not visible here, are ten labors of Herakles, much better preserved because the ground there falls off so rapidly that it forbids a great concourse of people disposed to throw stones. There are four more labors of Theseus on the east end of the north side.

We usually look for the chief ornament of temples in the gables, but we see here the west gable absolutely empty of ornament. The east gable, which we do not see, is also empty; but from cuttings in the floor of both gables it is known that neither gable was devoid of the usual ornament. In recent times B. Sauer, from minute observations on the floors of the gables, has come to the conclusion that the east gable contained the birth of Erichthonios in which Athena is the central figure and Kekrops stands to the right. He fills this west gable with Hephaistos between Thetis and an attendant nymph. On either side in the corners are quadrigas or chariots of Helios on the right and Nyx on the left. One admires the ingenious proposals of reconstruction but sees how shaky is the foundation on which the theory is built.

The temple has also two strips of frieze not visible here, one running across the west end of the cella, so high up that we do not see it, and the other running not only across the east end of the cella, but being prolonged on two blocks which extend beyond the cella to the outer columns, an anomaly in architecture.

It is now pretty generally recognized, from the style of the architecture and from the sculptured friezes, that this temple was built, like the Nike tem-

ple, in the great period of Perikles; but it is probably a little later than the Parthenon. Both friezes are full of fierce action. The western (the shorter) represents the hackneyed theme of the Centaur and Lapith combat, here carried to extreme fierceness. The eastern strip has also a combat but between Athenians and barbarians, with two groups of divinities tranquilly seated over the antae of the cella, where repose is prescribed by architectural consideration.

If a Greek of the 5th century should now pass this way he would say, "They have desecrated and spoiled our temple." But we, who are thankful for what is left, think of this temple as practically perfect, although the steps have been mutilated to get out clamps, a door cut in the side of the cella, the east door tampered with; and the roof is gone.

It is only about one quarter of a mile from the "Theseion" to the ancient cemetery near the great gate, called Dipylon from its double entrance. It is to this that we now proceed. See the position marked near the left side of the map of Athens and on "Environs of Athens" map.

***Position 22. Monument of the "Two Sisters" and tombs of Greek worthies of 2400 years ago, northwest, Athens***

We are pretty well toward the western skirts of the modern city, which of course now lies off to our right. A short distance to our left, too, is the ancient Dipylon Gate, through which ran the great thoroughfare which soon forked to Eleusis and to the Piraeus. We are here in a city of the dead, as the monuments eloquently tell. Shut in by the iron fence which we

see in front of us we can dwell on the beautiful monuments of this old Athenian cemetery.

But first we lift our gaze above the white modern market, which is in excellent taste, to Parnes which controls the horizon, the great eastern part of the divide between Attica and Boeotia (see our map of Greece). What delightful views does Parnes afford over Boeotia and Euboea! From it Eretria seems almost at our feet and Chalkis only a little farther off. All eastern Boeotia is there to be studied at close range as well as glorious Delph (Dirphys) nearly 6,000 feet high. From Parnes on a perfect winter day I have seen the glittering form of Taygetos, Sparta's great bulwark, which makes one realize how really small is Greece.

The scene immediately before us makes us realize how near to us after all were the old Athenians. We owe the preservation of this cemetery mainly to Sulla who, in the Mithridatic war found Athens on the side of Mithridates, and after some parleying, heaped up a mound on this cemetery and destroyed much of the rest of it. Sulla cared little for the cemetery. His object was to scale the wall. Toward the end of the 19th century it was thought desirable to excavate and save what Sulla had covered up. The Greek Archaeological Society supervised the work. There are few choicer monuments of Greek sculpture than the grave reliefs found here and for the most part transferred to the National Museum. A few, including one the best of all, the monument of Hegeso, a lady taking something from a jewel box handed her by her maid, are still in position. Looking across the area between us and the market we see a great variety of forms. Some forms are like our grave stones, but with some ex-

quisite touch that makes them works of art. Then there are many marble lekythoi, high, slender vases, sometimes quite elaborate, like the one we get a glimpse of immediately behind the two figures near us. Pretty well back we see a bull on a high pedestal and behind it a Molossian dog in an attitude of rest. Another, excavated in 1890, a maiden bearing a pitcher, fills the whole field of a framed relief with her gracious presence. Another shows Dexilaos "killed in battle near Corinth with five others," but here seen smiting down his foe. We might see both these monuments were they not hidden by this monument of Demetria and Pamphile just before us. This is not so exquisite as the Hegeso relief, but it is very striking. The two sisters are most attractively grouped, one standing and the other sitting, both discreetly holding their veils. The intention doubtless is to represent both as dead. They are noble life-size forms sculptured practically in the round.

What most strikes us is the tranquility which appears not only here but everywhere in these funeral monuments. It is no wonder that they are thought to form a priceless exhibition in the National Museum. What a contrast these figures present to the horrors of our modern Campo-Santos. How they put to shame for example the monuments in the modern Athenian cemetery. As these noble looking men and women were at their best in life so they pass tranquilly and majestically over to that land where all must go. But they do not forget love. A great majority of the reliefs show affection by clasped hands, but there is no death agony depicted, except in a single instance. The scene is probably usually thought of as in the kingdom of Hades. Here is no "grässliche Gerippe." The

dead are not dead. "What seems so is transition." That is what the Greek of the fifth century would say.

Turning again toward the city we are to go near the north side of the Acropolis, in fact ascend part of the gentle slope, and examine a monument erected near the beginning of the Christian era. See the lines numbered 23 on the map of Athens.

***Position 23. Tower of the Winds, a "weather-bureau" and town-clock of 2000 years ago on a street in Athens***

This Tower of the Winds has a certain importance among the monuments of Athens from the fact that it is quite well preserved, and because it stands in a conspicuous position at the head of the long Aeolos Street. In antiquity it undoubtedly attracted little attention. When, however, the best things are lost we make much of what is left. This monument was one of those presents from foreigners which became frequent when the life of Athens was, or was becoming, extinct. The donor in this case was a certain Andronikos from Syria. The octagonal building is 42 feet high and 26 feet in diameter, and contained a water clock, a weather-cock and a sun dial. We see to the left two arches, and half of another, belonging to an aqueduct that once delivered water for the clock from the north slope of the Acropolis. Above the house roof beyond, we see the top of the Areopagus. The weather-cock was on the apex of the roof, now considerably repaired, in the form of a bronze Triton which twirled on a pivot and faced the quarter from which the wind blew. On each of the sides on which the sun ever struck, lines were cut, and as the shadow of a pro-

jecting bar of bronze traversed these lines the hour could be read. It must have required expert calculation to make it at all useful for all times of the year.

This octagonal tower had two doors facing northwest and northeast and in front of these were neat Corinthian porches, of which little remains except the stumps of the columns. The loss of these porches is to be much regretted. We see all that remains of the northeast porch.

The principal ornamentation, however, is the broad band of eight winged figures below the cornice, representing the eight principal winds. The most characteristic of all is Boreas, on the side between the two doors and facing directly down Aeolos Street, so far to the right that we cannot see him plainly. Boreas is the wind god par excellence, and is pictured as rather forbidding and fierce, rugged and bearded and blowing with puffy cheeks into a winding conch shell. He is also more thickly clad than the rest. The contrast between him and Zephyros, the west wind, who has little clothing and scatters flowers is very striking. But with eight different winds to characterize, it is difficult to make them all as sharply defined as these two. The next figure to Boreas, to the left, is the northeast wind Kaikias, over that ruined porch, an old man shaking hailstones out of a shield; the next to the left which we see is the east wind, Apeliotes, youthful and bearing grain and fruit.

We see at a glance that all these figures are far removed from the grace of the reliefs of the 5th or even of the 4th century. To take one feature as an example, the large heavy legs seem as if no flight could be swift enough to keep them horizontal.

This tower, being nearly down to the bottom of the

north slope of the Acropolis is on the upper edge of the Roman Agora, which was partly conterminous with the older Greek Agora. We are near to the eastern end. More complete excavations are required to make the topography here perfectly clear. Archaeologists long to see this whole north slope excavated; but this would involve great expense in clearing away the buildings. What a paradise for excavations Athens would have been if only Corinth had been made the capital of new Greece and Athens had been left to the archaeologists!

A little touch of modern life is seen in the venerable priest stopping on his walk down the slope, while a young peasant stands holding in his hands and under his arm two jars in which he has probably brought water from Kaesariani at the foot of Hymettos.

Before leaving Athens we must see a few at least of the great treasures in the Museums. First we will proceed to the Acropolis Museum where some of the most interesting objects are found, especially of the Archaic period.

***Position 24. The "Triple-bodied Monster"—a curious ancient sculpture—Acropolis Museum, Athens***

We have more than once had occasion to speak of the old temple of Athena on the Acropolis, built as far back as the 7th century and enlarged by Peisistratos. We have noted its foundations, and now we have before us in a room of the Acropolis Museum part of a gable group of the temple before the enlargement by Peisistratos. What was done with the two gable groups when the old temple was enlarged we do not know. Their fragments were found in 1886-89, scat-



tered about over the Acropolis with other fragments, and were laboriously gathered and pieced together. Most of the pieces came from the filling up which took place on the south side of the Acropolis when the artificial foundations of the Parthenon were laid and the Acropolis was made into a plateau. The recovery of these pieces and the combining of them was a remarkable achievement.

This monster from the west gable, the Typhon, with three bodies down to the waist and the rest composed of three long serpents twisted into one coil, is about the last object that one would have expected as a product of Athenian art. It must however, be confessed that it was easily adapted to filling a gently slanting gable. It has been recently proved that in the other half of the gable belongs Herakles struggling with Triton, the sea monster whose sinuous tail served also as a space-filler in the sharp corner. There seems to have been no proper central group, since the Zeus, long taken as a center piece, must now be relegated to the east gable. The Triton's head is lacking. The gap between the right group and the left is now supposed to have been filled by a tree-trunk on which hung the garment of Herakles who laid it aside for his hard struggle with the slippery monster.

Nothing more grotesque was ever seen in Greek sculpture than this gable group before us. We see the busts lined up one upon the other, the foremost facing almost directly toward the center of the gable, the next turned a little more outward and the third, with an ultra-marine beard and moustache, after whom the whole group has been named "the bluebeard group," presents a three-quarters view to one looking straight at the gable. His face seems suffused with a grotesque

smile although the intention of the sculptor doubtless was to make him fierce and terrible. This whole triple-bodied monster probably represents the winged Typhon, the spirit that rebels against Zeus and the Olympian gods.

The material of which the group is composed is very soft "poros" that may be easily worked by a saw and gouge. That it was so worked is proved by the marks of a saw in Bluebeard's hair. The manner in which the paint is employed is worth noting. While the bodies are toned with dull red, supposed to be a flesh color, the hair and beards of the two foremost are of a now somewhat faded black while the third has the ultramarine blue, as we have seen. The serpent tails are twisted into one large coil on which one sees the stripes of red, white and blue appearing and reappearing to the very end. Since all these colors began to lose their sharpness, a painting was made and placed above them that one might compare the color of the faded originals with the painting. But the original colors escape us to a considerable degree even in the painting.

It is quite evident that this three-headed and triple-bodied monster is on the scene prepared to act. Each body holds in the left hand, the only one of which the two hindmost can make use, an oblong object marked with wavy lines probably intended to represent flashing lightning. They are by no means disinterested spectators of the struggle which Herakles is waging. They belong rather to the brood which it is Herakles' mission to root out; and yet they take no active part against him. It has been remarked that the middle head of the trio with a thin bridge of the nose is the intellectual head of the whole. He appears much less

gross than Bluebeard with his thick bridge of the nose and his staring eyes. The mouths of the three are cut straight across, being made by a saw, and the eyes are all on the surface of the face. The sculptor did not understand how to give real expression. His main object was to cover over the base material with paint "laid on with a trowel." As at the great temple at Olympia the paint is less liberally applied to the divinities than to the monsters.

Fragments of the east gable have been put together with reasonable probability. Athena stood in the center, looking to the front. To the left of her is Zeus in an armed chair. Another female figure, probably Hera, balanced Zeus. Thus on the front gable were the august and calm Olympian divinities, while the monsters and fierce struggles are placed in this western gable. The east gable must have looked rather thinly peopled compared with the west gable. Three figures and two serpents on either side, representing the guardian genii of the Acropolis, make a very quiet scene and a rather small number of figures, in contrast to the west gable with its space-filling monsters. The contrast may have been designed or the west pediment may at least have been assigned to a man who was more of a carver than a sculptor.

We now go to the great National Museum on Patisia Street in the northern part of the city.

***Position 25. Sepulchral vases whose proportions and contours are still ideal in beauty,—National Museum, Athens***

In this room of the National Museum are collected most of the choicest funeral monuments from the Dipylon graves and elsewhere in Attica. Especially

along the wall to the left is arranged a series of reliefs which, if nothing else remained by which to judge the spirit of the Greeks, would speak for them beyond the eloquence of mortal tongue. They are, however, here presented in such an oblique line to us that we cannot survey their features. The position which we take in this most interesting room is for the purpose of noticing a peculiar kind of funeral monument associated with persons, mostly young, of either sex, who died unmarried.

The very elaborately carved marble vase in the center of the room, with a broad saucer-like top, supported by two exquisite volutes and other props, is a kind of funeral vase called *lutrophoros*, from its bearing lustral water to the bride before marriage. If any one died unmarried, male or female, a vase of this shape either in marble or clay might be set up over them. This vase has once served this purpose. It is as fine a specimen as we have preserved, and about the height of a man. There is a smaller specimen a little farther away to the right. We saw another in the cemetery (Position 22), just behind the right side of the *Demetria* and *Pamphile* monument. We see another to the left here where the handles are solid.

There are other monuments here in the form of vases, one grooved on the body, like those already noticed and two with sepulchral reliefs. The one on the right and quite near us has a man clasping the hand of a woman. The theme here is like that sculptured in the large reliefs about the room: "Ah! we must be separated." Others seem to show the glad reunion in the realm of Hades, "a pensive though happy place."

We see some other monuments partaking of a funereal character. On the left wall perched on a high

pedestal is a Harpy which is not always malevolent. From the other extremely interesting sculptures of the museum we have turned to this room and behold the Greek of the fifth and fourth centuries contemplating the death of his beloved ones. Would that our best cemeteries might portray so clearly as these beautiful monuments around the sides of this room "the depth and not the tumult of the soul."

Passing on through that door, beyond which we see Poseidon leaning on his trident, and turning to the left, we soon reach a room in which are two interesting pieces of sculpture.

***Position 26. Athena Parthenos, reduced from Phidias' gold and ivory statue (Eleusinian relief at left), Athens***

To our right in a glass case stands a copy, in the form of a statuette, of the Athena Parthenos, the virgin Athena, the second greatest, if not the greatest, of all the works of Phidias. That it is a poor and inadequate copy of Roman times is beyond question. We can far better catch the *spirit* of Phidias in the decorative sculptures of the Parthenon than in expressionless copies like this. Since, however, the great original is lost, a mere copy, and even a poor copy, is of very great value in restoring some features of it. This copy, as we may call it, only 3 feet high, one-twelfth the size of the original, was found in 1880 in the ruins of a Roman building near a modern Athenian School called the Varvakeion from the name of its donor, and is commonly called the Varvakeion Athena.

The low, close fitting helmet has above it an enormous crest supported by two winged horses (Pegasoï)

and a Sphinx between them. But this is only a part of the ornaments which the original statue had, and which are described by Pausanias and appear in certain reproductions. The aegis with its border of serpents is much smaller than on some other representations of Athena, and appears like a sort of collar. Her long woolen chiton falls to the ground and several tassels appear at the hem. She holds in her right hand a figure of Nike whom she presents to her faithful friends, the Athenian people. She rests her shield on the ground steadying it with her left hand. We see simply a gorgon's head as a boss, while we know that the original had a scene in relief representing an Amazon battle in which Phidias was supposed to have sacrilegiously represented himself and Perikles. In this same room, not here visible, is a diminutive reproduction of the same goddess about a foot and a half high, called after the finder, Lenormant, and in that we have the Amazon battle represented. The copyists were singularly eclectic in their reproductions. Here the serpent which usually accompanies the goddess is curled up in the belly of the shield while the head projects beyond the rim; and this same feature is seen in the Lenormant statuette. But some of the decorations of the original are entirely passed over in these two reproductions.

The face of the goddess is highly polished, probably to represent the ivory of the original. As we look past her to a post on the wall we see there a head in like manner polished but also painted on the hair and eyes. The hair, in fact, still retains traces of gilding. Perhaps the statue now before us may have lost such coloring. It has been debated whether the figure of Nike which the goddess here holds in her

hand could have been supported in the original by such a clumsy and disturbing device as this pillar. While it is possible that Phidias had mechanical skill enough to devise supports inside the statue it is quite likely that for security he sacrificed aesthetic considerations.

Another most interesting monument is on the wall to our left. It is in fact one of the most important pieces in this museum. It was found at Eleusis outside the sacred precinct near the now ruined church of St. Zachariah. Here is represented a sacred and solemn act pervaded by a deep religious feeling. Between two august life-size females, who cannot be mortal women, one to the right and the other to the left, stands a youth of smaller stature. The woman to the right holds a torch and the other a sceptre. The attention of both is directed to the boy. Considering the place where the relief was found, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the two women are the "goddesses twain," Demeter and Persephone, and that the youth between them is Triptolemos, who was commissioned by them to carry out into all the world the gift of Demeter, the golden grain by which mankind was to be elevated above the savage. The sacred act is here being performed before our eyes. The figure to the right is placing a wreath of consecration (evidently once present, as shown by the holes of attachment) upon the youth's head, while the other is passing into his outstretched hand an ear of grain. It is to be remembered here that the supreme moment in the Eleusinian mysteries was when the initiated looked upon the ear of grain held up to contemplation in solemn silence. Nowhere in Greece was religious solemnity carried so far as at Eleusis.

It has been debated which of the two is mother and which daughter. The scepter and torch are not inappropriate for either. Some have thought that the figure to the left looks older from her hair and dress. There is certainly a marked difference between them in their hair as well as in their garments. Had they been found on separate stones one might have assigned them to different epochs. The figure to the right seems at first sight more maidenly and at the same time less archaic than the other. It has however, lately been maintained by Professor Furtwängler, and probably correctly, that the figure to the left is the daughter, since in the 5th century the Doric peplos of coarse woolen cloth throwing heavy folds was worn by maidens wherever maids and matrons appeared together.

This scene is not on any mere architectural stone, like a metope, since it has a border at the top which projects to the right, though shaved off at the left to fit into a pavement. It also broadens somewhat as it goes downward. It was, like an easel picture, a work by itself; and no other monument of the great 5th century is so suffused with religion. We may read in it the spirit of Eleusis, and understand why Eleusis held the best spirits of Greece in its best days in thrall.

We now leave glorious Athens to take a look over its principal suburb, the harbor Piraeus, which is a city in itself, of about 40,000 inhabitants, keeping neck and neck with Patras in the struggle for second place among the cities of Greece. See our position at the Piraeus marked out by red lines numbered 27 on the "Environs of Athens" map and the map of Greece.



***Position 27. Piraeus, Athens' seaport, and outlook west over Salamis where Greeks defeated Persians, 480 B. C.***

Our position is on the hill of Munichia now nearly bare, close to a chapel of St. Elias. We are looking west over the city and its harbor called Kantharos, a beetle, from its supposed shape. In this basin lie many steamers, most of them Greek coasting steamers, but some belonging to Italy, Austria, France, Russia and Egypt. There is hardly a town, however insignificant, on the coast of Greece that is not connected with the Piraeus by some steamship line.

We see that the city at our feet is quite modern in its appearance and well built. The ancient walls crop out here and there, but they do not appear here. The most conspicuous building in the city is seen on a hill to the left in the background, outside the harbor. This is an orphan asylum which for ten years stood half finished, the gift of a benevolent Greek who was awaiting the result of a law-suit concerning some real estate in Athens.

It was manifest destiny that Athens and Piraeus should stand and fall together. Themistokles, it is true, proposed at the close of the Persian war that Athens should be left a magnificent ruin, and that the people should migrate as a body to this harbor town. But sentimental considerations here prevailed. Athens was practically joined to Piraeus by the great walls about five miles long, and for some fifty years she flourished and beautified herself. But she fell and bowed to the dust after the dreadful Sicilian disaster had broken her power. When in the Mithridatic

wars Sulla inflicted vengeance on Athens for being on the wrong side Piraeus shared its fate.

When the kingdom of Greece was established in 1832 only a few fishermen's huts occupied the place of the present city; and Athens itself consisted of a few poor houses clustered on the north slope of the Acropolis, when from sentimental reasons it was made the capital of the new kingdom. Syra was then for some time the principal stopping place of English, French and Italian lines; and passengers for Athens had to trans-ship at Syra. But Athens' altered fortunes dragged Piraeus along with it. The few fishermen's huts were replaced by this busy city with a harbor filled with ships. The carrying trade of the Levant is largely in the hands of the Piraeus. Manufactures have also sprung up here, cotton and woolen goods, machinery, hardware, and last but not least cognac. A narrow gauge railroad not far from thirty years ago made a connection with Athens. Now we have railroad communication from Piraeus to all Greece, so that we are hard put to it to find those nooks and corners beyond the sound of the locomotive whistle which we so much enjoyed.

But Piraeus, with all these associations with Athens, we now leave behind. Beyond the harbor, across the bay we see a dark islet with its foot beaten white by the dashing of the sea. Beyond the islet is Salamis, rising to mountainous heights on the left. The small island is Psyttaleia, on and around which the great naval battle was fought in 480 B. C. We see over the right end of this island a long tongue of Salamis. In a bay beyond it in all probability lay the town of Salamis, and from this nook the Greeks took the offensive and struck the great Persian galleys as they came

proudly in to sweep the sea clear of these miserable Greeks. We know the result to Xerxes' ships.

"He counted them at break of day.

And when the sun set where were they?"

We are made quite sure that the pivotal point of the battle was the island Psyttaleia. For Herodotos informs us that when the Persian ships were being destroyed the men fled to this island, and Aristides, being just returned from his ostracism, crossed over the strait from the island of Salamis and slaughtered every one of them. The lesson learned at Thermopylae was now put in practice. The Greek was superior to the barbarian. That this little island was the pivotal point in the battle is made clear too by Aeschylos who was present and describes it in his drama, "The Persians." In this strait, then, which proceeds to the right to Eleusis and ultimately issues into the gulf near Megara, was fought the battle that settled the relations of Europe and Asia for half a century. But oh! the pity of it, that the "jarring states" fell by disunion into weakness that called back the Persian, and ultimately gave the glory to the half barbarous Macedonians rather than to free Greeks.

The great route of traffic, the issue to the Saronic Gulf and the Aegean is to our left. Salamis does not end on the right, until it has again risen to quite a height in a knob behind the naval station of Greece which is stretched out along the shores. To the right of the knob we dimly see the mountains of Megara between which and the sea the Peloponnesus railroad finds its way.

What a fine outing from Athens it is to take bicycles and cross two ferries and Salamis between them,

reach Megara for luncheon, and then push on to Corinth. But it is equally inspiring to skirt the mainland along the so-called *Kake Skala* and have Salamis ever in view on the left, and at last Aegina swimming in the sea.

We are now to start on an excursion through Attica, making a complete circuit of Athens. Then we shall cross the isthmus to Corinth and the other famous places in the Peloponnesus. Our present objective point is Eleusis, which lies about ten miles away across its bay and further to the right than we can now see. First, though, we are to go to an elevated point a few miles beyond Eleusis, from which we shall get a splendid prospect to the southeast. Note the lines numbered 28 giving our position and field of vision on the maps of the "Environs of Athens," and of Greece.

***Position 28. The Thriasian Plain and distant Eleusis on the bay—east-southeast from Mandra toward Athens***

Certainly this is a magnificent prospect. The town to our left is Mandra, of no historical interest. The beautiful plain before us, covered with olive groves, is the Thriasian Plain, i. e., the Eleusinian territory, the home of grain, which made cultured men out of savages. Beyond, looking over the lower part of Mandra and the flat knob composed of the same material as that on which we stand, we see the fine Bay of Eleusis. On the shore of that bay is the sacred home of Greek religion in its noblest phase. The white houses of the present and in general wretched village of Eleusis are seen partly hidden by the cap of the bronzed and

weather-worn shepherd. The Sacred Enclosure itself is just to the right of the village at the foot of the low dark ridge. Soon we shall go down to inspect in detail that place of the Sacred Mysteries. But now we have an excellent opportunity to view its approaches and surroundings. Just beyond the bay are two mountains, one beginning where the other leaves off. And just beyond the place where those mountains come together lies Athens! The mountain farthest away, looming up toward the clouds, is Hymettos with which we became so familiar, on the east side of the ancient city. And not far beyond Hymettos is the Aegean Sea. How eloquent in its suggestiveness is this landscape, for here we are looking over a goodly portion of Attica! It hardly seems possible that just beyond those hills all the glory of Athens was wrought out. This was the birthplace and the home of one of the most remarkable civilizations the world has known. How it invites us to think ourselves back into all that wondrous life. It was here the gods held sway. Every morning Aurora, the dawn, appeared beyond Hymettos, followed by Apollo in his chariot accompanied by a host of goddesses. How often did the Greeks look up to clouds like these to see Zeus hurling his thunderbolts. While the earth was common to all the gods, yet Zeus ruled particularly in the heavens, Poseidon in the sea, and Pluto in the lower regions; and then every grove and stream, valley and hill and mountain, isle and bay, had its lesser deities, Nymphs and Nereids, Dryads and Hamadryads, Graces and Muses. It was from this plain that Pluto carried away Persephone, the daughter of Demeter or Ceres, through a dark fissure of Eleusis, to be his wife and queen of the lower realms.

But what triumphs of the mind and heart of man have been achieved in the scene before us. It would be delightful to recall the lives and deeds of the great men, many of the greatest men of all time, who knew and loved every feature of this scene from childhood through manhood's years. This, however, we cannot do at the present time.

The Sacred Way from Athens to Eleusis ran through the gorge or pass between the two mountains, already referred to, beyond the bay. The mountain to the right, or south, is called sometimes Skaramanga and sometimes Daphne, from two different monasteries. Strictly speaking, the southern part of that mountain is Skaramanga and the northern part Daphne (see map "Environs of Athens"), from the famous temple on the Sacred Way. This double-named mountain is really a part of the Aegaleos range which is continued toward the north by the second mountain. After the Sacred Way emerged from the gorge between the two mountains it skirted the shore to Eleusis. The great highway from Athens to Thebes and northern Greece followed the same route as far as Eleusis. From that point it turned northwest, passed through this town of Mandra and with many windings reached behind us the top of the divide between Attica and Boeotia. There is much that makes this road of great interest. Now, however, we are more interested in the Sacred Way. When the sacred procession made its annual pilgrimage to Eleusis in the autumn, on approaching the shore yonder they saw, as is evident from here, directly across the bay in front of them the Greek Mecca standing out against the ridge behind it. They saw also the white portal of the great

Initiation Hall glistening above the sea. It was a sight to stir deeply their religious emotions.

Now we are to proceed there ourselves. First, though, we should turn to the special map of Eleusis. To the left of this map or to the west we see the Acropolis, above or to the northeast the greater and lesser Propylaea through which the procession from Athens entered, and in the center of the map the plan of the Great Temple. Our first position, as the numbered lines show, is to be at the south of the great Temple Enclosure from which point we shall look north.

***Position 29. Initiation Hall of the Mysteries long frequented by the devout; north, Eleusis***

Now the sacred shrine is before us. To the left is the Acropolis and beyond, as we are looking nearly north, is Parnes shutting in the Thriasian Plain and dividing Attica from Boeotia (see Maps 1 and 15). Immediately before us this little child, leaning against a prostrate marble column and innocent of all the great past about her, has beneath her feet twenty or thirty feet of soil that has accumulated over the most ancient level. We see that just to the right the soil has been removed and prevented from falling back by a wall lately laid. This is the work of modern excavation which has here gone down to bed-rock in its investigation and its determination to leave no stone unturned. Walls have here been found that go back to before 600 B. C.; and the deepest diggings have revealed objects of 1500 B. C. Long before the supremacy of Athens over Attica was established, this was a holy place, devoted to the goddesses, Demeter and her daughter Persephone.

The enclosure devoted to the goddesses, as well as the great Hall of the Mysteries, was enlarged at successive periods. These periods can be traced by the manner of building. At first there must have been a square structure. This was already outgrown at a great antiquity. The enlargements were made at different times by hewing away each time a little more from the rock which we see at the left. The first large building which we can ascribe to a definite builder had twenty-five columns, five rows each way. This structure supposed to have been built by Peisistratos in the 6th century B. C., was destroyed by the Persians before the battle of Salamis. Kimon, it is supposed, later cut back into the rock fully one third of the length of the pre-Persian structure, thus producing a building long and narrow, with three rows of seven columns each. At some later time the rock was again hewn away, probably by Perikles, so as to broaden the whole area and make of it an enormous square 183 feet to each side, Kimon's half remaining as it was, while the addition by Perikles of equal size on the northeast or further side was supported by eight enormous pillars in two rows. The wall separating Kimon's part from Perikles' addition may not have been immediately removed; but at some time, perhaps under the Romans, the structure was made harmonious with 42 columns arrayed 6 x 7. The stoutness of the columns shows that they were intended to support a second story.

To each form of the Hall there was a porch at the front, the last one being the so-called Porch of Philo of about 310 B. C. We see the stumps of the stout columns beyond the big pit already noticed. When all was finished the building in two stories surmounted by a gable must have been particularly impressive as



seen from the southeast. The great cortege of the initiated thus saw it from the Sacred Way, as we have said, as they came from Athens. But from the rear the building looked, as we can see, half imbedded in the rock, a feature not at all inappropriate to the mysteries and the service of the goddess who spent half her life in the lower regions.

We may call the worship of the "goddesses twain" an immemorial cult here at Eleusis. For as already pointed out, we have evidence of a still earlier Hall than that of Peisistratos, perhaps several centuries earlier. This earliest Hall had its enclosing wall, as had the Hall of Peisistratos and the still later one. The oldest wall ran over a Mykenaeen tomb with Egyptian objects in it. The process of cutting back into the rock was accompanied by filling up in front, with the material gained. So each successive Hall had a built-up foundation at the front while the back part rested on the rock.

Looking nearly diagonally across the area we see just outside its north corner a flight of steps hewn in the rock. At the top of that flight one turned to the left and entered into the half sunken porch of the second story as it appeared when looked at from the back side. We need hardly refer here to the arrangement of the seats in eight rows running around the whole inside of the building. We shall see this feature better from our next standpoint. It is to be noticed that the building has not the orientation of from east to west which is *de rigueur* in Greek temples. Here the corners point to the principal points of the compass; thus the corner by the belfry of the white church is the north corner.

Where the rock falls off below that miserable white

church we see an opening in the rock. At that place was a temple of Pluto who was worshipped at Eleusis conjointly with the two goddesses. And report had it that there was the entrance by which Pluto carried Persephone down into the lower regions and kept her there away from her mother half of each year. There were two Propylaea off to the right as our map shows, but both were of Roman times. The outer and larger is a copy of Mnesikles' great work at Athens, but it lacks the elasticity and freedom of the original. The Greek Archaeological Society deserves great praise for the persistency with which during many years it has brought to light all that could be reached at this place.

We now shift our position to the north corner of the Telesterion or Sekos, as the Initiation Hall was called, diagonally opposite to our present position. See Maps 4 and 1.

***Position 30. Seats in Hall of Mysteries once occupied by the wise and great,—south-southwest to bay, Eleusis***

We now look southwest along the rock-cut seats, which here number eight, and along the high rock-cut terrace from which the second story was entered. We realize here how little is left of the glory of Eleusis. The upturned cornice block below us and the squalid children on the ancient staircase contrast vividly with the days when all Athens came out there to spend a week in celebrating the Mysteries. The building to the right is the museum, which has many treasures of art, especially vases and reliefs connected with the traditions of Eleusis, though visitors generally devote scant time to it. That squalid house beyond was left

from many others destroyed by the excavations, that the guardian of the museum might have a lodging near his post of duty.

Below us we look along a line of column drums of soft brown limestone, each resting on bases of bluish Eleusinian stone. There are seven of these columns running parallel to the rock-hewn steps. In no case is there more than the lowest drum of a column preserved, and in one case, the third column from this end, not even a base is left. The first column of the line we do not see because it is hidden by the staircase on which the children are standing. Beyond the second column, the first which we see, it looks as if the third column had been placed out of line. But this round hole with a piece of a light drum like those under the brown drums belongs to a different system, that of Kimon's long and narrow building. In this corner the two systems are somewhat confusing; but it is nothing compared to the east corner, to our left, where there are four different systems, to say nothing of the primeval one; (1) Of Peisistratos, (2) of Kimon or some other builder, (3) of Perikles, and lastly (4) of the Roman reconstruction. It requires most careful scrutiny to tell to what structure or reconstruction the various bases in the east corner belong. But we may say that of all the columns of every system there are traces of fifty-six columns of all kinds in the east corner covered by Peisistratos' Hall, while in all the remaining space we have traces of only forty.

It now remains that we should bring home to ourselves the deep importance of this area before us, in the religion of Greece; and feel something of what the best minds of Greece felt when they sat in these seats.

Pindar and Sophokles have declared that here only was true life to be found, and that those who knew not the holy mysteries were in outer darkness.

Old legends have to do with the origin of the worship of Demeter and Persephone in this place. It is said that while Demeter was seeking for her daughter, Persephone, whom Pluto had carried away to the lower regions, she came here to Eleusis and was kindly treated by the king, Keleos. In return for this kindness Demeter gave to the king's son, Triptolemos, some seed corn and taught him the art of cultivating the soil. It was this group that we saw sculptured on the tablet in the National Museum in Athens. As a result of this gift, man was raised from a wandering savage life to a settled existence. In memory of this act, the legend says, two festivals began to be observed here annually, the Lesser Eleusinia in February, the Greater Eleusinia in September, the periods of the revival and the decay of nature. One of the legends has it that the time Persephone spent in the lower regions was the winter, and the time she spent with her mother was the summer. Another legend says that she remained two-thirds of the year with her mother, and one-third she dwelt underground with her husband, like the seeds sown in the ground.

There is little doubt that the mysteries connected with these festivals were given a greater importance when Athens, probably in the time of Peisistratos, took them out of the hands of the Eleusinians, and that in them by that time the hope of a glorious immortality was promised. What wonder that Athens gave up ten days each autumn to them! The first five days were those of preparation in and about Athens. Not until the sixth day did the initiated and

the candidates for initiation set out for Eleusis, and it took them all day to reach the goal, since they stopped at every one of the shrines—and they were many—along the Sacred Way. They appear in fact not to have arrived here at Eleusis until after dark, perhaps designedly. A great body of the uninitiated followed the procession with jeers and mirth which became acute when they crossed the Kephisos about two miles from the Acropolis. The same thing appears to have happened on the return. The initiated both going out and returning appear to have given the bystanders as good as they sent.

None of this banter and hilarity, however, appeared here at Eleusis when the procession filed in and filled these seats at which we are now looking. It is probable that the audience of some three thousand sat in darkness in the lower story, and that through the floor of the upper story were shown some figures of the goddesses which inspired them with awe. We know that at one stage an ear of grain was held up for contemplation. All this may seem very far from a religion of highly cultured minds. But if we knew more of the mysteries from men like Plutarch, Pindar and Sophokles we should probably feel that in their way they were "laying hold of eternal life."

With thoughts of this audience, of those good men whose lips are long sealed, but who hoped and trusted, thoughts on human life and human hope reaching out beyond the grave, we now raise our eyes and look over the deep blue bay of Eleusis to brown Salamis (See map of Greece). This blue water which painters put on their canvas and for which they are sometimes accused of overdoing, throws out two arms, one to the left towards the bay of Salamis where the

great naval battle was fought, and the other to the right, to Megara which once laid claim to Salamis. She could not hold it against Eleusis and Piraeus tugging at it from over the water, at the time when Solon's fiery elegiac strains were stirring up Athens to martial ardor.

Another place of great interest awaits us. It is to the northeast of Athens—the battlefield of Marathon. Turn to the map of Greece and then to the map of Marathon. You see we are to stand to the south of Marathon and look northeast over the plain.

**Position 31.** *"The mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea,"—northeast over battle-ground*

We have now transferred ourselves to the opposite side of Attica, to the east, near the sea. Our position is on a high spur of Pentelikon northeast of the summit, and from it we look down northeast over the plain of Marathon. It is well that the hunter turns his back to the scene; for it is little that he cares for what took place behind him twenty-four centuries ago. But those who travel thousands of miles to view this ever sacred spot must look around.

The long white line which we see veering off to the left toward Parnes is the continuation of the high road from Athens, nearly twenty-five miles distant by the circuitous road around Pentelikon. The starting point for the runners in the Olympic Games of 1896 and 1906 is some two miles farther along this road.

Stretching away before us is a large and extremely fertile plain. Vines are abundant, and the wine of Marathon is more largely exported than any of the vast amount that Greece produces. At the farther

end of the plain we see the long dark line of pines and cypresses which incloses the country villa of Mr. Skouzé, several times Minister of Foreign Affairs, who owns a very large estate in this quarter. No visitor to Marathon fails to meet warm hospitality here if he asks for it. His excellent wine costs only thanks.

This land could not now be bought for a mere song as was the case at the time of Byron's visit. The Hotel Continental at Paris pays well for the wine of Marathon. The plain is only about three miles wide at its widest point, and extends about six miles along the shore, from southwest to northeast and has a bog at the upper end, which gave the Persians much trouble. It opens only on the sea, "Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below." On the north is a range of hills running back into the interior and joining Parnes. In the extreme background, rising above the nearer heights are the mountains of Euboea.

Into this plain in September, 490 B. C. Hippias the exiled son of Peisistratos, who hoped to rule Athens as a satrap of the Persian king, guided the Persian army and fleet. A little strip of the sea appears at the right, where the Persian ships were drawn up along the shore. Eretria had already been destroyed, and the captive population were on an island about ten miles distant, expecting that Athens would soon share their fate. The Athenians, however, had tasted of liberty since Hippias left them, and at the news they hastened here, probably by the shortest road, after sending a messenger to Sparta asking for aid. They took up a position off to our left among the hills (see the Marathon map) ready to strike the Persians on the flank if they moved to our right on the shore road towards Athens; and they covered the other paths over

the hills to the north of Pentelikon. They were 10,000 strong, and the soul of the army was Miltiades. He was but one of ten generals, but his judgment and courage made him the natural leader. He waited for a chance to strike; and when he struck he struck hard. It is probable that Hippias had a party in Athens that thought Athens was ripe for a move in Hippias' favor, and signified this by displaying in the glaring sunlight a shield on the top of Pentelikon. When the Persians began to re-embark out there on the shore to sail around Sunion, Miltiades and his Greeks rushed down across the plain from the left and began the battle, with the Persians unprepared, the cavalry being already on the transports. Miltiades seized the moment which another might have let pass. At the time when the Athenians were waiting, the Plataeans had, because of their great friendship to Athens, come across the country with 1,000 heavy armed men to give help, which was in marked difference to the Spartans who in answer to the urgent appeal had replied that they must wait until after the full moon. Perhaps it was the arrival of the Plataeans that put heart into the whole army. Plataea was never forgotten by the Athenians. In the public sacrifice and prayer at Athens mention was always made of the Plataeans, the formula being, "May the gods bless the Athenians and Plataeans."

The battle was hardly begun when the Persians in immensely superior force, doubtless ten to one, pulled themselves together, and by sheer mass broke through the Greek center. But this had been calculated upon beforehand. Miltiades employed strategy, by making his line weak at the center; and allowed the Persians to break it and get far into the interior. Then with his



heavy masses at the ends he ground the Persian wings to pieces, and then fell upon the Persian center, exhausted by its strenuous pursuit of the decoy detachment, which of course suffered somewhat in the game of war. In this battle of 11,000 against 110,000 strategy, as well as the highest patriotism and the noblest courage, gave the victory to Athens and Plataea.

The discomfited Persians made desperate efforts to once more reach the ships, and after the severest of all the fighting they succeeded in getting a large part of them afloat. They then still tried to carry out the program of the traitors in Athens; but Miltiades by a forced march arrived in Athens before the fleet got around Sunion. When the Persians appeared they saw that it was too late; and they returned to Asia, taking the Eretrian captives with them. It was a victory that electrified Greece. Athens without the aid of Sparta had broken and beaten the great Persian army. Six thousand and four hundred Persian bodies lay dead on this plain and along the shore, while a hundred and ninety-two men of Marathon lay wrapped in glory on the bloody field.

The dilatory Spartans who arrived here the day after the battle must have looked at the bloody corpses with mixed emotions. Did they not regret that they had waited for that full moon? But on the head of a certain Pheidipides rests a halo of glory. When the news came that the Persians had landed at Marathon he was, as a swift runner, sent to Sparta to carry the news and arrived there over a rough country of about 150 miles on the next day; and brought back the comfortless story of the full moon! After the victory he ran all the way to Athens, and coming into the Agora

shouted out Νικῶμεν (we conquer) and breathed out his life with that glorious cry.

Apart from the battle at the ships the most stubborn fighting was probably at a spot about half a mile from the shore, now marked by a mound erected over the 192 Athenians who fell. The mound is dimly seen about a mile from us and in a straight line between the hunter's head and the highest hill beyond.

We shall now descend and approach the mound. See the Marathon map.

***Position 32. Grave-mound of Greek heroes who routed the outnumbering Persians, 490 B. C., east-southeast—Marathon***

The mound which we dimly saw from our last position we now see close at hand. All about it here is a vineyard of inexhaustible fertility. We see the stumps, which being cut down like this every year, bear grapes of a very fine quality but their very bountifulness makes them and the wine bring little money to the tillers of the deep black soil. This woman in coarse woolen garments and with a cloth for a head covering has brought a jug of last year's vintage to the workmen, one of whom presents the empty glass to be filled. The tool called a zappa which the two men use is the almost universal tool all over Greece. In excavations men work poorly with a shovel, while the "zappa" is their favorite implement.

But turning to the mound, it is, we know, the west side which is presented to us rising from a hedge of aloes. It was long suspected that the heroes of Marathon were buried under this mound. Finally, about twenty-five years ago, Dr. Schliemann dug a deep

trench about twenty-five feet wide behind the man standing half way up. After making this deep and wide cut to the very center, and finding nothing but a few flint arrow heads which he regarded as prehistoric, he declared that the mound was prehistoric and had nothing to do with the famous battle. But Mr. Stais, one of the Greek Ephors of Antiquities was not satisfied with Schliemann's conclusions. Studying the plain he came to the conclusion that the present surface of the soil had been raised by alluvial deposits eight or ten feet above the level of 490 B. C., and that Schliemann could not have reached the men of Marathon by his method even if they were in the mound. Accordingly, in 1890, Mr. Stais went to work and drove the old trench with a downward slant straight into the center of the mound, and lo! he found the bones of the heroes with their weapons beside them. To remove all doubt of their identity, there were vases about them as they lay, vases of the period, though hastily gathered for the pressing occasion. It was a great blow to Dr. Schliemann, who had never suffered such a defeat from such a young rival. I had just arrived in Athens at the time. Dr. Schliemann in recounting the discovery said to me, "I thought the great goddess Athena had deserted me; but she has just given me good luck at Troy." It was his custom to speak of Athena as his actual helper. Three months later we followed this energetic and eccentric worker to his grave.

There is now no doubt that this mound covered the bodies of the 192 Athenians who fell in the great battle. A similar mound but probably a much smaller one of which no trace has been found, was erected over the fallen Plataeans and also over the slaves who had proved themselves true men in the battle. No man with

a heart to appreciate true heroism can behold without emotion the great mound that is before us.

During my residence in Athens there was no spot which I more often visited than this mound sacred to valor and love of country. Three visits a year was probably less than the average. How well I remember a hot day in spring when two of us set out on bicycles at two-forty-five P. M., moving eastward because we got a cool breeze from that quarter. At first we had no thought of Marathon. Suddenly we simultaneously thought—why not go to Marathon? We quickened our pace; and at just five o'clock we were on the top of this mound and after saluting it and the sea we turned homewards, and reached Athens for dinner at seven-thirty. But from such a fleeting glance what memories thrill us! What pictures rise!

"The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;  
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;  
Death in the front, destruction in the rear."

We now move along the shore south some forty miles to Cape Sunion, one of the most interesting places in all Attica. See the red lines numbered 33 on the map of Greece.

***Position 33. Sunion's rocky steep, the outpost of mainland Greece, (west-northwest) with temple of protecting Poseidon***

This point of land just before us, the ancient Sunion, was the "land's end" of Attica. Clinging to the rock a little way above the water, we look somewhat north of west. Above us to our right is the temple of Poseidon the east end being toward us. Perched upon a

promontory 200 feet above the waves the temple seems to bid defiance to the sea, and to say "thus far and no farther." But its war with the restless sea is a losing game. The Aeonian hills must come down "swift or slow." To the west very close to us is a small uninhabited island called Gaidaronisi, "Asses Island," beyond which appears Aegina on the right. Back of it is the shore of the Peloponnesus. To the south fifteen miles away, not visible here, but looking very near when seen from the temple, is the island of St. George, formerly called Belbina, and hardly known but for the *bon mot* of Themistokles in reply to a man from there who said to the great statesman, "You would not have been a great man if you had come from Belbina." "Nor would you," said Themistokles, "if you had come from Athens."

The point where we stand is so exactly to the east of Poseidon's temple that the nine columns of the south side appear almost as a single column. Two other columns and an anta appear farther to the north. The temple was destroyed, probably by the Persians, for whom it was a shining mark, and was rebuilt probably in the age of Perikles, at the same time with the "Theseion" to which it has considerable similarity. Its size is almost exactly the same, about 100 by 45 feet. The chief grandeur of the temple is in its magnificent position on the high bluff projecting southward into the sea. Many an ancient sailor having buffeted the waves of the stormy Aegean sea, has, on making this promontory and having passed under the lee of this cape on his way to Athens, lifted up heart and voice to Poseidon, the ruler of the sea, in gratitude for deliverance. The temple is snowy white. While the marble of Pentelikon, containing a little iron, turns

to the brown color which we admire on the Parthenon, the quarry some two miles back from the shore where the marble for this temple was hewn contains no iron.

One who makes even a casual visit to Athens must visit this temple, comparatively easy of access. The train brings you to the mining town of Laurion, forty miles from Athens by rail. A drive of an hour and a half brings you to the temple, of which you get several enchanting views before arriving. One can easily "do" Sunion in one day. But those who love the beating of the sea against these cliffs will be drawn to spend a night at one of the dirty inns of Laurion, in order to look and sketch and dream at the temple for at least half a day. The view from the steps of the temple to the east and south is beyond description. To the east, island is lined up on island so that only here and there does the blue shimmer through. Close at hand the long island, Makronisi, called in ancient times Helene because Paris is supposed to have touched there with his bride, not only shuts in Laurion, giving it a sheltering harbor, but it cuts off part of the high island of Keos, the home of Simonides. There follow running south, lined up upon one another, Kythnos, Seriphos, Siphnos and, not to mention others, Melos, from which came the famous Aphrodite. The test of a good view is that Melos with its round high dome should appear perfectly clear.

For many years this temple on "Sunion's marbled steep" was held to be the temple of Athena. But some eight years ago, Stais, who found the men of Marathon in their glorious grave, in clearing this temple found an inscription, at the end of which was a provision that "this Stelé shall be set up in the temple of Poseidon." And here it was found. The identification

seems beyond cavil. To crown all, Stais went to work and discovered the foundations of another temple, small and irregular, near the large one. This he thinks, probably with justice, is the needed temple of Athena. At any rate this temple which had reared its white columns near the sea for centuries was thus brought back, after long prevalence of error, to the god of the sea.

Returning once from Thessaly our steamer was just about to round Sunion in the light of a full moon. I thought, now I am to see the temple in a new phase, lighted by moonlight instead of sunlight. But when we were looking at it just as the long line of the southern columns began to present themselves, they were darkened; and looking up into the sky, I saw the moon in a total eclipse. Steamers are constantly coming and going around this cape connecting the Piraeus and Athens with Constantinople, the Black Sea, Smyrna and the Aegean islands. The sight of these vessels ever turns our thoughts back to the numberless craft that plowed this sea in the centuries past.

We are now to leave Attica and go about thirty miles to Aegina, once the proud ruler of the sea. We shall be looking north-northeast as the lines on the map of Greece show.

***Position 34. Shattered sanctuary of Aphaia (east northeast), pride of rich and powerful Greeks 2500 years ago, Aegina***

We stand on the once rich and powerful island of Aegina, which we have already seen several times from a distance. The real center of the life of the island was just where it now is, that is, far behind us

on the west side, where there is a good harbor. The city bore the same name as the island. Near the harbor one sees today the ruins of a large temple of Aphrodite, one column only remaining, which may reach back to the eighth century B. C. or even earlier. Aegina early took to the sea as a pioneer; and its early coins, stamped with a tortoise, are found all over the shores of the Aegean. Chalkis and Eretria were perhaps its earliest competitors. Corinth came to prominence as a sea power later; and Athens gave little promise of becoming a sea power until shortly before the Persian war.

At the end of the sixth century the competition between Athens and this island began to show itself. Either the tyrants or the new democracy found Aegina in their way. After the battle of Marathon the rivalry became acute. Themistokles succeeded in making Athens the principal naval power in Greece. The great invasion of Xerxes came on, and the people of this island after some hesitation stood firm against the invader. But her efficiency in the battle of Salamis, for which she was awarded the first prize for valor, Athens getting the second, was her ruin. Perikles called Aegina "the eyesore of the Piraeus"—the Piraeus is only twenty miles away; and finally in 456 B. C. Perikles triumphed, and crushed the ancient and honorable city, though it was aided by its mother city, Epidauros, and by great Corinth. The battle was fought in sight of the harbor. At the end her ships were taken from her. Her fault was that she was too energetic, and was Dorian. Now Athens could form leagues and build Parthenons while Aegina accepted her fate, *vae victis!* It is not improbable that the



Stoa of the Athenians at Delphi was built on this occasion as a trophy over the Aeginetans.

But the object of our coming here was not the city of Aegina, but that small temple, standing there near the northeast corner of the island. We here take our position on the foundations of a ruined building shaped much like a temple, and are looking east-northeast over an intervening belt of splendid feathery pine trees to the west end of the temple. This temple, built nearly ten miles from the city, is famous for its recent history and for its decorative sculpture, now mostly preserved in the museum at Munich. The hard stiff style of the figures seems to assign to them a date prior to the Persian war. When the temple was first explored in 1812 by a party of Englishmen, with a German and a Dane added, it was supposed to be the temple of Zeus on the strength of a fake inscription, *Δι Πανελληνίω*. One of the company incised this inscription on a marble block, and then did not like to confess that he had hoodwinked the venerable leader of the party.

A considerable part of the broken gable figures were uncovered where they lay under a slight depth of debris after falling from quite a height. Slight excavations brought other fragments to light. These were all taken to Zante and bought at an auction by the art-loving Crown Prince of Bavaria, afterward King Ludwig I. The English bidders failed to be present, owing to a misunderstanding as to the time and place.

The remains of the two gables which were quite similar in style were set up in the museum at Munich, "restored" by the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, who did not hesitate to make new heads, which he appears to have considered fair substitutes for the originals. Worse than that, he cut down surfaces and obscured

original joints. This was, however, the last case of "restoration" on a large scale, which had so long been practiced in the museums of Italy. Furtwängler the present Director of the Munich Glyptothek, where the Aegina marbles are on exhibition, finds it hard to pardon Thorwaldsen's work. At about the beginning of the present century Furtwängler stepped out of his rôle of art critic, and made a thorough excavation of the area about the temple, discovering eight more heads of the same hard stiff style as the heads in Munich besides gaining other valuable information. The excavation just before us is his work. Beyond the belt of pines is seen the extemporized shed which was his lodging and the depository of his finds. His chief discoveries were made beyond the temple, over which winter clouds are floating, making a beautiful scene for a painter. The temple about the size of the Theseion and the temple of Sunion, is better preserved than the latter, and has twenty-two of its thirty-four columns of yellowish limestone covered with stucco still standing.

At the east end of the temple, beyond our view, wonderful discoveries were made. Ancient propylaea and other buildings, the existence of which was not suspected, were protruding out of the ground and were laid bare with little labor. Close to the steps of the temple was a cave in which the excavators of 1812 lodged. Furtwängler in clearing out the cave found a well, and in clearing it to the bottom as was his plain duty, he found most of the eight heads of Aeginetan style which rewarded his search. How little the excavators of 1812 suspected what was below them! The most startling discovery however, was a poros block on which was cut an inscription in deep, large

letters at least as old as the 6th century B. C., stating that "this building was devoted to Aphaea, and with it the altar and the ivory," which latter word seems to refer to a gold and ivory statue. But at any rate we have reference to a building and an altar on this sacred spot; and Aphaea clearly dominated it. What a surprise! We had long ago come to the comfortable conclusion that the two central figures of Athena, one in each gable, were ample proof that the temple belonged to Athena; but inscriptions, which have upset many things regarded as settled, now seem to put it beyond all controversy that this temple must belong not to great Zeus nor yet to his favorite daughter, but to the hardly known nymph Aphaea, of Cretan origin.

While this temple is beautifully placed, and is delightful to behold from near and from afar, the view *from* the temple is its crowning charm. Set in the middle of the Saronic Gulf about equally distant from Sunion, Athens, Megara, Corinth, Epidauros and Troezen, it seems to keep watch over the whole coast. From its southern peak called the "Oros" where stood the altar of Zeus Panhellenios with a temple at its foot, there is a view over the whole southern sea as far as Crete, and over the mountains of northern Greece and the Peloponnesus. It is easy to see from the steps of the Aphaea temple how the ostracised and exiled Aristides could easily slip over from here in a boat by night to help at Salamis, which seems very close at hand. It is a pity that we do not know as much of the history of Aëgina as we do of that of Athens and Sparta. If we did, we should take to heart more than we do the fate of a high-spirited state succumbing under a relentless fate. Our sympathy in this case is, like that of Cato, for the vanquished.

Our next standpoint is to be at Megara, situated on the shore about half way between Athens and Corinth. Megara was a Dorian city, and always so hard pressed by Ionic Athens that it was never able to become a first-class power in Greece. In the age of Perikles it was practically annexed to Athens. Its chief claim to prominence, perhaps, is that it founded Byzantium, the ruins of which probably still lie under Constantinople. In our time Megara and the territory back of it as far as to the northern arm of the Corinthian Gulf and Mt. Kithaeron are strongly Albanian. The people in the city however, boast of their pure Greek descent and talk Greek.

***Position 35. Old Greek types of beauty among village women at an Easter dance (outlook east), Megara***

All over Greece at Easter time the people indulge in dancing the Choral dance, men by themselves and women by themselves. I have seen soldiers, for example, dance, accompanying it with song for several hours at a time. Soldiers are particularly devoted to the dance. They file off sideways in long lines, taking each the hand of the next. After an hour or two one drops out but another comes in. But the dancing of the women, even more than that of the men, is cultivated with the utmost assiduity. And while the dancing of women is everywhere a striking feature at Easter all over Greece, that of the women here at Megara has become world-renowned for its excellence of rhythmic motion. It has become with them the great event of the year. They look forward to taking part in it as the peasants of Oberammergau look forward to the Passion Play. Not only people from

other parts of Greece, mainly from Athens, come here to attend them, but since the dance is held on the Tuesday after Easter when Athens is full of tourists, an enormous concourse of strangers is assured. Long trains come in hourly from Athens from early morning until two o'clock. When the dance is over there is a great scramble for the return trains.

The dancers occupy, with intervals, about three hours of the forenoon and about the same time in the afternoon. And however much hilarity there may be among the bystanders whom we see here gathered in considerable force, the dancers take their parts with seriousness and even solemnity, as if they were taking part in a sacrament. Each dancer has a veil in which are woven gilt and silver threads, which makes a fine setting for the face. It is said the maidens of Megara are apt to find husbands after appearing in this dance. But it must be remembered that the dowry plays such an important role in Greece that the poor girl, however sweet her face and her manners, has a poor chance of entrapping by such sweetness the young man of her choice. And yet while men are men some good swains of Megara can hardly refrain from falling into the net of fair faces which we see here enclosed by these delicate veils. It cannot be for nothing that the women and maidens tread out their sweet measures to the beating of drums and flageolets.

It is not in this group before us noticeable that a man usually leads off the line of women with a handkerchief, of which he holds one end while the other end is held by the leading woman. The man is perhaps out of sight on the right. In some of the village dances of Greece even a stranger may be permitted, as a compliment, to lead off; in fact I once did it my-

self in Boeotia. But in this solemn dance at Megara no stranger ever intrudes.

There is here material for the study of costumes. The women who are not dancing, and some who are, have a thin black cloth wrapped about their head, however hot the weather may be. The men wear almost universally the frock, drawn in at the waist and falling down to the knee in a liberal flap. Every garment which we see is made at home.

The surroundings of Megara are most impressive. As we look here to the east, we see at a little distance the island of Salamis with a peak, to the right of which the strait comes in (see the map of Greece). Behind and above Salamis is Hymettos. When we see how near both Athens and Megara were to Salamis we comprehend how each of them strove to possess it. Megara was on the shore and much nearer to the coveted prize. But when Megara had once got possession of it, Solon by his warlike elegies roused the martial ardor of Athens; and it became from the sixth century as much a part of Athens as the Piraeus.

The great fault of both Aegina and Megara, which looked at each other across the water, was that they were both Dorian and too near to Athens. While Aegina utterly succumbed Megara was "cabined, cribbed, confined," unable to develop itself in the face of Athens. It was never conquered by Athens, but in one of its quarrels with the latter city it helped to bring on the Peloponnesian War, in which it suffered greatly.

We shall now move on from Megara some twenty-five miles, over a railroad which has been made famous as a feat of engineering, on our way to this Peloponnesus. No one who has passed this way, either by

the carriage road or by rail, can fail to be impressed. The route leads over the famous Skironian pass, named after the terrible robber whom Theseus pitched into the sea, putting an end to the terror which he had long made. See the lines numbered 36 on the map of Greece which show that our next position is to be on the Isthmus of Corinth and that we are to be looking southeast. See these lines also on the map "Environs of Corinth."

***Position 36. An old dream realized at last, ship canal through isthmus, east-southeast toward Aegina, Corinth***

At last we have reached the famous Isthmus of Corinth. We are leaving behind for a time Middle Greece lying to our left to see the wonders of the Island of Pelops stretching away to our right. The canal through which we are now looking southeast may be regarded as the dividing line between the Peloponnesus and the rest of Greece. The canal, in fact, has made the Peloponnesus what its name means.

We are standing on a high bridge across the canal and looking through it directly toward Aegina. The bridge is made to support the railroad, the carriage road and a footpath. We see on the footpath immediately before us a typical shepherd carrying two masses of cheese which he has churned on the slopes of Mt. Geraneaia behind him, gathered in cloths and slung on the ends of a bent stick. He is now taking it to market in Corinth, which lies behind us.

The total length of the canal is three and one-half miles, about one-third of its length being behind us. The highest point, the backbone of the isthmus, which we see in the distance, is 256 feet above the water.

This bridge where we stand is about 170 feet above the water. The canal was cut as we see in limestone rock rather soft and pliable, and in layers. Still the labor was considerable. Work was begun May 4th, 1882, King George using the spade. One company (French) failed before the canal was completed. But after a short delay it was taken up by a Greek company, and finished and opened in 1893. An error was made in cutting the sides too steep. During the winter of 1895-6 quite a mass of the soft rock fell from this right bank. You can see the cavity in the bank some distance in front of us. Communication was interrupted for several months.

The water of the canal is 26 feet deep and 100 feet wide, which is adequate for all Greek steamers; and it shortens the journey from Trieste to Piraeus by some two hundred miles. Foreign lines, especially the Austrian Lloyd, decided to make the passage around the Peloponnesus rather than submit to the Greek tariff which they regarded as exorbitant. The Greeks make much use of the canal, but the tariff on the Greek lines, numerous as they are, does not more than pay the expenses of keeping it in order. The total cost of the original construction was estimated at over \$550,000. One cannot therefore pronounce the enterprise a great financial success to the government, although its influence may be felt all over Greece wherever ships land.

In the days of Periander, the tyrant of Corinth, twenty-six hundred years ago, when Greece was thickly populated, the canal would have been of immense importance. This was felt also by Julius Caesar, Nero and Hadrian. Nero not only cherished the plan of a canal, but made a considerable cut, still visible, at the



northwestern end, where the shore is quite low. Whether he gave up the work because some wiseacres told him that if he made a cut here all the water of the Corinthian Gulf would flow off into the Aegean, or because of his sudden death is unknown. We may wonder whether old Periander did not often think how he might control the Aegean as well as the Corinthian Gulf and the western islands if he could only have a water-way for his ships across this isthmus instead of the wooden track called *δολιχος* over which they were clumsily dragged.

We must not forget to note on the ridge where the cut of the canal is deepest, the pine trees spreading out toward the right and left. These continue on until they reach the eastern shore; where hard-by the water of the eastern sea and some seven miles from the proud city of Periander, on the right of the point where the canal now issues, were the groves in which the Isthmian Games were held. (See map, "Environs of Corinth"). There it was that the great Apostle saw the runners strain every nerve for the prize of a mere fading wreath of Isthmian pine, and exhorted his hearers to seek a wreath which would never fade.

The man before us is on his way to New Corinth. We follow, and from that comparatively uninteresting town of a few thousand inhabitants on the Gulf of Corinth, we shall proceed upwards to Old Corinth, where from 1896 almost to the present time excavations have been carried on by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. On the map "Environs of Corinth," find Corinth and note that according to the lines numbered 37 we are to look west over the old city's site, one of the most important of the commercial

centers of ancient Greece. Up to the Persian war its only rivals were Aegina and Miletos in Asia Minor. Its first government was an oligarchy under the Bacchiadae, who were succeeded by the tyrant Kypselos in 620 B. C. Under the latter and his successors, Periander and Psammetichos, Corinth reached its greatest height. Under an oligarchy again it did comparatively little in the Persian wars, and allied itself more and more with Sparta in resistance to Athens. Corinth had most to do in inciting Sparta to begin the Peloponnesian war against Athens, but by the time of Athens' overthrow in 404 B. C., Corinth had declined so far as not to be able to profit by it. Later Corinth joined Thebes and Argos against Sparta in the Corinthian war. From 335 B. C. to 197 B. C. the Macedonians held almost uninterrupted control. After the Romans came into control Corinth joined in a rebellion against them and was destroyed by Mummius in 146 B. C. The city was reestablished by Julius Caesar and became again the home of luxury and immorality. It was in this period that St. Paul came and founded a church to which later he sent his two epistles.

***Position 37. General view of excavations at old Corinth, west, past Apollo temple***

Here we look over part of the ruins of Ancient Corinth. In the distance to the right we see the clouds hovering over Mt. Kyllene, the highest mountain in the Peloponnesus, and more to the left the nearer Mt. Apesas, which looks down on the Corinthian Gulf to the north, and to the left or south the historic Argolic Plain and Gulf.

When, as Director of the American School at Athens, I broke ground here at Corinth in the spring of

1896, there was practically no monument of the ancient city above the ground except the venerable temple-ruin on our right, pretty well in the background and standing on a hill. Pausanias, blessed by all excavators, had described the position of the principal buildings along the four principal avenues radiating from the public square. But so long as we could not find the square we had no starting point. The temple-ruin could tell us nothing until we had its name. It was the only conspicuous landmark of the ancient city. There it stood like a sphinx which defied us to read its riddle. By patience, perseverance and hope we read it. We dug over twenty trenches, some of them several hundred feet long, of different depths and in different directions, but all of them starting with a breadth of fifteen feet. They were uniformly carried down to hard pan. All this work, carried on over a wide area, was done in the hope of finding some object which Pausanias mentioned, thus obtaining a fixed point. We worked with a hundred or more laborers, and kept on the whole near to the temple which was evidently important. It was getting near the end of our three months' campaign, about the first of June, when we discovered, well buried under nearly twenty feet of earth, an old Greek theater on the ruins of which had been built a Roman one. This was situated about 300 yards beyond and to the right of the temple, where the terrace which supported the temple fell off abruptly, succeeded by another terrace 100 feet lower down and towards the Corinthian Gulf. Greek theaters were almost without exception backed up against some such steep cliff as this. We had already dug in two places along the edge of this terrace with the hope of finding the theater, so that the surprise was not very great.

**But what an uplifting of heart came with this discovery.**

Pausanias had said, "as you go out from the Agora (public square) towards Sikyon (northwest) you first pass on your right the Temple of Apollo;" then after passing another group of monuments he mentions the theater as one member of a third group.

It was one of the most ecstatic moments of my life when I saw at the bottom of a trench 18 feet deep, the much worn stone blocks of a flight of steps. We were clearly pretty well out to the west of the Agora, and in going back to it we must pass the temple of Apollo; and there to the east rose right in our way that sphinx whose riddle we had solved. There was no more doubt that we had the temple of Apollo. But what was more, we knew pretty closely the situation of the Agora, because we knew from Pausanias that it was entered on the west side by a road from Sikyon, and on the north or to our right, by a road coming up from the harbor called Lechaeon. We had already tapped that latter road, very broad and paved with marble, as it ran up through the city. Where these two streets intersected each other there surely was the Agora. I should have been well contented with our first campaign if we had simply found the theater; but we had done ever so much more. We had hit the bulls-eye, and settled the whole topography of Corinth.

Up to this time while we were making tentative diggings we were dependent upon the land owners with whom we had to make private bargains for the right to dig. But now the Greek government stepped in and expropriated a wide area for our work at less than half the price that we should have had to pay at private bargaining. In fact we could never have got what

we wanted without its help. The agreement was that we should pay three-quarters of the assessed price, the government paying the rest. But such was the magnanimity of the government that we were never asked to pay one cent. Thus with small funds we went on clearing out in six campaigns of two or three months each spring this whole area about the temple. This proved to be the most important part of the city; and it was fortunate indeed that lying at the foot of slopes on three sides it was covered up by the kindly earth to reward the excavator.

To begin with what is nearest to us, we note a great quadrangle of which the walls were once considerably higher. On three sides are large apses, each one with three niches. The apse on this side of the rectangle nearest us above which a man and a boy are sitting we, of course, do not see as a whole. These apses were once covered with marble slabs as is shown by holes of attachment. A flight of steps came down from the right from the higher level issuing where the man is standing in a corner. This is balanced by a similar staircase at the nearer end of the same right-hand apse. All three apses were doubtless covered by half domes; and with the great quadrangular basin in the middle filled with water, it must have been an attractive place in midsummer. This is in some respects the most important object in Corinth, the famous fountain Peirene, where Bellerophon with the aid of Athena caught the winged horse Pegasus. But we shall leave further description of it to our next position. We ought, however, to notice here that three steps on the right lead down into the basin.

We must now simply note what lies beyond this quadrangle. Near us to the right we see a flight of

marble steps to the foot of which the Lechaion road led up. We see this flight of thirty-four steps leading up to the ruined buttresses opposite us, of a triumphal arch through which there is a passage into the Agora to the left, only partially excavated. A little further off beyond a well-laid wall we found at our lowest level a fountain of perhaps 600 B. C. with two lions'-head spouts of bronze, through which water once gushed. When the level in this quarter was raised, this fountain, which appears to have had a sacred character, was partially inclosed by a system of metopes and triglyphs bearing patterns of red, blue, and yellow, which when uncovered by us were almost as bright as when the paint was laid on.

We notice here and there tall columns of earth. These are left standing not so much to show what a mass of earth we had carried away as to make clear the nature of the various layers through which we dug. In the middle background we see a high arch. This is only one of a considerable series coming towards us and running back into the bank. There was another similar series running along parallel to the staircase and the road to Lechaion. The single arched room which was in a measure preserved, was perhaps saved by being changed into a Christian chapel. Its walls bear two coatings of stucco, on both of which appear saints and angels. To the right, some distance beyond the first staircase we see a second long flight of steps partly destroyed, which led up to the temple. We shall turn our attention to the temple when we have inspected the façade of Peirene.

This façade of the fountain is just beyond our vision

limit on the left. To see it, we shall move to the top of that apse to our right and look directly to it.

***Position 38. The famous Fountain of Peirene near the Agora of Corinth, south***

Our last position was just to our left from which we looked directly across this reservoir or toward our right. We saw then much that we do not see here. But here we see the fourth side of the rectangle. Here we are looking directly at the façade of Peirene. This is the most famous of all the fountains of Greece. Nature and art combined to make it attractive; and even in its present ruined condition we can picture to ourselves how proud was proud Corinth when it called itself and was called by others "the city of Peirene."

Let us first in thought brush away all of the two-story façade, now in a ruined condition, and the two tall columns in front of it. If we were actually to do this, we should find a real ancient Greek fountain, perhaps a work of Periander, attractive by its severe simplicity. A limestone stratum some seven feet thick, gradually worn backward by falling water coming down from Acro-Corinth in prehistoric times, was trimmed off in a straight line; the hard clay under it was dug back ten feet, and seven cross walls about seven feet long were inserted to support the stratum, the lower part of which we see through the top parts of the arches of the (later) façade. Thus six chambers were formed when low cross-walls were inserted both at front and rear. Water was abundantly supplied by channels cut back into the moist clay to incredible distances, and, as it flowed along past the back walls of the chambers, it overflowed them, and

the compartments, into which these later six Roman arches formed entrances, became cisterns. These chambers or cisterns were modestly and very beautifully ornamented. The rear cross-walls, over which the water flowed, filling the cisterns, had mounted on them at the middle a delicate Ionic column with a very light entablature. The front cross-walls were somewhat higher than the rear ones, so that the stream which flowed along their backs kept them always full. The water was perhaps dipped out in jars. The walls supporting the rock were modestly carved on their front ends in the form of an anta. The surfaces of the walls were frescoed. Panels in which fishes are swimming in blue fields are bordered with red stripes. Here were both beauty and naturalness as befitted an ancient fountain. The rugged rock stratum above was pure nature.

This was the state of Peirene before the destruction of the city by Mummius in 146 B. C. In 43 B. C. Julius Caesar restored it. The famous Peirene was now restored in Roman fashion with a two-story façade of limestone, which we see, with half columns in each story. How incongruous with the idea of a fountain! Most of these half columns are now lost, but we see between the second and third arch—reckoning from the right—one half column of the Roman Doric order badly hacked. Above it is a long architrave also hacked, and above that is the stump of a half column of the second story, which was probably as high as the first. This façade may well be one of the first structures of the new city. At some later time somebody added to the façade an entire coat of marble, and in so doing hacked the limestone columns and architrave in a most atrocious manner. We see the



holes by which the marble was pinned on. The stumps of marble slabs at the bottom are numerous. We may be quite sure that the man who perpetrated this transformation was Herodes Atticus, who had a mania for covering everything with marble. We found an inscription on a base close up to the façade which showed that the obsequious Corinthian Senate praised his wife, Regilla, for some great benefaction, which was evidently this revetment.

In still later times, which we may call Byzantine, a balcony was attached to this façade, made of columns from different buildings, and of certain colossal architrave blocks roughly bevelled off at the ends and a palm leaf carved on them. This is quite likely of the times of Justinian. In the middle of this quadrangle, already seen from our previous positions we now see much better the great tank. Even now it is filled from the same spring which filled it in ancient days. It oozes in under the end wall next to the façade. In early times it got in by a more regular way. At the farther end there are holes for four discharge pipes and two overflow pipes. One discharge hole is easily seen in the broken marble slab at the left in front of the four or five people gathered there. Without doubt a lion's head was once affixed there, and three others, two on the end at which we are looking and two others near them at the sides. One would be just above the tin can floating on the water. This adjustment leaves no doubt that the women came down the flight of three steps which we saw at the north end of this quadrangle and filled their pitchers at the spouts. This sunken rectangle appears, however, to have had another purpose, viz., the tempering of bronze. A great hole in the northeast corner was occasionally stopped, and

the water rose higher than we now see it, up to the overflow pipe, which of course had no reason for existing, unless the sunken quadrangle was sometimes filled with water.

Pausanias makes this double use perfectly clear when he says that "Corinthian bronze got its peculiar excellence by being dipped in the waters of Peirene," and that "the water was good to drink." There were probably stated times when the women knew that they could not come with their pitchers.

In taking a last look at this interesting part of Corinth we may note that though much of the marble coating is gone, enough remains to show that it was entirely covered with marble. It may also be added that this was our deepest digging, and that the water of Peirene flowed thirty-three feet below the original surface of the soil. It was no small labor to remove this earth with track and cars. Our means were not over abundant, but several friendly visitors contributed to our fund. The ever Honorable John Hay helped us very generously.

We shall now mount the flight of steps, as old as 600 B. C., seen in the distance from our former position, and reach the temple of Apollo. We shall then look south to Acro-Corinth. See the lines numbered 39 on the Corinth map.

***Position 39. The temple at old Corinth, one of the oldest Doric structures,—south to the Acropolis***

We now change position, mounting the rock on which stood the temple of Apollo. The glory of Corinth is departed, but in leaving behind the ruined temple it has given us one of the proudest monuments

of Greece. We now look at the wreck through the inside, practically south.

These seven stout columns and a few blocks of the architrave are now all that is left standing. When travelers visited it in the sixteenth century several more columns remained standing. We found in our excavations two belonging to the south side lying just where they fell outwards. They were never entirely covered, but being somewhat worn by feet, the part that appeared looked like native rock.

This temple is next to the Heraeon at Olympia the oldest temple in Greece. It is, like many archaic temples, *e. g.*, those in Sicily, long in proportion to its breadth. In Syracuse, a colony of Corinth, we find a still more ancient temple with nineteen columns on the sides to six on the front and rear. This Apollo temple had fifteen columns with the usual six at the ends. When early excavation had determined this it was thought that the temple must be a temple with two cella, on account of its length. But no signs of cuttings for a cross wall appear. Apollo did not share his honors with either a minor or a major god. His image must have looked dim when seen from the great door at the east.

The columns, as well as what remains of the architrave, point to a date near 600 B. C., at which time Periander was at the height of his power. Since we hear of his requiring his allies to deposit pledges for their fidelity in the temple of Apollo we may suppose that he looked at this temple as the temple *par excellence* of all the temples of Corinth. He probably built it himself. No time could be more appropriate. Tyrants, both good and bad, wished, like Peisistratos at Athens, to keep the people busy and

contented with great undertakings. Periander brought Corinth to its highest pitch of prosperity and power.

This temple survived the so-called total destruction of Corinth by Mummius. The wood-work may have been burned, and the roof may have fallen in. An intelligent Roman might have spared it altogether. What we know is, that it stood entire in Roman times. The columns originally had their coarse limestone covered with a very fine stucco, extremely smooth. But in the refitting, doubtless Roman, a thick stucco with a good deal of pounded marble in it was laid on over the old, much hacked to make the new adhere to the old. We see both kinds on the fallen, as well as on the standing, columns. The Roman stucco, though coarse compared with the Greek, doubtless looked fine, shimmering in the sunlight.

Under the Turkish régime the temple went to pieces. As column after column fell the floor and everything else not held down by columns was carried off, so that the columns now standing appear to be placed on high bases. It is only on this west end, the back end be it remembered, that anything remains, even of the floor. On the entire eastern half, to our left, we found hardly a block *in situ* to reward our search.

This splendid ruin, eloquent in its silence, placed where it looked down on Peirene, over the Agora, down the Lechaeon road, and over the Gulf, makes a deep impression when seen either from the inside, as we see it, or from the outside. It speaks of strength rather than of beauty. It would appear rugged, and a little ungainly, beside the Parthenon. (What would not!) But as one sees it from the outside, looking

directly at the corner on a moonlight night, it seems inexpressibly grand, both strong and beautiful in its ruin.

We are now looking through it and above it, to ever glorious Acro-Corinth, about 2,000 feet above the Gulf. And what scenes this finest of all Acropolises looks out upon! It confronted, across the Gulf, Parnassos and Helikon. One beheld from it Athens with all its mountains, and it had the Isthmus of Corinth at its feet.

We shall now turn not merely our eyes but our steps to this cynosure. From its summit we shall look back northeast over the Isthmus. See the lines numbered 40 on both the map of Greece and the "Environ of Corinth."

***Position 40. Isthmus of Corinth, pathway of Greek armies, east-northeast from the Acropolis***

We here stand on the mighty rock Acro-Corinth near the side farthest from the ancient city. A short distance away we see the crenellated mediæval wall. A little ascent to the right would bring us to the Peirene or spring from which water was conveyed to the old city fountain. Further down to the left is the entrance gate where there is considerable accumulation of earth, and where something of importance may yet be excavated. We see before us little besides jagged rocks.

It is not for a view of old Corinth or of new Corinth that we have come to this point. The former is hidden from us and the latter barely appears on the left. Neither do we see Helicon and Parnassus, and Sikyon with its blooming plain between it and Corinth, so proverbial for its richness that when one

wished to comprehend all treasures in one great wish, he would say, "I wish you the plain between Corinth and Sikyon." What we here seek is a view of the Isthmus itself. Here it lies far below us in all its breadth. We see the clay bank which forms the Isthmus, and to the left and right the two seas between which it extends. This was the pathway of armies throughout Grecian history. Practically every man of prominence in Grecian affairs must have passed over this neck of land. It was across this isthmus that Pheidipides hurried on his way from Athens to summon the Spartans for aid against the Persians at Marathon. It was across this isthmus a few days later that the Spartans went to look upon the Marathon plain after the great victory of Miltiades and his army of Athenians and Plataeans. A few years later another company of Spartans with Leonidas at their head crossed this isthmus, never to return, on their way to glorious Thermopylae. Though we have not the time now it would be particularly fascinating to recall the many scenes these hills have looked down upon as armies and men on momentous missions have hurried backwards and forth across these fields before us.

Looking straight between the two men to a break in the enclosing wall, we see far below a line of railroad from Argos to Corinth. Brick ruins scattered about the plains show that the Roman Corinth spread itself out over this plain far beyond the city wall, of which we see nothing. Not far to the right, but so low that we do not see it, is Hexamilia, a village called into being after the war of liberation from Turkey by the philanthropist, Dr. Howe, the husband of Julia Ward Howe. There were still living in 1890

a few people who either knew or had heard of Dr. Howe and his wife. Now their names are a mere tradition. In the desolate plain at present, however, there is little to attract us. Down on the arm of the Corinthian Gulf, to the left, New Corinth looks very unattractive in the blazing sun of noonday. At the touch of winter rain the Isthmus will grow green, but New Corinth can hardly become beautiful in any season. Up to the time of our excavations the chief associations of visitors who passed through Corinth was that they took luncheon there at the railroad restaurant. At the middle of the graceful curve of that arm of the Gulf, we see a light line proceeding inward from the shore. We soon lose sight of it. That is the line of the great canal. Some more of the clay thrown out appears near the other end to the right. It was near the point where the canal comes into that eastern bay that the Isthmian games were held, on this side of the canal.

The Isthmus broadens out as it approaches both the Peloponnesus and the Megarid. We can therefore hardly say just how long it is. We may, however, roughly estimate it at six miles. Beyond the Isthmus, there is a gradual rise, with some few fallings off until it culminates in Geraneia (Crane Mountain) of about the same height as Kithaeron which lies back of it and a little to the right, not visible here.

It is evident that while this Isthmus was a bar to transportation by sea, it was by land a great pathway from Northern Greece to the Peloponnesus and the reverse. For several centuries Sparta on one pretext or another, mobilized its forces, and passing over this Isthmus made grief and mourning in Attica or Boeotia. But when the time for retribution

came and the tide flowed the other way, Epaminondas and his stout Thebans crossed by way of this Isthmus into the Peloponnesus and made the Spartans smart for the woes they had inflicted on the other Greeks.

A wall was built across this Isthmus at the time of the Persian War, when the Spartans were willing to sacrifice everything north of the Isthmus, and save themselves. But the high spirit of Themistokles and Athens prevented at Salamis all use of this wall. In later times other walls were built along the same lines and parallel to the present canal. In prehistoric times, the vigorous Dorians, reared in the north, entered by this isthmus and made themselves masters of the Island of Pelops.

The main feature in the background is Mt. Geraneia, an effectual barrier to those who wished to pass to or from Northern Greece. It formed in itself a second isthmus more than twice as wide as this Isthmus of Corinth, filling practically the whole width from sea to sea. From that gigantic gable seen under the floating clouds, one looks almost perpendicularly down toward the west into the northern arm of the Corinthian Gulf. On the east side, the descent is more gradual but it ends at the mighty cliff called the Skironian Rock, to the face of which the road and railway cling. The passage of this Isthmus of Corinth was easy; but the passage into Attica and Boeotia was as hard to force as Thermopylae, if an enemy blocked the way. Hence the great importance to Sparta of Megara, as an outpost to the northeast. Hence all the efforts of Perikles to either win over or cripple Megara. With the passes in the hands of Athens or its friends, the Peloponnesians might butt



their heads in vain against that mighty bulwark, Geraneia.

During the excavation of Corinth holidays were numerous and I was perhaps excessively fond of exploring that whole mass to the north of us. My two ascents of Geraneia were among the most inspiring of my climbs. The long walk to the foot and the ascent! What a view over the Peloponnesus! What a view everywhere! From Megara itself to the land's end point, that runs out westward into the Corinthian Gulf until it is opposite Sikyon, hardly a foot of ground or rock was strange to me on mountain or on shore.

A little over ten miles behind us are the Vale and Temple of Nemea. One finds it, however, a good half-day's journey to traverse as he goes around the hills that rise up in the path. To that attractive valley we are to go. Few spots in Greece give such a surprise as the Vale of Nemea. As the traveler passes along the railroad from Corinth to Argos, the train struggles up a steep grade and then takes a long breath before plunging down. While the train is resting, as it were, there is nothing to see except the plain of Kleonae to the north, from which we have climbed, and in front of us a gorge into which we are going to descend. The sign "Nemea" on the station seems ironical, inasmuch as there is no sign of even a humble village, but everywhere on the hillsides nothing but the bushes which the goats have not suffered to become trees. But the traveler who does not here leave the train and walk about three miles from the station to the west makes a great mistake. It is

also true that if he goes on to the glorious plain of Argos, he hardly realizes what he has missed.

But, having decided to see Nemea, at the end of a brisk walk of three-quarters of an hour we suddenly find ourselves on the rim of a small valley, the site of Nemea, green in the winter but parched in summer. Nemea was not a city but a sacred place for holding games, a smaller Olympia. The games were fourth in importance among the four great national games. They were held every two years and the victors were not beneath Pindar's muse. It was here that Herakles killed, by strangling him, the fierce Nemean Lion. On the side of a cliff that shuts in the valley on the south side, a cave is pointed out as the abode of this lion. So beautiful is the scene that one hesitates to leave it. But as one does move on past the probable site of a stadion and a possible theater, he reaches an excellent point from which to examine the gigantic remains of the Temple of Zeus. We are to stand at that point and look northeast. See the lines numbered 41 on the map of Greece.

***Position 41. Temple of Zeus, where famous games were held, north-northeast, Nemea***

How the column drums are strewn over the ground! Only three columns stand entire. The one to the left belonging to the outside row on the front end is larger than the other two which belong to the pronaos. The freaky nature of earthquakes is shown by the capital nearly jerked off its large column. No one now regards this temple as very old. The writer in Smith's Dictionary of Classical Geography cautiously says that it is probably to be ascribed to a date later than the Persian War. In fact, to judge

from its style, it must be the latest Doric temple in Greece, built perhaps in the Macedonian period. The contrast between this temple and the Apollo temple at Corinth is very striking. The columns of the Corinth temple have nearly the same diameter as these both at the top and the bottom. But these columns run up half as high again as those at Corinth. It is almost as great a difference as we should notice between the temple at Paestum and the Parthenon. The columns at Corinth are not very graceful, but how strong they are! If one comes directly from Corinth to Nemea, how impressive the contrast of the two temple remains! Both were made of the same material, soft limestone, which is easily cut, and protected against the weather by stucco.

It is worth noting that of the four great games two were held under the auspices of Zeus, while Apollo and Poseidon were patrons of the Pythian and Isthmian games, and that three out of the four were held in the Peloponnesus, while two of those were not twenty miles apart.

In the distance and a little to the left, appears a singular flat topped mountain, sloping slightly to the left, with a white church just below the top. This mountain, Apesas, which we saw from Position 37, does not look at all as we saw it from Corinth, because there we saw it edgewise. Here it has the appearance of having had its top sliced off, which probably gave rise to the legend that once on its top there lived a race of wicked men, and that Zeus, in anger at their impiety, sliced off the top of the mountain and threw it with the men into the sea. The real truth is, that below the top was a broad layer of hard limestone while above it was soft limestone that was

easily worn away, and being well permeated with water, it slid off. Underneath the broad layer now forming the top is another layer of soft limestone and as this is worn away, the sloping plateau goes on slowly crumbling and falling down at its edges. It still stands out free, and forms a landmark to one sailing along the Gulf of Corinth or up the Argolic Gulf. It is easily understood what a view is enjoyed from its summit. It was a not infrequent goal for us on a holiday excursion when some saint's day stopped our work at Corinth.

We are now to enter the famous Argolic Plain, the seat of the earliest civilization in Greece, the Mykenaeon. A walk of two hours would bring us to Mykenae, our first point of interest in this plain. Note the location of Mykenae on the map of Greece, nearly ten miles away, and then turn to our special map of Mykenae. In the upper right-hand corner of this latter map we see the Acropolis and toward the southwest the site of the rather extended Lower City. The Acropolis was the seat of the ruling family. The foundation of this city reaches far back into prehistoric times. According to legend Perseus was the city's founder. His descendants followed him as rulers for a time. Then came the foreign house of Pelops. Here the sons of Pelops, Atreus and Thyestes, had their quarrels, and then comes the son of Atreus, Agamemnon, the great hero of the Trojan war. He at that time appears as the leader of all Greece. The story says also that on his return he was murdered by Aegisthos the lover of his wife. Later the incoming Herakleidae overthrew the house of Pelops. They

ruled for a time, but long before historic times Mykenae had lost its power.

Turning our attention again to the plan of the Acropolis on the map, the heavy dark line indicates the course of the massive Cyclopean wall surrounding the citadel. The palace of the rulers was on the summit near the center of the area. Near the northwestern corner was the principal entrance. Our first position is to be near that corner of the ancient wall and we shall look south-southwest over the entrance gate, part of the Acropolis area, and beyond over the Argolic Plain. See the lines numbered 42 on the map of Greece also.

***Position 42. Agamemnon's council hall "in the innermost corner of Argos"—south-southwest over Argolic plain to sea, Mykenae***

We have beneath us here the enclosing wall of the mighty fortress of Mykenae, the very place from which Agamemnon went forth to chastise and humble Troy, on the other side of the Aegean; to avenge the wrong done to Menelaos whose wedded wife had been carried away by Paris, the son of the King of Troy. However much of fiction there may be in the story, yet it can be hardly doubted that the King of Mykenae humbled proud Troy. That after his victory he met a violent death at the hands of his wife, Klytaemnestra, we may also accept.

From our high position on the wall, we look over the great gate with two sculptured lionesses above it, over a circle enclosed by the city wall, and beyond to the south-southwest part of the site of the lower city with the winding road by which the travelers approach these much-visited and impressive ruins. Then

comes the famous plain of Argos in which flows the river Inachos. When it flows, it actually overflows, but with the exception of the winter months it does not flow at all. Beyond the plain, somewhat to the right, we see a conical hill with a white monastery clinging to its side. This is the Acropolis of Argos, called Larisa, which seems to mean a fortress. At the foot of this Acropolis and a little to the left, we see a very low rocky hill rising gently to a point which made the ancient Argives call it the shield. Beyond the next low spur projecting to the left is a bay with a swampy shore. Here was Lerna, the abode of the Lernaean Hydra which Herakles slew by knocking off each of the nine heads with his club. Up the gorge to the right, between the low spur and the mountain beyond, runs the Peloponnesus railroad to Tegea and on to Kalamata. The high mountain in the background is Parnon, 6,365 feet high.

But it behooves us to turn now to what lies immediately before us. Just beyond the wall in which we see the lionesses, we look down on a circular enclosure eighty-seven feet in diameter. The enclosure referred to is made of a double row of limestone slabs, while the intervening space, about three feet wide, is filled in with rubble, making practically a solid wall over four feet thick. The height of the wall varies from three to five feet according to the various levels of the foundations. Inside this ring which is laid out on a side hill—probably enclosed in the citadel, which lies to our left, by a wall built some time after the original wall—Schliemann found in 1876 the graves which made his name forever famous.

There were in all six rock-cut graves, the sixth being found after Schliemann had finished his work. Nineteen bodies were found laid to rest in them,

decked, or rather loaded with gold and other ornaments. Schliemann undertook his excavations in the hope of finding the bodies of Agamemnon and his closest friends, who were murdered by his wife Klytaemnestra and Aegisthos, when he returned from Troy. He even identified Agamemnon's body in the fifth grave. We now know that the graves that Schliemann found are not only much older than the time of Agamemnon, but that they were family vaults, the interments in each grave covering a period of perhaps twenty-five to fifty years. This is shown by the fact that the gold ornaments vary not only in different graves, but in the same grave. The form of the cover to the great third grave showed that it was meant to be removed for successive interments.

The great question still unsettled is whether the ring was always left open, as we now see it, or whether when all the bodies were interred, or even before, a great mound was heaped up, with the circular wall as a retaining wall.

Schliemann from his long mercantile career thought much of the intrinsic value of his finds. It is striking that he should have found both at Troy and Mykenae the most important gold finds yet exhumed. There is no choicer treasure of prehistoric art than the gold objects discovered by Schliemann, now in the fine museum at Athens.

Though Schliemann made many blunders, for example, calling the circle of graves an agora, where he pictured the elders sitting on the high circular wall, he came off quite as well as some of the scientific archaeologists, who declared these pit graves and their contents to belong to some Gothic tribe that wandered into Greece in the second or third century, A. D.

Our next position will be some distance behind us from which point we shall look along the passage leading to this Lion Gate and straight through it. We shall then see that the wall from which we are now looking stood on a mass of native rock. See this position on the map of Mykenae.

!

***Position 43. Gate of the Lions, oldest sculpture in Europe, southeast, guarding walled Acropolis of Mykenae***

We have now come down from our position on the wall which we see to the left with the native rock as its foundation. Our position here is directly in front of the Lion Gate from which we look southeast through the gate. We are at the end of a passageway fifty-five feet long and thirty-three feet broad, through which an attacking party would have to force its way, mercilessly pelted on both sides by missiles thrown from the walls. Their lives would be thrown away unless they rushed the gate by mere mass; but that was hardly possible from the structure of the gate.

We see on the right several gigantic blocks. While the enclosing wall of the fortress is in general made up of Cyclopean masses rough-hewn from the hard limestone on the spot, the blocks that form the walls of this long passage called the dromos, are of breccia which was brought from a distance and carefully squared. Many of these lie on the ground near their original places on the wall, which once had two or three more courses.

Let us now look at the massive character of the Gate. How consonant with the powerful city which before 1500 B. C. planted itself here in a nook between



the mountains, with a gorge on either side, to rule over the great and fertile plain of Argos. It also reached out towards Corinth and the Corinthian Gulf, as a net-work of well constructed roads shows. The gate at which we are looking is about nine feet wide and ten feet high. The lintel, we see, is enormously massive and of a peculiar shape. Being about fifteen feet long and seven feet wide it runs past the massive posts on either side into the wall. In order that it might not break by its own weight, it was made thicker in the middle where it is over three feet thick. A similar lintel at Tiryns *did* break of its own weight. In the gate before us, the pressure upon the lintel was relieved by discontinuing the courses of the wall above the lintel, and the insertion of a sculptured relief. The gate itself, which filled the opening at which we gaze, was double leafed, as we know by pivot-holes at the ends of both the thresholds below and the lintel above.

A stout bar, probably of oak, when dropped into its place, prevented the gate from being pushed inward. This strongly built entrance, while it was probably weaker than any other place in the wall was practically impregnable to any direct attack. The wall enclosing the citadel was too high to scale, and was from ten to twenty feet thick. Such a fortress garrisoned strongly, could only fall by starvation and lack of water or by treachery. Bountiful provision for water we recognize, and it may be taken on trust that grain was bountifully stored. We may here see to the left of the gate, two courses above the lintel, a loophole from which any hostile approach would easily be seen.

The glory of the entrance is consummated in the

triangular slab of very hard gray limestone called anhydrite, which fills the space over the lintel of the gate. It is ten feet high, twelve feet long at the base but only two feet thick. It serves as a curtain for the opening left over the lintel. Thus in the place of a void or a dangerous mass too heavy for the lintel we behold a thing of beauty peculiarly adapted to impress all comers. Standing where we do, we behold it with wonder, realizing that it was one of the earliest pieces of sculpture in Europe. For centuries it stood the only relic of a civilization which had passed away, the great Mykenean civilization. It was not understood because it was unique. But the excavation of Mykenae has made us believe that this relief goes back to the great Pelopid dynasty to which Agamemnon belonged. The circuit walls belong in all probability to a much earlier time, say 1500 B. C., while the gate belonged to a time of repairs or enlargement to take in the circle of graves at say 1300 B. C.

The lionesses of the relief stand heraldically grouped with their fore-paws resting on a base made of two cubes hollowed out by a deep groove and having a plain moulding above. On the plain moulding it is that the lionesses' paws rest. Their heads are battered beyond recognition; but it is clear that they looked straight to the front as if bidding defiance to any invader who might dare to approach the palace of the king. The column between the lions looks much like some Roman columns except, like all other Mykenaeon columns, it tapers downward. Above the abacus of the capital we see four round discs, which probably represent the ends of unhewn beams used in the flat covering of the palace. On these beams was laid the clay roof. We may correctly regard these lionesses

as standing guard over the king's palace which is here represented only symbolically.

In recent discoveries of so-called "island gems" many groups of two lions or of other animals have been found in this same heraldic position. Something similar also to these lions has been found in Phrygia in the heart of Asia Minor. These were for some time regarded as older than these lions of Mykenae but they are now pretty generally regarded as some four or five centuries later.

At the left, through the gate, we see a Cyclopean wall. That is the original wall. Now as the graves which we saw lay to the right of it they must have been originally outside of the wall. Beyond this wall is a deep gorge through which flows the brook Chavos, and beyond it we get glimpses of the mountain Zara both through the gate and the loophole to the right.

Were we to turn to the left and climb the steep slope of the Acropolis, covered with remains of little houses of 1500 B. C., we should come upon the palace of the lords of Mykenae, a magnificent ruin. A part of it is covered by a Doric temple of the seventh or eighth century B. C., the foundations of which are some twelve feet above the floor of the old palace.

From this position in front of the Lions' Gate we shall turn about and pass along down the winding road, a part of which we saw from Position 42. There we shall be in the presence of an underground structure called a beehive tomb, the most impressive of the monuments of Mykenae. See the lines numbered 44 on the map.

**Position 44. Massive doorway into so-called "Treasury of Atreus" or "Tomb of Agamemnon," (west) Mykenae**

Here we are at the front of the so-called "Treasury of Atreus." We are looking through the long passage called the dromos, to what remains of a once fine façade, facing east towards the citadel which we have just left, with its palace and pit graves. The dromos, which we now examine, is about one hundred and fifteen feet long and twenty feet wide. It is impressive rather for its massive quadrangular blocks of broad breccia, carefully sawn and fitted together than for any architectural pretensions.

But the great door to which the dromos leads, does have a claim on our attention as an architectural façade despoiled of ornament but still impressive. There was once on either side of this enormous door, sheathed with bronze, a half column of gray alabaster, tapering downward like the column over the Lion Gate, and elaborately carved with chevrons which enclosed scroll patterns. The capitals were also carved in like manner. The half columns were dowelled into the façade by means of a pineapple shaped hole which appears on either side in the lintel. The bases which once supported them we see on either side *in situ*. Strips of bronze as adornment were held by lines of nails, the holes of which, as well as the nails themselves, appear.

The triangle above the lintel was, as in the case of the Lion Gate, introduced to lighten the burden on the lintel. It was not, as now, a yawning gap but was filled with several courses of thin blocks of red porphyry, adorned with scroll patterns. All this is proved by small fragments found in front of the door.

But though robbed of all its decorations the façade makes an impression partly by its symmetry and partly by mere mass.

Our attention is drawn also to the enormous lintel which extends into the side walls to the right and left. It is about thirty-four feet long and seventeen feet broad and four feet high and is the largest architectural block in Greece. Its weight is estimated at 120 tons and upward. Such masses remind us of Egypt, especially of Karnak where massive stones were raised by slave labor with the help of the inclined plane.

Although this structure has been called a "treasury" it was beyond question a tomb, like numerous other structures of the same sort distributed pretty well over all Greece. It is not unlikely that so much gold was found in it when it was broken open that it was called from that time a "treasury." The royal person or persons here laid to rest, if not covered by masses of gold like the bodies in the pit graves already described, were not likely to lack costly gifts. But we should suppose that being of a later age and probably of the *great* age of Mykenae, the funeral offerings must have been of the very finest. At any rate it is now pretty generally supposed that this so-called Treasury of Atreus and eight other beehive shaped vaults are really tombs, and furthermore, that they belonged to the mightiest dynasty of which we have a record at Mykenae, viz., the great Pelopid dynasty of which Agamemnon was the most conspicuous monarch.

Before leaving this impressive tomb, we must speak of a part that can be seen only by entering the door. The inside, in fact, makes a deeper impression than

the outside. The tomb was made by digging away the inside of a hill and laying out a circular course of stones well fitted together and bevelled with an inward slant as it went upwards. The subsequent courses narrowed the circle until at the very top a round capstone was laid. The distance from the capstone to the floor was equal to the diameter at the bottom, about fifty feet. The earth was thrown back along the outside of the wall as the wall went up. Thus at last the hill, or side-hill, resumed its original appearance.

The interior was carefully decorated. A bronze band, doubtless with figures, ran around it a little below the top of the great door. Above this were bronze rosettes, gilded and arranged in order. When light did come in, there was a suggestion, in this dome, of the starry heavens. All this, however, was but a brilliant anteroom to the burial chamber which was entered by a passage leading to the right. This chamber once revetted with fine slabs has been deprived of all its ornaments. In the greater number of the beehive tombs, there is no side chamber, the dead being interred in pits cut in the floor of the tomb.

When all the bodies of a family were in the tomb the dromos was closed up with earth, and however fine the façade might be, it was imbedded in the hill and one saw, if he saw at all, only a hill or simply one side of a hill.

At the lower part of the map of Mykenae we find a road called the ancient road to the Heraeon. This Heraeon or temple of Hera was the national sanctuary of Argolis. There we shall go next. We shall be looking nearly east in order to behold the mighty

Cyclopean foundations of the temple, reaching far back into hoary antiquity. See the map of Greece.

***Position 45. The Heracon, east, where the chiefs of Greece swore fealty to Agamemnon before the Trojan War***

We have now arrived at one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, sanctuaries in Greece. Shepherd boys are feeding their flocks among the ruins where the great goddess Argive Hera once held potent sway.

Directly in front of us and at our feet are the remains of a long portico, on the front steps of which the man in fustinella is standing. We see behind this line and behind the shepherd boys the foundations for the middle line of columns supporting the roof. Still farther back in the back wall of the porch, clogged by blocks that have fallen down from above, and a little higher up, is a retaining wall of rather large and irregular blocks to keep the porch from undue pressure from above. At the farther end of the porch we see remains of buildings and of a staircase leading up to the higher level. Beyond this the portico is taken up again.

But to our left, back of all this and up against the sky, are massive blocks called Cyclopean, from their gigantic size. These form a terrace on which stood the temple of Hera, until by the carelessness of a priestess it was burned to the ground in 423 B. C. Just how old this temple was, we cannot tell. But one could hardly be at fault in supposing that it was as old as the temple of Hera at Olympia, which is rated as belonging to 1000 B. C. It may well have been in this temple that Agamemnon made his allies swear fealty to him when he set out for Troy. There is no

doubt whatever that in this temple the brilliant, but crazed king of Sparta, Kleomenes, offered sacrifice after his slaughter of most of the male population of Argos. Here it was that Kleobis and Biton found euthanasia, that painless death so much desired by the ancients, when they had drawn their mother, the priestess of Hera, from Argos the whole distance of some five or six miles, no oxen being on hand to convey her, that she might be on hand at the time of sacrifice.

Thus it is that a bare platform of rugged rocks smoothed off at the top becomes eloquent. Its very stones repeat tales. Furthermore, it is quite probable that this venerable temple so remote from Argos, belonged as much to Mykenae and Tiryns as to Argos. In fact, Charles Waldstein, who supervised the excavation of the Heraeon, found indications which convinced him that the sanctuary belonged in turn to Tiryns, Mykenae and Argos. The excavations conducted by Waldstein, then Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, in four campaigns, 1892-1895, brought to light archaic material enough, vases, terra cotta figurines, and bronzes, to make it certain that the spot had been inhabited as a sacred place at least as far back as 1500 B. C. and probably in 2000 B. C.

Could we stand on the Cyclopean platforms above we should look down upon the whole area below, the temple built by Polykleitos to replace the burnt temple, the several porches and buildings for priests, priestesses, and administrators. But since for the most part only foundations remain, we have done well to concentrate our gaze on what is vital and suggestive. Beyond the ruined porch, beyond the whole area, we



see the mountains of Epidaurous, viz., Arachneion and its neighbors.

Our next position will be some five or six miles to the southwest on the other side of the plain of Argos. We shall stand in the city of Argos, with its tile-roofed houses, and look west to the steep gray Acropolis rock rising above it. See the general map of Greece.

***Position 46. Argos, where Greek homes have stood since earliest times, north-northwest to Acropolis of Larisa***

We are in the heart of the modern city of Argos. which has about 10,000 inhabitants. Externally the city is rather attractive, but we cannot go further without making reservations. The owner of the house across the street, for instance, has had the effrontery to put outside a sign in Greek and French. "Hotel for Strangers" is writ large in both languages, but these signs are a delusion and a snare. One incautious traveler, arriving late, did try the "Agamemnon" to his grief. Not only are the lodgings impossible, but the food served in the restaurants is not well fitted to the European-American stomach. Only one who has had long experience in traveling off the beaten track in Greece could find Argos a haven of rest. Every cautious traveler takes his night's rest in Nauplia, eight miles distant by rail. Beyond the first houses we see a broad level area, bordered on the left by a long building, a barrack for a regiment or two of infantry. On the opposite side is the city market. We see two towers on the end of the building turned toward us. The finer part of the city around the

public square is behind us. But the part that we see beyond the parade ground covered for the most part with one-story houses represents Argos fairly well. There are streets for shoemakers, for blacksmiths, and for other handicrafts.

Behind the city rises the Acropolis, called "Larisa," which seems to have been a generic name for citadel. This Larisa occupies the top of a rather pointed hill 950 feet high. The walls which we see on the summit are mostly mediaeval, but at the right side (north) they rest on some very fine Hellenic walls. There still remain enormous cisterns which may be of considerable antiquity. We see on the flank of the rocky Acropolis about a third of the way up, a white building which is a monastery devoted to the virgin (Panagia). From a spring below it flows a stream of water through an aqueduct, the line of which is seen near the base of the Larisa.

The most important monument of ancient Argos is beyond our view, to the left, a rock-cut theater capable of seating 20,000 spectators. In it was held the great national assembly summoned by Demetrios Hypsilantes, December 12th, 1821, to throw off the yoke of Turkey.

Argos comes into the limelight of history as a broken power. As early as the seventh century, B. C., some put it even a century later and others a century earlier, a great king by the name of Pheidon not only ruled Argos and the region which we call Argolis but practically dominated the whole Peloponnesus. Even Aegina was tributary to him. Those were the great days of Argos. Pheidon established a system of weights and measures as well as coinage. But even Dorians quarrelled with one another. In the

sixth century, B. C., Sparta under the brilliant but unbalanced king Kleomenes gave Argos a blow from which it never recovered. It is no wonder that it refused to join hands in the Persian War with a power which had slaughtered its able-bodied males. It would doubtless have welcomed the Persians into the Peloponnesus as readily as the Thebans had welcomed them into Boeotia. Argos seized the opportunity to destroy Mykenae in 462 B. C. when Sparta was again beginning to have trouble with Messenia and with earthquakes.

While Argos has yielded nothing of importance to archaeology, either on its Acropolis or on its level plain, still the hill called Aspis, a shield, mentioned in connection with Position 42, has been excavated by a fortunate Belgian, Vollgraf, since 1900. The architectural remains are so much older than those of the Larisa that they seem archaic in contrast. The pottery being also archaic, it seems as if this low hill were really the Acropolis of the oldest Argos. The view from the top of the Acropolis (Larisa) is superb.

Our next position will be the nearer or southern side of the Larisa, from which we shall look down southeast over this city, the plain of Argos behind us, and a strip of the Argolic Gulf to Nauplia on the further shore. See the lines numbered 47 on the map of Greece.

***Position 47. Argos and the plain whose horses were famed in Homer's day, southeast from Larisa to Nauplia***

Standing here upon the citadel or Acropolis of Argos, near its southern end, we look southeast over

the city of Argos and the tilled land beyond, the southern end of the Argolic Plain. The names Argos and Larisa probably mean "tilled land" and "fort." We look from the site of an ancient fort over one of the finest stretches of tilled land in Greece. It was fought for at least as early as 2000 B. C. and who knows how much earlier.

The ancient fort here must have been a small one, very different from the walls of Tiryns and Mykenae, or from the later walls of Athens or Corinth. So small is it that we may be assured that the "shield," the low hill where very ancient remains were found, was the real Acropolis of Argos. We hear of troops being mustered there in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. This enclosing wall near us is a shabby Roman or mediaeval affair, of which a Greek would have been heartily ashamed. But it holds together as well as splendid masonry of squared blocks.

All around us are sage bushes and rocks. At a little distance to the right on the darker slope is the theater, still just beyond our view. Now let us take in with eyes and heart and brain as much of the plain as lies before us. We see the southern outskirts of the city with one considerable suburb directly over the top of the round tower. Beyond those outskirts we see roads leading off to little farms. The land near the city, as we have said, is extremely fertile. The river Inachos has reached thus far after irrigating vineyards and gardens and bringing down rich soil. Nearer the sea is a broad strip nearly barren occupied by bogs or sand. Near the coast line appear scattered cypress trees. On the extreme left we see a carriage road and close beside it on the right a dim line which is the railroad running along with it until

both disappear from view on the left. They ultimately turn again to the right or south toward Nauplia. In the distance directly over this round tower, hidden by a dark clump of trees, are the ruins of ancient Tiryns.

To the extreme right is Nauplia. We are to visit it but from this distance we may familiarize ourselves with the aspect of it. The principal feature is the fortress crowned Palamidi, now a prison. It is about 100 feet lower than the Larisa of Argos. These two strongholds are not more than eight miles apart. They are so near to one another that Argos felt she must crush her rivals in the plain to be secure. At the foot of Palamidi to the left lies a suburb of Nauplia called Pronia, and to the right, the city of Nauplia itself. But one of the chief glories of the landscape is the Argolic Gulf, coming in among the mountains and making a blending of sea and shore and mountain which entrances the beholder. The still higher mountains in the background enhance the beauty of the whole. People like to stand here for a long time and revel in the exquisite blending of sea and shore and in the historical associations which every feature calls to mind.

We are now to move along the line of railroad about seven and one-half miles to Tiryns near the eastern edge of the plain. First though we must turn to our map of Tiryns. We see at a glance that the ancient citadel was built on something of an elevation which ran north and south. The course of the great wall about the summit of the elevation is shown by a medium dark shade. The Lower Castle was at the north, then came the Middle Castle, and

the Upper Castle to the southeast. One very interesting feature of this old citadel is the great galleries in the walls, one on the south and one at the east side, from which opened a series of stone chambers. These stone chambers are represented on the map by a series of small white rectangles. The red lines numbered 48 show that our first position is to be at the south from which we shall look north to the southern end of the fortress.

***Position 48. Palace walls and windows of princes  
whose splendor died before history began, (north)  
Tiryns***

We have before us now the south end of the imposing ruins of the fortress and palace of Tiryns. We stand with our backs to Nauplia, two and one-half miles away, from which most people approach Tiryns. The woman and the girl walking toward Nauplia are typical poor Greeks, members of an "ill-used race," poor of the poor; and yet they hardly seem to realize it, and we will call them God's poor. But the world takes little note of a few poverty stricken women and children in the presence of Tiryns, which, older than Mykenae, has impressed all generations by its mighty mass. Pausanias for once drops his sang-froid, and declares:—"It appears characteristic of the Greeks to admire what they see abroad more than what they see at home. For while distinguished historians have given us the minutest descriptions of the pyramids of Egypt, they have not even mentioned the treasury of Minyas (in Boeotia) and the walls of Tiryns, which are not a whit less wonderful."

Nearly twenty centuries have passed since Pausanias wrote this; and these walls have probably be-

come somewhat more dilapidated in that interval. But no man who has regard for the works of man can even glance at the mere mass of this wrecked fortress and palace of so ancient a date without being profoundly stirred. How fitting it was that within these walls the mighty Herakles should be born, and from it start forth on his labors at the behest of one meaner than himself.

The fortress is about 900 feet long and in general 300 feet broad. Its shape was decided by that of a rock which we might call a "hog's back" that came up out of the marsh which surrounds it; in shape it has also been compared to a man's foot. In the forty centuries which have passed since these walls rose, the firm ground at present about it has been made by alluvial deposits. This south end of the fortress on which two men are standing out against the sky is eighty-six feet above the sea level, but at the north end it has not more than half that elevation. The walls, which we do not see so well here as we shall from a later position, are made of massive blocks quarried from a rocky hill a short distance to the east. They were not, as it was once declared, piled up in rough masses, but were given a roughly quadrangular shape and bonded with clay. From the blocks lying on the ground, it is computed that the wall, which is now from twenty to thirty feet high, was originally fully sixty-five feet high.

Confining ourselves now to this south end, we note about half way up three pointed arches, not showing the real principle of the arch, but gradually bringing two walls together until the two blocks at the top rest against each other. These three rooms with two others which we do not see were store-chambers in.

the thick wall, one of the series of store-chambers already referred to in connection with the map. These chambers were approached from the top by a flight of steps, from the bottom of which one first passed to the south through a narrow passage until he reached a long gallery running east and west. It is from this gallery that the five store-chambers were entered. At the extreme left in the massive wall below the two men on the sky line, two great cisterns are found. Thus provided with food and drink, the holders of Tiryns could defy attack.

On the extreme right we see another pointed arch. This is not, however, a store-chamber like those which peep out straight ahead of us; but it is the other long gallery from which the second series of store-chambers are laid out in the southeast wall. They are hardly less massive than those before us in this south end.

Although the remains of the palace on the summit are of most absorbing interest, they afford little beside the ground plan; and we now turn to that east gallery, just pointed out, which is beyond question the most impressive feature to most of the travelers who visit Tiryns. Our next position will be in the farther end of the gallery, from which we shall look in this direction. See the map of Tiryns.

**Position 49. *Galleries of Tiryns (looking south), most ancient and famous Cyclopean building in all Greece***

We are now standing in the inside of the impressive east gallery, the opening of which we saw from our last position. We are now looking south towards the light and across the grounds of the re-



cently established Agricultural School. We have taken our position pretty well towards the rear (north) end of the gallery, back of the fourth of six openings, you will notice, which lead toward the left into store-chambers. These chambers have had their covering removed and hence are exposed to the light as were the store-chambers on the south end, which we saw from our previous position.

This gallery in which we now stand is about eighty feet long, fifteen feet high and six feet wide. We see the gigantic blocks roughly hewn and piled approximately in curves, inclining gradually forward, until the last courses on either side lean forward and form a sort of pointed arch, which, lacking a key-stone, cannot claim to be an arch in the true sense. We have here a duplicate of the gallery and store-chambers on the south end, but in this case the gallery is so perfect and so massive as to excite admiration.

Two curiosities are worth noticing here. The cracks between the layers of roughly hewn limestone were once filled with clay mortar as a bonding but this has been nearly all carried away by mice and lizards. Even now they are constantly bringing it to light, as is shown by their tiny foot-prints in the fine dust. Thus the old notion that the blocks were roughly piled up without any bonding is disproved. The other curiosity is a band about two feet broad on the right-hand wall, starting about five feet above the head of the man with a fez, and gradually descending until it reaches the floor about opposite the fourth chamber. This band is so smooth that it would pass for polished marble, and shimmers so that one could hardly recognize it as the same rough limestone as the rest.

Long after the destruction of the palace, and when the mouth of the gallery had been nearly stopped up by earth falling into the open end, sheep and goats were herded here, and rubbed against the stones along the descending line and gave it a perfect polish.

Over this gallery and slightly inward there is on the surface a colonnade of about the same length as the gallery. Four stone bases of the colonnade remain in position. That all of the columns except the bases were of wood is certain. This colonnade formed an ornamental side to a large fore-court opposite to the Propylaea of the palace. This Propylaea of nearly two thousand years before the Christian era was in all essential respects like the Propylaea of the fifth century B. C.

We have spoken of several items which though interesting and important, cannot be adequately seen in detail in the ruins of today. For our next position, however, we shall go to the higher level, just mentioned, and somewhat farther north near the great gate of the Upper Castle. See the lines numbered 50 on the Tiryns map.

***Position 50. Cyclopean gateway of "wall-girl Tiryns," ancient when Homer sang,—north-northwest towards rival Argos***

We now stand on the higher level, and about one hundred feet north of the open square before the Propylaea just referred to. It was on this level that the king's palace stood. We look north-northwest through a great gate similar to the Lion Gate at Mykenae. With a glance at the two little girls poorly clad, our gaze ranges past a high tower on the right,

past a deep hollow beyond it, and over the massive enclosing wall where it is curving inward to the left. Beyond these blocks of Cyclopean masonry we see the eastern part of the fertile plain of Argos full of vineyards and gardens, with here and there a house or village. (See the map of Greece). Even Mykenae appears dimly in a gap between the last two mountains on the right, Zara and St. Elias. Straight in front is the divide over which the railroad passes out to Corinth. This so-called Treton Pass was used for communication with the Corinthian Gulf beyond it as far back as the days of Agamemnon.

Coming back, however, to what is immediately before us, we see the gate of this fortress even better than we saw the gate of Mykenae. Looking at it from the inside, we see right and left a massive doorpost, against which a leaf on each side swung back into the massive posts. The posts have been cut back on the inside so that when opened the thick oaken door was just flush with the jamb. Somewhat more than halfway up, there is on the left a large round hole, which, with a similar hole on the opposite post, served to support a stout oaken bar and hold the doors against all pressure. The round hole for the bar on the left-hand post is drilled only to a depth of a few inches, but on the one to the right it was bored clear through. Evidently when the gates were to be opened, the bar was shoved clear back into the wall, through the post. The gate of Mykenae had no such place for pushing its bar back into the wall; it simply fell from above into a shallow groove. The arrangement here adopted weakened the post to the right, which has been broken off just where the hole was bored. Whatever became of the lintel we do not know;

but it may be suspected that the weight above it was not lightened as at Mykenae, and that it broke of its own weight. The gate surpasses in mass that of Mykenae, in the matter of posts and threshold. The latter is especially large. The whole framing of the door was as at Mykenae, of hard breccia. What resistance such a gate must have been intended to offer!

About fifty feet to the north at the end of a gigantic wall laid approximately in courses, we see an opening on the right. This is the main entrance to the fortress and to the palace within. It comes in after rising in the form of a ramp about thirteen feet broad, rising gently to the south; then it turns and enters the walls at the same breadth, except that it is narrowed by a course of stone blocks on either side until it is reduced to about eight feet. It is quite evident that chariots were brought up over the ramp into the palace. But why was this entrance left absolutely open—one may ask. The answer is plain. If an enemy in great numbers poured into this opening, it would already have experienced a dreadful pounding from the guardians of the wall which ended on either side in broad towers. Missiles must have been hurled down on them from every side. Once inside, they were in a gigantic mousetrap, which in a few moments would become a slaughter pen. Advance or retreat would be alike impossible. The more men who rushed against the walls sixty feet high, and tried above all else to force the entrance, the greater would be the slaughter to the attacking party. The only hope of taking such a fortress was to do it by starvation or by the help of traitors.

We do not know what relation the three cities of the plain—Nauplia appears to be later—held to one

another. It begins to appear that Argos is as old as any of the three; but of that we are not sure. Tiryns seems to be older than Mykenae, and to have had two epochs, the second coinciding with the bloom of Mykenae. Further speculation as to enmity or friendship between the cities of the plain is fruitless.

For our next position we shall transfer ourselves from Tiryns two and one-half miles to Nauplia, or at least to a small islet in the bay from which we shall look east-southeast to the city. See the general map of Greece.

***Position 51. Mediaeval fortress of Palamidi, east-southeast, watching over the best harbor of Greece***

Having traversed the slight distance between Tiryns and Nauplia we now stand on the islet called Bourzi and look east-southeast upon Nauplia near at hand with its frontage of sea wall. Behind it we see to the right the rocky Itsh-Kaleh ridge surmounted by a white lighthouse, and more to the left the mediaeval fortress of Palamidi.

A very usual approach to Nauplia is by sea; and several lines of coasting steamers connect it with Athens, skirting a coast the beauty of which beggars description. We have landed in small boats, for no steamer in Greece lays up to the shore even if the harbors are deep enough to easily allow it. It seems as if the object of the practice was to give the local boatmen a chance to reap small gains by taking passengers and freight to and from the shore. They are not above taking exorbitant fees from strangers who are in the dark as to how much they ought to pay. Travelers, having landed, pass through that little tri-

angular space on the left side of which we see a white belfry-tower. Taking a short street turning to the right, they soon find themselves in the public square, bounded on the west side by a dark four-story barrack once a Venetian palace, the back side of which we see. The other three sides are mostly occupied by hotels and restaurants which have been steadily improving since 1890, when the accommodations were no better than those at Argos. We see the houses clustered on the slope of Itsh-Kaleh, with cypress trees, a sign of Turkish occupation, interspersed. The houses are for the most part much finer than those of Argos and, like those of Corfu, bear marks of Venetian occupation. Itsh-Kaleh was the Greek Acropolis of Nauplia; but its walls which are the oldest thing about it, do not date farther back than the fifth century B. C. It seems strange that no Mykenaeen walls are found nearer the sea than those of Tiryns. That ancient people must have been content with inland settlements.

The imposing rock that overshadows Itsh-Kaleh and the city was named Palamidi in comparatively recent times after the hero Palamedes, who played a part in the Trojan War, and though clever was honest, which is more than can be said of Ulysses, who ruined him by treachery. The deep cut which we see between Itsh-Kaleh and Palamidi is partly artificial, having been deepened by quarrying. The lion of St. Mark is here seen carved on wall and cliff. Palamidi rises almost sheer above the city to a height of 705 feet and looks as imposing as Larisa across the bay which surpasses it in height by nearly 250 feet. The view from the top is in some respects more rewarding than the view from Larisa, because it includes Larisa and gives

a conspectus of the whole plain with the three old cities, Tiryns, Argos and Mykenae, including their common temple of Hera.

Palamidi though as well fitted for an Acropolis as Acro-Corinth was never occupied until the middle ages, when the Venetians fortified it and made it what we see, a grand fortress, but in ruins. We see near its foot directly in front of us a covered passage way, now discarded, leading upward. The modern zigzag path is seen to the left, passing this covered way and reaching the lower end of a mighty wall. Along the right side of this wall 857 stone steps lead up into the fortress. This is now used as a prison, the principal prison in Greece. Visitors are allowed to go into it and look down from galleries upon the prisoners and buy from them trinkets made in their leisure hours. A large proportion of these prisoners have committed murder. The wines of Greece are very cheap and very strong and make homicide very frequent. Some of those awaiting the death penalty seem wonderfully meek when sobered down. Nearly every such criminal feels that it is the duty of his deputy (congressman) to rescue him from the death penalty. Executions are usually made *en masse* and always by the guillotine. The condemned man is allowed to give in detail his confession or his extenuating circumstances before laying his neck upon the block. One prisoner's last words were, "Put not your trust in your deputy."

The executioners are lodged on this small island upon which we are. We are standing on a portion of the wall which surrounds it, near a soldier standing guard to keep anyone from murdering them; for they are the most hated persons in Greece, and might be torn limb from limb if not protected. We

must remember that the executioners are always criminals condemned to the guillotine, who have been granted a reprieve on condition that they will take this gruesome office. Not infrequently when one has consented to seize this way of escape, his relatives and friends have been known to gather about him and persuade him to die like a man rather than take this odious office. With such a spirit prevailing it is no wonder that the official executioners are the vilest of the vile.

Our next position will be well up on the side of Palamidi where we see it come down to the left in what seems to be a sort of arête. From this point we shall be able to get the splendid view over the Argolic Plain already referred to. See the lines numbered 52 on the map of Greece.

***Position 52. The Argolic plain with Tiryns and Heraeon, north-northwest from Palamidi up to Mykenae in the mountains***

We have now climbed high up on the slope of Palamidi from which we look down just below us into an arm of the Bay of Nauplia. A little farther to the right it will cease altogether. Close to us sits a bronzed old man with the characteristic dress of the country. Nauplia lies to our left and the railway station to the right, being barely hidden by the projection on which the bronzed old man is sitting.

Beyond the bay we note how close the belt of cultivation approaches to the shore. It is all a fertile garden. Stretching away in the distance is the already familiar plain of Argos, only now we look from a different angle and more to the east. We see on the



extreme right the railroad and carriage road, parallel to each other, passing a gray conical hill. Just beyond they turn leaving a cypress grove to the right. Farther on a small clump of large poplars is all that is now left of a double row of them planted by John Capodistria, the first president of the Greek republic. In his newly found power he became about as tyrannical as a king and was assassinated on the square here at Nauplia. Up to about 1898 this splendid monument of poplars was spared, but then a tornado which made much havoc wrecked this magnificent approach to Tiryns.

Just beyond the small clump of poplars appear many trees of various kinds, some belonging to the Agricultural School. Just beyond those trees almost hidden from our view is Tiryns. Looking somewhat more to the left or west we see a deep depression or notch in the mountain sky line. From this large notch a dark line descends towards us and leads to something white at a considerably lower level. This is part of the excavations of the Argive Heraeon. More to the left in front of the notch between the next two mountains, stands Mykenae, even more dimly seen than the Heraeon.

Still further off toward the left we see the low hills over which through the Treton pass we may go to Corinth by rail or by carriage. That much is packed into this not over-large plain is brought home to us by this resumé made from Palamidi. Lastly, we must not forget to notice that on the right above the first clump of cypress trees the foot of gray Arachneion is beginning to rise. We shall see more of it when we approach nearer to the sacred inclosure of Asklepios (*Æsculapius*) on its south side, about

eighteen miles east of our present position, which we are about to do.

Turn to our map of Greece and find the location of Epidauros on the coast southwest of the island of Aegina. The famous sanctuary of the god of healing, Asklepios, which is always spoken of as "The Hieron" is located a few miles in from the shore as the map shows. This sanctuary is most quickly and easily visited from the site of the town of Epidauros on the shore. The happy possessor of a yacht can land there, and by a strenuous climb of about five miles on foot, or by horse, with splendid views to the rear thrown in, may spend six hours in viewing the ruins and return to his yacht for dinner. But since it is not given to all to have yachts, and since no steamers put in to Epidauros, now represented by about thirty mostly poor houses, practically all who visit the Hieron make the journey of about eighteen miles by carriage from Nauplia over a fine road which affords now and then beautiful views of the very blue sea set in the brown hills. The only drawback is that at least eight hours have to be given to the journey back and forth. Moreover, since one has to make an early start from Nauplia, luncheon has to be taken before one is fit for strenuous sightseeing, and then, since it is always hot at noon, one has to take a siesta. The result is that a party usually spends little more than an hour in surveying the ruins. But even with this result I have never known a visitor to the Hieron who complained that the journey was not rewarding. Even the *setting* of the jewel, the mountains that surround this upland valley and shut out the wind make it a spot to be long remembered. What a natural health resort it appears to be!

Now turn to our special map of the Hieron. In the upper portion of the sheet we find a general map of the Hieron showing the ancient temple, the stadion, later Roman remains, and, more to the south, the theater. In the lower portion of the sheet we have a more detailed plan of the temple. The lines numbered 53 show what our first position is to be and our field of vision.

***Position 53. Tholos in the sanctuary of Asklepios  
god of healing,—theater at southeast, Epidauros***

We stand near the remains of a round building and look southeast towards the theater backed up into the range of hills called Kynortion, shutting in the Hieron on the south side. Close by the theater, and towards us is a white building which is a museum and a house for the officials who have conducted the excavations from 1880 almost to the present time. Between the theater and us are some of the principal buildings of the Hieron, but all of them including the temple of Asklepios are levelled to the ground. Much interest, however, attaches to the remains of a long dormitory of two stories behind us (see Plan), in which patients from all over Greece came and slept while the mild god appeared to them in dreams and healed their infirmities. Marble tablets found all over the Hieron record marvelous cures. One records the case of a man with crooked fingers, who on reading some of the tablets declared that even Asklepios himself could not straighten *his* crooked fingers. But the god appeared to him in sleep and straightened out his crooked fingers, and his only punishment was that thereafter he was called "the Doubter."

Even the presence of the sick one was not absolutely necessary. One tablet records that the mother

of a girl in Sparta suffering from dropsy, came and slept in the dormitory, and she saw the god approach her daughter, cut off her head, pour out the water from her neck and replace the head. The mother returned to Sparta and found her daughter cured. These veracious histories appear to have been very numerous, especially in the neighborhood of the dormitory. The names of the healed are always given. What shall we say of all this stuff? Much of it might be attributed to the strength of the invalid's faith in the power of the god. We can hardly believe that the priests of Asklepios employed stone-cutters to make these inscriptions with no basis of fact to back them. That people were cured of some troubles by staying for a while in this upland valley, sunny and protected from the north wind, along with others who recounted their cures, and by the uplifting effect of plays in the great theater, may partly be believed. It seems quite certain that there were no regular practitioners of medicine at Epidauros, but that the cures were wrought by faith alone.

The building that has been most discussed of all those in the vast sacred inclosure, is this round building called "Tholos" (Rotunda) immediately before us. Of this, Pausanias says that "Polykleitos made this theater and also the Tholos." Until recent times it was supposed that this Polykleitos was the famous Argive sculptor, the rival of Phidias. But it is now conceded that we are indeed dealing with a member of the sculptor's family, but of a younger generation. It was always difficult to suppose that the contemporary of Phidias could have reached down to the fourth century B. C. We are also dealing with an architect and not with a sculptor.

Polykleitos the Younger was engaged during a series of years in the erection of this building, as the accounts on marble tablets in the Hieron show. There must have been great stringency, for in some years only trifling sums were recorded. It was eight years before the foundations were complete and in the twenty-second year the building was still incomplete. The Tholos was not large (107 feet in diameter), but exquisitely ornamental; but of all that beauty, how little remains for us to see. As a sample of what neglect can do, we see here all that is left of one of the most famous buildings of Greece. It had an outer ring of twenty-six Doric columns, with its entablature, then came the circular wall, pierced, of course, with one or more doors. Inside of that was another ring of fourteen Corinthian columns, with its entablature. This alone was all of marble. The enclosing wall and the outside Doric columns were of poros stone, whitened to look like marble. Of the roof we know next to nothing. The few fragments of marble that still lie about on the ground, and larger ones in the museum, show us how beautiful this work of Polykleitos really must have been.

As a sort of hollow mockery, enough of the circular foundations at the center are left to give us a puzzle. Inside the three concentric rings that supported the wall, with a colonnade outside and inside of it, we have three more concentric rings of rough poros stone (the rings especially conspicuous here), whose object was probably to support the marble flooring. But a peculiar feature in these walls has given rise to a considerable heated discussion. We see in the outer ring, an arched opening. In the next inner ring there is a similar opening, but to pass through

it, one must traverse the whole of the outer ring before he can get into the second and the same feature is again repeated before one reaches the center. This arrangement has puzzled the wise heads. Dörpfeld thinks that here may have been the abode of the sacred serpents of Asklepios. Defrasse and Lechat, who published a monumental work on Epidauros, advance the theory that the central feature of this grand Tholos was a spring which surged through all the rings with its rise and fall. But the cross walls would probably impede the circulation of the water and tend to make it stagnate, rather than keep it sparkling. The arrangement still remains a puzzle.

For our next position, we shall move near to the top of the theater from which point we shall see in reverse order all that we see from our present position. Note the lines on the map.

***Position 54. Looking over stately theater northwest to gymnasium and temple of Asklepios at Epidauros***

We now look northwest over the area that we have just traversed. What a waste it is! Almost the only really conspicuous object in it, beyond the museum and the dry bed of a stream where bushes grow, is the mere ground plan of an enormous square building supposed to be a sort of hotel for patients. Beyond another dry bed of a stream marking the limits of the Hieron with another line of scrub trees, rises Tittheion, "Goat Mountain," where the newly born Asklepios was nursed by a goat. Towering high above it in the rear is Mount Arachneion, "Spider Mount-

ain," about 4000 feet high, which protected the patients from the north wind.

Into this protected valley came thousands from all parts of Greece, probably mostly by sea, to seek salvation from Asklepios. And where could they better seek it? Let us bear in mind that these now barren hillsides were once clothed with trees, that the Hieron was once a grove, and that streams flowed where we now see only dry channels except after torrential rains.

This theater was no doubt the center of joy, perhaps as much an element in the healing process as the dormitory. Greeks met Greeks from all the shores of the Mediterranean, and indulged in pleasant interchange of thought. One can hardly doubt that even in the absence of dramas, the theater was filled with visitors conversing and perhaps forgetting their ills, fancied or real. What a magnificent theater it is! In its completeness there is nothing left with which to compare it. Even now in spite of the breaking away of some seats at the extreme ends, it seats 12,000 people. When entire, it would seat 14,000 if the staircases were filled. The seats of most Greek theaters have been so broken up that it is hard to tell how many a given theater would hold. For the Athenian theater a seating capacity of 14,000 has been claimed, but this can hardly be proved on account of the breaking up of the upper part. The English excavators of Megalopolis claimed for their theater a capacity of 17,000, but with the small space of a foot for each sitter, on which they reckoned, this theater could hold as many as that. The estimate of 20,000 for Argos cannot be verified. But the theater in which we stand is practically entire. Any great error in the seating capacity is impossible.

When we looked from a distance into the cavea, "the hollow," as the seats collectively are called, we did not get the whole grand effect. To get this, we had to come nearer. The best place of all is the rear edge of the level space behind the ruined stage building or in front of it in the orchestra, around which the seats are laid out in two-thirds of a circle. Here we get the impression of a grand architectural creation. We feel this more and more the longer we contemplate it. None can deny that it is worthy of Polykleitos, the architect of the Tholos, to whom it is ascribed. We feel the master's spirit pervading it. What a triumph of symmetry! Furthermore, it is the only large theater that is made entirely of marble. Here are fifty-five rows of seats including three rows of armed chairs, one at the very bottom, which we see in a mutilated condition, resembling the first row of seats in the Athenian theater. The other two are just below and just above the broad belt six feet wide, going around the hollow about half way up, where we see two soldiers and a man with a straw hat sitting. Below that belt we see thirty-four rows of seats. Above it are twenty-one rows; but since the rows have a wider and wider circle as they proceed upwards, the seating capacity above and below that circle, which is called the *diazoma*, or girdle, is about the same. We also see staircases, for distributing the audience, running up and down, dividing the seats into wedge-shaped groups. Below the *diazoma* are twelve such wedges and thirteen staircases, above are twenty-two wedges and twenty-three staircases. The seats we see are cut back on the lower part of the face and the back part of the top is cut down, as at Athens, thus economizing space.



Far below us, at the bottom of the seats, we see a large circle laid out enclosed in stone blocks carefully jointed. That is a most important part of the theater. In that circle not only the chorus but probably the actors also took their places. Back of it we see the remnants of the stage building, once probably two stories high. Nearly all the Greek theaters came to be Romanized in the course of time, but this theater always remained Greek. It is to this day admired for its wonderful acoustic properties. A man standing on the stone block in the middle of the orchestra, which once supported the altar of Dionysos, can be distinctly heard in the top seats, without raising his voice above a conversational tone. Dramas have been brought out here, but the difficulty of bringing a large audience to the spot is very discouraging. German parties delight in giving impromptu plays here as they pass.

In 1880 the cavea, which we now see in all its glory, was nearly covered up with earth and overrun with brambles. Kabbadias, now the director of all archaeological undertakings, at that time began the uncovering of the theater and since that time has held his hand on this sacred spot. His last great achievement was the excavation of a stadion, the hollow of which we dimly see above the brambles descending towards the house, where he has spent so much of his time.

One summer when I was living on the island of Kalauria, where Demosthenes committed suicide, I made with a companion a journey through the wildest part of the eastern prong of the Peloponnesus, and brought up here at the Hieron. We spent a day and a night with Kabbadias and his family. The terrific heat of the day was atoned for by the evening, when

the August full moon shed its light upon us as we sat around our table spread out there behind the remnants of the stage, and enjoyed the coolness of the evening, an evening long to be remembered. It outweighed ten ordinary visits to this sacred spot.

Our next position will be in the uplands of Arcadia, not much more than twenty miles distant from Nauplia, as the crow flies; but we shall traverse fully fifty miles to reach it. There are three passes into Arcadia, the longest being the southern one which is a carriage road called Trochos Pass. The other two are shorter, but traversed only by those who love strenuous sport. The railroad is much longer than any of the passes, since it has to use gentle grades and has to make long windings along the flanks of Mt. Parthenion before reaching Tripolitza. The shortest route, the most strenuous of all, leads by a comparatively straight line from Argos over the north flank of Mt. Artemision, nearly 6,000 feet high, which dominates the Argive plain on the east and the plain of Mantinea on the west. The site of ancient Mantinea is our objective point. We shall stand on Mt. Alesion, one of the western foot-hills of Artemision, where we can revel in the total view of the plain of Mantinea. See lines numbered 55 on the map of Greece.

***Position 55. General view of the plain and walls of Mantinea and snowy Arcadian mountains, west***

We look west here, over the Mantinean plain, with its elliptical enclosure of the old city, and to the high mountains of the Mainalon range beyond. This is Arcadia, but not the really wild Arcadia. To reach that we must travel at least one day farther to the north, where we may revel among the three great

northern mountains, passing through gorgeous mountain scenery by the way.

This plain, as one acquainted with such phenomena sees at a glance, was once a lake until the water rising forced a way through the rock at the northern end and made fertile land in its place. The sediment already deposited had made a plain of inexhaustible fertility at a height of 2000 feet above the sea, only twenty miles distant. Hence we hear of Mantinea being attacked and defended, destroyed and rebuilt. Its fertility is not exhausted. Far below us we see furrows. In them is doubtless already sown Indian hemp, or, as the natives call it, hashish. This is by far the most valuable crop which the rich plain produces. But grain and fine grapes are also conspicuously abundant. It is a land of corn and wine. But fertile as the soil is we see no town of Mantinea or other village. The land is tilled by proprietors who wisely reside in villages on the hillsides, out of range of the much dreaded malaria. In the winter the plain is usually converted into a bog by the sluggish stream that flows through it, called the Ophis (Snake river), from its windings probably.

The natives love to dwell on two topics, how they can most cheaply reach America, and the various devices of smuggling opium, into Egypt especially, for tempering the famous Egyptian cigarettes. They tell stories of exporting it in blocks of marble bored into and plugged up so as to fool the custom house officials of Egypt.

The historical record of Mantinea is mostly one to be proud of. Before the Persian War in which it earned an honorable record, it was composed of several scattered villages, perhaps even then on the slopes

of the hills as now. But shortly after that war, realizing their power, they came together and built a walled town in the middle of this plain without as much as asking leave of Sparta, which had for a long time held control here in the Peloponnesus. The high spirited city was a thorn in the flesh of Sparta. After the Peloponnesian War in 385 B. C. Sparta wantonly commanded it to break up into its old villages. The Mantineans refused to obey, and mounting their walls made a splendid defence. The Spartan King Agesipolis then dammed up the river Ophis which then flowed tranquilly in its bed to the Katavothra, after spreading like a moat in two arms around the city wall. The water now set back against the walls of sun-dried brick and wet them, so that on one side the wall leaned outward and threatened to fall. Mantinea then submitted to its fate and was again broken up into separate villages.

Fourteen years of galling oppression passed when Epaminondas broke the prestige of Sparta at Leuktra, and Mantinea rose again from its ruins. This time the brick wall was laid on a stone base of three or four courses according to the inequalities of the land. This base is all that we now see down below us in the plain. The sun-dried bricks, which were able to resist any engines at that time employed, were as good as blocks of stone, provided they were protected at the top. But it was not so in later times. Not a vestige of the bricks remains. Had they been burned they would have been almost indestructible. We now see the reasons for the remarkable uniformity in height in what is left of the wall.

What a strange thing is the balance of power. Only seven years after Epaminondas, the virtual builder of

these walls, had been hailed as liberator and savior he had to fight a stubborn battle under the very walls that he had made, in which Mantinea was ranged against him and with the Spartans. Politics make strange bed-fellows. Epaminondas was victorious, completely so, but he was mortally wounded, and when he was carried up to a little height, out of the fray, he advised his subordinates to make peace. He then had the spear-head pulled out and died by a gush of blood. Just where the height, called Skope (Outlook), actually was we cannot tell. It can hardly have been the high dark hill nearest to us beyond the plain. No one would have thought of carrying a man mortally wounded to the top of such a high and rocky hill. It was probably farther south to the left.

Epaminondas, the most noble and gifted man that Greece ever produced, and perhaps also its greatest military genius, had been able to break down the tyranny of Sparta over the other states. But with his death passed away all hope for an independent Greece. The way was prepared for the Macedonian.

Having now surveyed the plain which now deserves to be called, like Boeotia, an orchestra of Ares, we shall descend into it, and take our next position close by the wall which forms the southeast or left part of the oval.

**Position 56. *Mantineia's many-towered wall and scene of Theban victory, 362 B.C., west-southwest to Arcadian mountains***

We have now come down from our lofty perch, and stand in the plain on one of the 122 towers, or rather the bases of the towers, which project outward from the wall. We look west-southwest toward the same

Mainalon range that we saw from our former position. The peaks, however, are thrown a little farther to the right than in the preceding position.

What a splendid range is Mainalon! A long backbone running north and south through middle Peloponnesus. It is the highest range between the three giant mountains to the north and the greater giant, Taygetos, to the south. Its highest peak, 6,400 feet, is opposite Mantinea. Let us not forget that the Mainalon range is the home of Pan and of Arcadian shepherds, the real shepherds of Arcadia. The shepherds are the same, the flutes made of reeds are the same now as they were a thousand years before the Christian era. Mainalon, too, still "throngs the pulses with the fulness of the spring." What can be more uplifting than to revel in these uplands, climbing here and there a peak? How much to be pitied is he who cannot dance in Arcadia! At any rate we can "to horse" and ride over hill and dale, greeting shepherds and shepherdesses on every side.

But we are now in the valley beside the lowly where husband and wife toil together in the field. Both they and we stand on the base of Epaminondas' wall. In looking at it we see four courses of stone, except as some of the top courses have here and there been removed. At intervals of about eighty-five feet we see the bases for square towers (though there are some round ones) projecting outwards. These bases have much larger blocks, so that three courses in a tower are equal to four courses in the wall. The addition of brick towers thirty feet high on these bases not only made an impressive wall, but they flanked enemies who tried to break through or climb over the curtain wall. There were also eight gates, so con-

structed that the attacking party must pass between two towers and two lines of wall before it could reach the oaken gate. The arrangement was much like that at Tiryns only more elaborate. But every gate is a vulnerable point. For safety one gate is better than eight; but in time of peace it is inconvenient to be reduced to one or even two exits.

The wall was not a circle but was slightly oval. We may, however, reckon the diameters at about two-thirds of a mile, and the circumference at a little over two miles. Beyond the fourth tower from the one on which we stand is seen a square foundation projecting far out to the left. This is what is left of one of the large square towers which protected a gate. Others of these gate towers are round. Seldom can we trace so well an ancient wall. Had there been any city near at hand hardly a stone of Mantinea would have remained to mark its site. These walls would have made a convenient quarry. The fact that it was six miles from Tripolitza saved what now remains. The walls of Tegea which were not much over two miles to the south of Tripolitza have been practically wiped out.

In 1888 several members of the French School at Athens dug out near the center of the oval a small theater, the cavea being supported in the rear by a stone wall. Nearby was found the agora with the foundations of buildings bordering upon it. But apart from the theater, the results were hardly commensurate with the labor put upon them. Malaria finally stopped the work. The most interesting find was made not far inside the southern end of the oval and close to the spot where we are standing. In a ruined Byzantine church nearby were found three

marble slabs about five by three feet, one bearing the scene of Marsyas being given over to a Scythian henchman after his failure to beat Apollo in a musical contest. The other two slabs represent six Muses. A third slab, now lost, doubtless made up the number nine. The real interest of this discovery was heightened by the fact that Pausanias had said that near the Laconian Gate was a double temple, one-half of which was devoted to Leto, Apollo and Artemis. The cultus statues of these three divinities, he said, were made by Praxiteles, all of them probably on a common base. It is usually assumed that the slabs were ornaments of the base on which the three statues stood and that the reliefs on the slabs were also the work of Praxiteles.

We now turn southward and eight or nine miles distant we shall find the ruins of Tegea in the southern part of this same plain. We shall look north-north-west. See the map of Greece.

***Position 57. Temple of Athena Alea, 394 B.C., recently excavated in village where old Tegea stood, west-northwest***

We are now arrived at the southern end of Tegea, where once stood the celebrated temple of Athena Alea, over the remains of which we are looking west-northwest, towards the western mountains, the offshoots of Mt. Mainalon. Unlike Mantinea, which confined itself to the level plain, Tegea spread itself over several hills and covered an area nearly twice as large as that of Mantinea. Today also numerous villages are scattered about over the area of the ancient city for the most part hilly, in contrast to the bog and the fertile soil of Mantinea.



Tegea up to 600 B. C. stood as a bulwark against Sparta, a champion of the Pelasgic stock which had settled in Arcadia. It was an evil day for Mantinea when Tegea weakened, and accepting the office of right-hand man to Sparta fulfilled its promises right royally, elsewhere and at Plataea. Boundary disputes and water rights brought discord between the two Arcadian cities. The Ophis which arose in Tegean territory could be dammed to the detriment of Tegea when water was plenty and to the detriment of Mantinea when it was scarce. At any rate whatever side Mantinea espoused, Tegea was almost certainly to be found on the other. One cannot help a feeling of regret that these two good honest neighbors, hearts of oak, could not have managed their own plain and held Sparta in check. How true it is that a "man's foes shall be they of his own household." We can hardly say which of the two were to blame; but not until the Romans came did peace prevail in this valley of herdsmen and shepherds. Then at last honest laborers could put away the spear and grasp the plow and the shepherd's crook.

But we must confine ourselves to the Temple of Athena Alea, so admired by Pausanias that he called it by an absurd hyperbole, the largest temple in the Peloponnesus. It was not nearly so large as the temple of Zeus at Olympia. How Pausanias came to leave out of the account the magnificent temple at Olympia at this point is not easily explained. But that he should have been enthusiastic over the temple that for the moment engrossed his attention is perfectly explicable. We now know something of its former beauty and grandeur.

Up to 1879 little was known of it except from liter-

ary sources. But in 1879-80 several pieces of sculpture were found in the walls of houses at Piali in the southern part of the area of this ancient city, especially two male heads of marble from the quarry of Doliana, and a boar's head of the same material. Since it was reported by Pausanias that this temple at Tegea had in its main (east) gable a representation of the killing of the Kalydonian boar it seemed certain that excavations on the spot would bring the temple, with a great part of its sculptures, to light.

There was, however, considerable delay. I myself tried to secure the concession of the spot in 1893, but it had already been given to the French School. From about 1900 to 1904 the excavations were carried on. We see from the remains before us how little of the temple is actually preserved. We see part of a ramp leading up to the center of the east or main front; but even here many blocks have been carried away during the centuries when it was used as a quarry. Even the top courses of the stylobate, the course on which the columns rested, have in part disappeared. It is something, however, to see distinctly the ground plan of the building. We can recognize, inside the great broad wall on which the Doric columns rested, the foundations of the cella, which in itself is a temple, with a portico at each end. The space between these porticos is the real cella, "the holy of holies," We see that it is divided into three parts by two lines of bases, on one of which we see a man standing. On these rested Ionic columns reaching up to the roof. Four Corinthian columns seem to have been placed between the end walls of the inner temple or cella, two on each end. Thus all three of the so-called "orders" were here employed.

While the temple is considerably smaller than that at Olympia, being about one hundred and sixty-four feet by seventy feet, it is very large for a mere provincial Arcadian town. That it was all of marble was made possible perhaps only by the mere proximity of the quarries of Doliana, a village a short distance to the south.

The French excavators found near the eastern part, at which we are now looking, a female head and a draped body which fitted well together. Since the only female in the east gable, as described by Pausanias was the fleet Atalanta there can hardly be a doubt that the figure is none other than she. The head of the Kalydonian boar is the only other figure that we can certainly ascribe to this gable, although there are two other heads that belong in one or the other gable, since they are cut away at the top to fit the descending line of the cornice of the gable.

What gives these remaining figures this great importance is that they are almost certainly works of the great sculptor Skopas, under whose supervision this temple was built, beginning in 394 B. C. They show an intensity of strenuous life such as is ascribed to Skopas, and is seen in the other works ascribed to him.

Now that we are in Arcadia, we must visit a third Arcadian city about twenty miles west-southwest, keeping well away to the south from the Mainalon range, Megalopolis. Mantinea and Tegea stand out distinctly with marked characteristics and a history of which each was proud. But Megalopolis, a creation of Epaminondas for purely political purposes, had no history and no traditions. It was simply big and that

was all. Its name means "Big City"; and outsiders at least used to say of it *Μεγάλη πόλις μέγα κακόν* (Big city, grand misery). Find Megalopolis on the map of Greece and note the lines numbered 58 which show that we are to look northeast.

***Position 58. Ruins of theater (4th Century B.C.) largest in Greece, Thersilion to left, northeast, Megalopolis***

Standing here above the theater we look back northeast over the winding of the Helisson—the name means "winding"—which comes down from Mainalon. On the hither side of the river is a large village more than a mile away to our right, Sinanu, now officially called Megalopolis. The Helisson will soon join the Alphaios, which flows from the south behind us, and gives its name to the united streams, although the Helisson contributes the larger volume of water. It has a long course to run north and west until it passes Olympia.

All about us the hills recede. Instead of being "cabined, cribbed, confined," as at Mantinea, we have a fine open country forming a rich plain. In this large area Epaminondas founded in 370 B. C., a year after Leuktra, the new city called Megalopolis with a circuit wall five and one-half miles long. It was a political creation, a big city to stand near the border of Laconia as a perpetual menace. Unlike Tegea and Mantinea, it had no traditions and no history. It was a *fiat* city. People were gathered into it by inducement or force from various villages fifteen or twenty miles away. Thus a considerable area was partially depopulated to make this artificial city.

How little patriotism such as Mantinea felt could

prevail in this brand new town. How un-Greek was the whole creation. One wonders how the "Ten Thousand," as the citizens who enjoyed the franchise were called, felt as they walked about the grand new agora surrounded with new porches. They must have felt like men without a country. Did they not sometimes sigh "Megale polis mega kakon," in this city made to order and with a purpose? As we look across the gigantic cavea of the theater, claimed to be the largest in Greece, we think what a lack of associations the sitters in this theater must have had to deal with, compared with those who sat in the theater at Athens or Argos! But they were perhaps not a little proud of their theater. Set back into a hill, as we see, partly artificial, it must have been impressive when all its marble seats were in position. Now we see at most only remains of six rows.

In 1890-93 the British School at Athens was engaged during the winter and spring in the excavation of Megalopolis. This theater was completely excavated. But how much of it is gone! Compared with the splendid cavea of Epidauros how little there is here to evoke admiration. And yet the work was finely done. We notice here one great contrast to the theater at Epidauros. We saw there a complete orchestra circle and a stage building. Here there is no room for any such circle. We see a long line of stone on which some sort of wall was erected, that would cut into the circle. At a little distance back of this wall, we see a platform approached by three steps. Over this platform a burning controversy arose. Dörpfeld had already declared that the Greek theater, as distinguished from the Roman, never had a stage, and that the action was in the orchestra, where both actors

and chorus stood. E. A. Gardner, at that time Director of the British School, took the platform with the three steps for a stage. Dörpfeld on a visit here in the spring of 1891, in company with a considerable party of whom I was one, pointed out that the platform with steps was a portico of the large square building back of it, called the Thersilion, the place in which the Ten Thousand sat for deliberating on affairs of state and which was present before the theater was constructed. The great hall of assembly was apparently more urgently needed than the theater. The discussion of this question—before a large company—which seemed to be decided then and there, was most interesting.

The hall called the Thersilion where the Ten Thousand gathered to settle affairs of state we see behind the much discussed portico. A great number of square bases for columns are seen arranged in rows throughout the whole vast quadrangle, which reached down to the Helisson. At first sight they seem most irregularly placed, but it was at last seen that there is a point back of the portico, about a third of the whole breadth, where one sees through the long lines, what ever way one turns. In this center, probably, was the speaker's platform from which he could sweep over the whole hall with his eye. The whole building was 218 feet from east to west and 172 feet from north to south, with an area of over 35,000 square feet. The "Ten Thousand" might have been somewhat squeezed if they sat and were all present.

On the opposite (north) side of the Helisson, which as in some places cut into the Thersilion, was the real center of the city. There was a large public square—everything in Megalopolis must be large—in

which were several important shrines. Colonnades surround it on three sides, while the Helisson bounds it on the south. There as elsewhere all is on a grand scale. A great temple of Zeus Soter, in a vast enclosure was at the southeast corner.

The Helisson in the spring of 1891 was rather low; and when we had surveyed the theater and its surroundings, it seemed to the more athletic members of the party that it would be a waste of time to go around by the bridge to make the other side. A run and a jump from the high bank seemed enough to clear a stream only about two feet wide. The two or three Germans who tried it struck the water. Most of the Americans landed safely. I was too ambitious and having planted my feet on the shore by a good foot and a half, lost my balance and sat gracefully down into the shallow water. After that the Germans took their time and went around by the bridge.

We shall now bid a fond farewell to Arcadia and move some thirty miles to the southeast, to the territory of Sparta, next to Athens certainly the most renowned state in Greece. The route leads over the plain of Megalopolis, then over a rolling country, and lastly over a considerable pass near the ancient Belmina, after which one strikes the Eurotas and follows it until he arrives at Sparta. The approach to Sparta, however, is not usually made from Megalopolis but from Tripolitza. This was perhaps the most interesting bicycle trip which we used to make in Greece. It was always easy to take an early start, since the beds of Tripolitza never invited one to over sleeping. When the sun was still low we accomplished the toilsome climb out of the wonderful basin of Mantinea

and Tegea, with many a fond look back. At noon we used to slide down into Sparta. Once we made the trip in the afternoon and saw the sun go down behind Taygetos, making it dark blue against a ruddy western sky. I never saw more glorious colors in contrast. It was difficult to leave the spot. Taygetos is a shining mark even as seen from the high road between Mantinea and Tripolitza. But from whatever point it is seen it stirs the blood because it looks down on Sparta.

First we should turn to our map of Sparta. Here we see the plan of the present city covering the southern part of the ancient city's site. Just to the east runs the Eurotas river and on every side but the south the fertile plain is shut in by mountain walls. The lines numbered 59 show that we are to look first from the east.

***Position 59. Looking over modern homes in ancient Sparta, west to famous Taygetos mountains***

This is Sparta. From a slight elevation we look over the modern city of about 4,000 inhabitants, a creation of King Otto, and perhaps the only *fiat* city that has really taken root and thrived in modern Greece. Close before us are homes of the lowly. Behind us, and out of sight, is the reedy Eurotas, the maker of this charming valley. Before us is Taygetos rising in grandeur, its tops covered with clouds. It has immense peaks, but some five of them being more conspicuous than the rest, it goes by the name of Pentedaktylon, the five-fingered mountain.

Sparta, unloving and unloved, had a grand history, and a setting of the grandest character. No city in Greece had such a background. Taygetos alone, the



highest mountain in the Peloponnesus, makes it the most magnificent site of all Greek cities. What a pity that the Spartans were too busy in fighting or preparing to fight to raise their eyes and hearts to their grand surroundings. The Lycurgan constitution smothered the human individual life.

The setting of the sun behind that mighty mass of the towering mountain nearly 8,000 feet high, inspired Alkman, a foreigner who dwelt here in Sparta, to write an evening song in which he dwells on the repose granted to the tired world, man and beast and bird, and mentions the rugged gullies that seam the mountain side. No one can pass a night in Sparta without realizing the influence of that mighty mass. Out of the many features that we have noted Taygetos alone controls all other impressions especially at evening. When we leave the scene it is Taygetos with its scarred sides that makes itself come before our eyes as long as memory lasts, while modern Sparta with its impossible lodgings fades away. For to be strictly just to this modern city we must say that it has few attractions apart from its setting. As we now look at it from a little distance the intermingling of white houses with many trees, olive, orange, cypress and mulberry, leaves a rather pleasant impression. The most important product of Sparta is silk; hence next to the olive, perhaps, we see the mulberry abounding.

Sparta was in ancient times the antithesis of Athens. Strenuousness and freedom, the heavy load and the joy of life were here set over against each other. Let us, however, be just to the Spartans. If the neighbors dreaded the occasional issuing forth of Spartan armies through the passes leading northward, and suf-

fered from their exactions, we are to remember that the stern military discipline in Sparta saved Greece in the Persian War, especially at Plataea. It was not until the end of free Greece was near that the women of this plain ever saw the smoke of an enemy's camp.

It is difficult not to be disappointed in visiting this site of one of the most famous cities of the ancient world. No city has left less tangible evidence of its history. Trusting to its great natural bulwarks and to the prowess of its own citizens it constructed no enduring walls of stone. Crushing out all individual liberty in the sole interest of military prowess for the state, it left no supreme achievements of the human spirit in art and literature, no great temples and sculptures, no great dramas or histories or works of philosophy. And yet this old plain was the nursery of heroes, the scene for centuries of an order of self-forgetting life that has scarcely been equalled elsewhere. Here mothers gave up their new-born babes to be exposed on the mountain side or returned to them as stern officials decreed. Here at seven all children were given over into the charge of the state. Then followed that training that only the strongest could endure. No wonder that Sparta became the leading state in the Peloponnesus and finally for a time in all Greece.

But some other time must be given to reflection. Now we move on to a street in the modern town.

**Position 60. In Sparta—villagers and countrymen on market day—west through Area Street to mountains**

Evidently this is a market day or a holiday, of which the Greek year has a liberal allowance. How could

so many men and boys be thronging the streets in Sparta on an ordinary working day? We note, too, that women and girls are in general absent. This is Ares Street—a fitting name for a street in Sparta—one of the three principal streets that run east and west allowing us to look through the town, to Taygetos running up into the clouds. One might think it was certainly a holiday were it not for the pigs, goats and cattle present. You can easily see that it is summer, because there are so many with bare heads and others with straw hats. On the whole it seems to be a market day, a day for the slaughter of the innocents. Just behind the goat and kid a boy with his head turned holds in his hand something that looks like the hind quarter of a kid, and shows what the other kid is coming to. There is also the ever-present paidhi (garçon) with a glass of red wine in his hand, and the soldier with his brass buttons. In front of the paidhi is the most picturesque figure of the group, an old shepherd with gray hair and bronzed face, wearing winter garments. He has come down from the slopes of Taygetos where it is cool, to part with one or more members of his flock. He is unkempt and probably stupid. He does not know that he is picturesque and cares little whether he is or not. He knows “that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pastures make fat sheep.” But you can trust him to take good care of you, if snow or rain overtake you high up on the slopes of Taygetos.

The boys of the crowd are far from uniform. Some are stolid sons of toil. Others have intelligent faces, and will some day aspire to go to the University at Athens, and ultimately to be deputies. Sparta has for

many years shown a high grade of scholarship among the boys—the girls do not fare nearly so well—who not only know the Greek classics but some Latin besides. I was once in the High School, listening to the translating of *Nepos*—I think it was—into Greek. The class by the merest chance were reading how *Epaminondas* came down from the highlands of *Arcadia* and “showed the women of *Sparta* for the first time the smoke of an enemy’s camp.” The boys were greatly interested, as well they might be, considering that this great overturning took place right here. But there is now no more enmity between *Sparta* and *Thebes*. The fire has gone out.

To come back to the assembled crowd, let us look at the striking variety in clothing. Some of the “well-to-do” wear what are currently called “European clothes.” Most of the clothes are homespun. Here and there is a *fez* or a *fustanella*. It is extremely probable that some of these men have been to *America*, and come back to set up, with their gains, little inns; and some of these boys will do the same. There is no place in *Greece* where so much *English* is heard as in and around *Sparta*. Much of this *English* is profanity.

When the typical *American* gets into a place his first thought is, “How am I going to get away from here?” The first time that I came to *Sparta* it was through the *Langada Gorge* from *Kalamata*. When I asked about getting to *Athens* I was advised to take the stage for *Gytheion*, and then take a steamer for *Athens*, and I did so. It is always a little difficult to calculate the orbit of one of these *Greek* steamers. A boat scheduled to arrive at 6 p. m. may quite likely arrive the next morning. This is all in the bargain.

One gets used to it. But that was my first experience. Not liking the looks of the dirty hotel in Gytheion, I went to sleep on a pile of lumber, and that was the only bed I found until the next morning when I got on board at 8 a. m. In my long residence in Greece I got used to all this. "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience"; but here the quotation must stop, for experience does not work hope. One does, however, become resigned to every experience sweet or bitter in this storied land.

For our next position we shall move about three-quarters of a mile northwest, where we shall take our stand near the great theater, overlooking the western part of the fertile valley. See the map of Sparta.

***Position 61. Where old Sparta stood—south-southwest from near theater to mountains Menelaus and Helen knew***

We have now arrived at the grand theater of Sparta, which has not yet been excavated. It lies backed up against the ridge on which we are standing, and a little farther to the right. We are looking southwest over an area of wonderful fertility. At a level of about sixty feet below us an olive grove begins, and runs on, with an interruption in the shape of a plowed field without olive trees. Grain thrives about as well here in the shade as under the burning sun; and one may as well have both crops as one.

Beyond the opening we see here and there a poplar, and still farther off a line of them very high and large. These mark the line of a stream, and another beyond it almost parallel to it. Both streams flow eastward into the Eurotas about two miles below the new city nearly opposite the Menalaion, which is on the farther

bank. Here recently such archaic objects have been found that Sparta's claim to reach back to Mykenaeen times cannot be questioned. Still farther off and close to the foot of Taygetos is another streak of verdure kept green by another stream.

Again we are looking at the rugged outlying bulwarks of Taygetos with the deep gorges between them, of which Alkman spoke. Two such gorges pretty well to the left may have served for exposing weak or malformed children, according to the Spartan custom which demanded a strong spearman in every man and the mother of such spearmen in every woman. It might well be that the wounded leader of the Messenians in the Second War, Aristomenes, was left in one of those two gorges to die, but with the aid of a fox climbed out and lived to trouble Sparta still more. We see a path leading along the face of one of these ravines. What a magnificent view the people in the theater enjoyed. How could they ever take their eyes off this view to look at the actors? The beauties of Sparta have verily not been half told to the world.

One forenoon while two of us were waiting for five others to follow us from Tripolitza, we bicycled out to Baphio, where in a beehive tomb the celebrated Baphio cups were found by Tzountas, and then to the site of the Amyklæe not far from the Menalaion, but on our side of the Eurotas. In the afternoon when we had all got together, we started off to climb the mighty mountain, armed with a letter of introduction from the principal of the High School to the principal personage in Anavryti, a small village above the first line of cliffs, full of abundant streams. We arrived at evening, and were nearly killed by kindness, being made to eat and drink until eleven o'clock. The

next morning we rose at two o'clock and by strenuous climbing by the uncertain light of a lantern we found ourselves at day-break pretty well up on the flank of the mountain. The sunrise alone would have been ample reward. But the climb lasted until ten o'clock when we planted our tired feet on the summit, at a tabernacle devoted to Elias. This highest peak was in fact called Mt. St. Elias. From this peak it seemed as if we could roll rocks down into Sparta to the east, and down into the sea by the west. Kythera was swimming in the sea below us to the south, and Crete looked a short way off. We saw a great part of the islands of the Aegean. But the greatest reward was that the whole Peloponnesus was stretched out like a raised map on which we identified all its peaks from Taygetos, on which we stood, to the three giant mountains near the Corinthian Gulf. Every peak stood out crystal clear. Even Parnes in Attica was easily seen and identified. We even saw the mountains beyond the gulf of Corinth. Never in all my mountain climbing had I enjoyed such a clear view. In the afternoon we returned to Anavryti, and after a little rest there, reached Sparta at 8 o'clock, footsore but happy over our luck.

Our next position will be in a mediaeval town, Mistra, about three and one-half miles west of Sparta on the lower slopes of Mt. Taygetos. From that point we shall look back east over the Eurotas valley. See the maps of Sparta and Greece.

***Position 6a. The Spartan plain east from heights of mediaeval Mistra where Venetians fought Turks***

Here we look practically east and get a general

view of the Spartan plain. At our feet is a church, a gem of mediaeval art, and further below we look across a brook foaming and splashing over the stones. That is one of the streams which we saw from the theater, bordered with poplars. We have seen most of its course through the plain until it passes modern Sparta with its cathedral, leaving them on the left. A little beyond the town we see it uniting with the Eurotas on its southward course to the sea. On the farther bank is the ancient precinct devoted to Helen and Menalaos, not distinctly seen.

Between us and the Eurotas a beautiful plain lies outstretched, full of olive, orange and mulberry trees, mingled with cultivated fields. One who has caught a glimpse of the plain from this point of view will not think that the ancient Spartans had any reason to complain of their lot. Their plain was indeed a paradise almost equal to that of their brother Dorians on the west side of the great divide. As we look beyond the Eurotas we see quite a high bluff beyond which there is a steady rise until the mighty Parnon range closes the view on the east. We now see why the valley is called "hollow Lacedaemon." It is well shut in on the east and west with pretty considerable hills to the north and south.

There is certainly no place so advantageous as Mistra for enjoying the view over the plain to the east. Mistra had no existence in classical times when Sparta was a power in Greece. But after the Macedonian and the Roman came and went, a period of chaos followed. The Goths under Alaric, Byzantines, Slavs and Franks swept over this fair valley of the Eurotas, and the peaceful inhabitants sought safety in these western mountains. Then warrior bands succeeded



them, and Mistra became a fortified town. In the walls are some of the stones of ancient Sparta. The sight of this once considerable town, now almost like a city of the dead, is most striking. Any one who visits Sparta and fails to visit this great mediaeval ruin makes a great mistake. The climb is arduous but the reward is great. From the Pantanassa (the all-powerful Virgin) church at which we are looking, a view over the plain is ten times worth the climb. The belfry tower of Romanesque style has considerable architectural beauty, though it has suffered greatly from neglect and consequent rebuilding. The top of the tower was long ago protected with a make-shift covering. But it still remains a gem of architecture. At morning and evening its bells ring out upon the plain. The French School at Athens has earned the thanks of the world of art for its long work of protection and description of this charming church as well as several other buildings.

Our next position will be about six miles to the northwest, a little way inside the great Langada cut, the usual line of travel between Lacedaemon and Messenia. It is marked 63 on our general map.

***Position 63. Grim defile of Langada Gorge (from northeast end) Sparta's war-path toward the west***

We are now somewhat more than six miles northwest from Mistra and find ourselves well inside the path which leads from the Hollow Lacedaemon to the other (western) side of the great divide, which we saw from Sparta. Trypi, at the eastern entrance to the gorge, is behind us. This is the most, or at least one of the most impressive gorges in Greece. The

grandeur of the scenery is tremendously impressive. It is quite possible to cover the whole distance between Sparta and Kalamata in one day, and I once did it in the reverse direction. But one who hurries through such a gorge ought to have some compelling reason for doing so. The usual procedure is to start from Sparta in the afternoon, pass the night in more or less discomfort at Trypi—perhaps, however, not much more than he would have had at Sparta—and take the rest of the journey to Kalamata in a leisurely way the next day.

We have now got well into the famous gorge which from Position 61 was so entirely closed up that we saw no opening at all. Even after we have got well into the gorge we should hardly be encouraged to go on, did we not have the assurance that the Blessed Plain was on the other side of the great divide, and that there was no difficulty in getting through except in winter. There are indeed some perilous spots in the path; and one is amply justified in dismounting from his mule or horse where the rock-cut path inclines downward, when at the same time one looks sheer down into a bottomless abyss on either side while his horse rubs against the cliff which bounds the path on the other. If one once decides to push the venture he cannot well change his mind until that particular danger is passed.

We see here a man riding who is evidently not a tourist. The tourist has almost certainly preferred to let the *agogiat*, as he is called, ride in his place. The guide of this party is sitting on a rock. This man is an expensive luxury not necessary to anyone who can talk Greek. His absence halves expenses and doubles pleasure.

After reaching the top of this wonderful gorge (Langada means "gorge"), one wanders in various gorges. At a point the highest or nearly the highest on the path is an inscribed stone which marked the boundary between the land of the Spartans and that of the Messenians. But what did this stone avail the Messenians against Spartan greed? The fact that the Spartans did not accept this boundary cost many lives and engendered a hatred which had greater prominence than any other of the inter-state hatreds in Greece. After one has ridden many miles among the rugged cliffs one wonders why the Spartans should ever have tried to pass that natural limit, but when he proceeds further, and catches a glimpse of the Messenian plain stretched out before him, he ceases to wonder that Spartan greed, which took all that it could get, seized and held this plain at any cost. Thus Dorian fought with Dorian and shed each other's blood for many centuries until Spartan discipline prevailed over heroic courage on the other side. Sparta and Messenia are all alike now, sons of the soil and no longer thirsting to fly at each other's throats.

We will not this time halt at Kalamata, a thriving modern town by the sea. (It is wonderful how railroad connection with Athens transforms a town. Good hotels have here suddenly sprung up, while Sparta lags behind.) Our goal is Pylos, some thirty miles west. See the general map. Travelers either take a coasting steamer and go around the westernmost of the three southern prongs of the Peloponnesus or make the journey straight across by horse. Only those who have a distinct preference for hard labor will choose the latter. It is generally supposed that

Pherae lay close to Kalamata, and that Telemachus on his journey from Pylos to Sparta made this his first halting place for a night's rest. But how he ever took his four-horse chariot over either of these two stretches is not to be settled, except by appealing to fiction which can brush aside Taygetos or any other inconvenient mountain chain.

Not contented with an easy approach once made by sea to Pylos, I led a party of bicyclists across the western prong, trusting to luck. There was a path, but we had to ford streams and do more carrying than riding. We arrived and spent the night at a place erroneously called Old Pylos, on the southern edge of a great bay. A boat-ride from that village, followed by a climb up the cliffs, leads to the point which is marked 64 on the general map.

***Position 64. Pylos harbor and island of Sphacteria (south-southeast) where Athens defeated Sparta***

The village called Old Pylos or Navarino is to the left of the conical peak in the distance. We have climbed with toil the height of the *real* old Pylos, the home of Nestor, if he really lived here. We have not come to Pylos for nothing. We look upon the citadel of Nestor, the wise counsellor at Troy; upon the Island of Sphacteria, a monument to Spartan valor; and upon the Bay of Navarino where the freedom of modern Greece was achieved. Mainland, island, and sea each tells its own tale.

We see a party of hunters in front of us hunting birds. We see walls, one on which the hunter nearest to us has his feet, another under the feet of the man in shirt-sleeves, and, considerably farther off and slightly to the left, a crenellated wall. These are all mediaeval walls. But higher up to the right, not vis-

ible here, is a mediaeval castle which may yet furnish tokens of Nestor's times.

Beyond the crenellated wall we see on the left—low down—the beginning of a deep cut, once passable for ships but now grown over shallow. On the other side of the channel rises the Island of Sphacteria, almost perpendicular to a height of 400 or 500 feet, wonderfully red when struck by the morning sun. To the left of Sphacteria we see the bay in which in the year 1827 was fought the battle of Navarino, which put an end to the servitude to Turkey under which Greece had suffered for four centuries.

The three great events which here took place, in three epochs widely separated, call for a brief description.

The promontory on which we stand with the hunters—and which was in prehistoric times an island—has some claim to be regarded as Homeric. A little distance behind us the rock sinks almost perpendicularly, and if one finally gets down alive he may enter a cave through two ante-chambers and find himself in all probability in a cave of Homeric times, the very cave, probably, in which Hermes shortly after his birth hid the cattle which he had stolen from Apollo. Very ancient objects have been found in this cave.

But this promontory, Old Pylos, called in classical times Koryphasion, came into still greater prominence when, during the Peloponnesian War in 425 B. C., Demosthenes, one of the best generals the Athenian Greeks ever had, stopped here on his way to Sicily and put in from stress of weather. Bad weather continuing, the soldiers by common consent extemporized a fort along the water's edge beyond our view to the right and facing the open sea, using their backs

for carrying stones and mud. When the Spartans heard of this incursion into their territory they came out in force by land and sea; but in spite of Spartan discipline they could not dislodge the Athenians. They then brought their ships through the cut into the great bay, and landed a force on the northern end of Sphacteria. But in this they reckoned without their host. The Athenian admiral, hovering about these shores, found out the situation, sailed in with his whole fleet and cleared the bay in a few hours. All the Spartan ships not captured were driven to the mainland and the Spartans on Sphacteria were cut off. The bay, continued northward by a lagoon, prevented the Spartans from reaching Koryphasion to make a diversion in the rear of the Athenians.

But Spartans never surrendered. The body shut up in Sphacteria held out for several months. Spartan helots were given their freedom for swimming across the bay in the night with provisions. A well near the middle of the island furnished water. At last, with a force of at least five to one, the Athenians and Messenians began the fight and forced the Spartans continually northward until they reached the height which we see on a level with the hunter's cap. Here, worn out with the terrible heat, smoke and ashes, they asked for a truce to consult with the commander of the forces on the mainland. The answer sent back was:—"The Lacedaemonians bid you act as you think best; but you are not to dishonor yourselves." They then, more dead than alive, surrendered. There were only one hundred and twenty who surrendered; the rest of the four hundred and twenty heavy-armed men had fallen after doing credit to Sparta. But that over a hundred Spartans had surrendered stirred Greece pro-

foundly. The magic wand of Spartan invincibility was broken. Sparta was glad to make peace for some six years before it renewed the fight with Athens; then the war was fought to a finish and Athens fell.

It was through the broad southern entrance between the conical mountain on the mainland and the part of the southern end of Sphacteria which juts out into our view, that, in 1827, the allied fleets of England, France and Russia, after giving the Turkish fleet an ultimatum, entered the historic bay and in three hours annihilated the Turkish fleet, thus securing the independence of Greece. A British statesman called it "an untoward event" fearing a disturbance of the balance of power.

There are few spots more beautiful in Greece than this grand harbor and its surroundings.

It is striking that, after the wholesale deportation of the Messenians to Naupactos at the end of the Third Messenian War about 459 B. C., we find in the affair at Sphacteria enough of them to help the Athenians. In fact by their knowledge of the ground they delivered the last blow. We may, however, assume that any Messenians who remained in Spartan territory after the battle of Aegospotamoi, 405 B. C., were reduced to the rank of helots.

But in 370 B. C., the year following the battle of Leuktra, Epaminondas appeared in the Peloponnesus at the head of an army and as a founder of cities. Every blow that he struck was aimed at Sparta, now a name abhorred. Calling together the exiled Messenians, with their help he laid out a walled city in the heart of what had been their ancient territory. To this spot we shall now proceed, some twenty miles

north-northeast from Pylos. (Consult the general map.) To go in a straight line would in actual fact be very difficult. It is better to go back to the Blessed Plain near Kalāmata, and by the help of a railroad get pretty near to the goal. Even then there is an arduous climb and then a descent before one reaches the walls of Messene. The route passes a copious fountain, Mavromati (Black Eye), where under an overhanging rock there is a cool shade during the greater part of the day. The wretched village which now represents the classical city of Messene gets its name from this spring. Epaminondas probably selected this spot for his new city partly on account of this spring and partly because above it towered Mt. Ithome,\* the ancient gathering place of all Messenians for war and worship. Had not the Messenians, around this sacred center of their land, the temple of Zeus of Ithome, withstood the Spartans for twenty years in the first Messenian war? Where could a Messenian better fight and pray?

From the cooling fountain at Mavromati the way proceeds westward through the enormous area of Epaminondas' city, passing theater, stadion, porches, all in ruins. We at last reach the western wall.

***Position 65. Watch-towers in splendid wall around the Acropolis on Mt. Ithome, (north), Messene***

It is the western wall and a part of the north wall that now claim our attention and admiration. Of the whole circuit of five and one-half miles only about one-sixth remains. The greed for stones in modern Greece is so great that this is explicable; but now

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\*It is remarkable that Pausanias calls Ithome the highest mountain in the Peloponnesus. It is perhaps the most impressive acropolis in Greece and the highest, being 2630 feet above the sea level. But in plain sight Taygetos is nearly 8000 feet high.



that the villages have done their building a good many blocks lie where they have fallen.

Taking these walls as they stand before us, we wonder what Pausanias meant by saying that when Epaminondas built them "the first day was devoted to prayer and sacrifice; but on the following days they proceeded to rear the circuit wall." Why should he say days rather than years! We have the silly statement of Diodorus that these walls were built in eighty-five days. We can believe the marvelous feats of Greek wall-building such as the Athenians accomplished at Syracuse. But could these walls of Messene have been built in less than three months? Never. They are not like those of Mantinea, with three courses of stone and the rest of clay. These walls were made of the hardest kind of stone and were carefully cut.

All along the line of this western wall at which we are looking we see large blocks displaced and thrown to the ground. But from parts that remain nearly intact we may take the line of the wall—the curtain—to have had an average height of about twenty feet, while the towers, hollow and of two stories, were about thirty-two feet high. The towers usually projected outwards from the wall thirteen feet in order to repulse attacks made along the curtain. Each square tower has six openings, two on each side except the back. As at Mantinea there are both square and round towers; but the square form is here more common. The wall itself is eight feet thick faced with large blocks on both inside and outside and the intervening space filled with rough blocks.

In spite of all these elaborate defences, Messene, a brand new town like Megalopolis, was soon twice

taken, once by degenerate Sparta. The decay of civic and military spirit doubtless came upon the Messenians also. Many exiles may have been caught by the Quixotic idea of a fatherland rising after a century of oppression; but others had found in Naupactos a comfortable haven after the Third Messenian War. The deadliest blow to any state is the loss of its traditions. We cannot look back upon these walls as we do on those of Athens, Plataea and Chaeroneia. Pausanias was wildly enthusiastic over them and compared them to those of Babylon and Susa; but, after all, it is men and traditions and not walls which constitute a city. Messene, was, like Megalopolis, a fiat city.

All about the wall on the outside (which we now see) grow these holm oaks, which, if let alone by goats, would make splendid forests, growing to a height of thirty or forty feet. On the road from Argos to Tripolitza I once saw a great he-goat in a tree some ten feet above the ground, doing the best he could to make away with that tree. But the trees in turn are hostile to these venerable walls. In the tower behind the solid, if not stolid, youth on horseback we see one or several of these trees that have taken root. Given years enough, the trees will conquer the solid tower. I have seen at Oeniadae trees gripping heavy blocks on the top of a massive wall and carrying them up several feet above the rest.

Where this ruined wall in its ascent touches the sky line we see what is left of a great square tower. At this point the wall turns to the right (east) making nearly a right angle. It is now rising up the slope of Mt. Ithome, and if we follow it we soon come to the famous Arcadian Gate.

***Position 66. The Arcadian Gate of old-time Messene, from within the precincts of Sparta's rival***

The Arcadian Gate is now before us and we see some reason for Pausanias' enthusiasm. The other gates are totally destroyed, with the exception of the Laconian Gate, which is partially destroyed. It is therefore to the Arcadian Gate that we must turn for an adequate impression of what the fortification of Messene was like. The Laconian Gate was probably strong, making a firm front against Sparta. But the Arcadian Gate opened towards friends, Megalopolis to the northeast and Kyparissia to the northwest. This gate accordingly, while it had great strength, was made beautiful and attractive. We are looking at the gate from the inside. It opens to the north but we are actually looking more to the northeast. It is a double gate; and we are looking at the inner entrance, while the outer is hidden by an olive tree.

Quite a representative body of Messenians are present. If it is not a holiday they are proceeding either to or from their work, for the Greek farmer when working for himself is not lazy.

But this time it is not so much men as things that attract our attention. We see an inclined plane over one hundred feet long with its large paving-stones somewhat dislocated, and an olive tree springing out of it. Notice the massive character of everything. The most striking object is the enormous lintel about nineteen feet long and four feet broad and slightly less high. It had a very long span of about twelve feet from post to post, and suffered the fate of the lintel at Tiryns. The massive fragments make a picturesque front for the inside.

We look through this inner gate into a circular

court about sixty-two feet in diameter; and there the style of the building is admirable. All around the bottom the courses called the orthostatae (the up-rights) are five and one-half feet long and about three feet high. The same blocks appear on either side of the entrance. These give solidity to the whole structure; but they probably are a reminiscence of the time when walls had simply a socle of stone and a super-structure of clay.

The walls of the circular enclosure are preserved to a height of from twenty to twenty-three feet. The joints are marvelously fine; but even here we see the holm oak working its fingers into these most solid walls. Beyond the end of the lintel that is tipped up we see a niche which doubtless had a statue. On the other side of the gate of exit hidden by the olive tree was a similiar niche. Two divinities, one of which was probably Hermes, filled these niches.

To the right the wall rises rapidly. We see the inside of it considerably broken away, but traces of ten or more courses are certain. Then follows the best preserved tower of all. We see the entrance, now somewhat broken away at the bottom, once entered from the wall. We also see two windows or loop-holes, one over the door, and the other farther to the left.

Just beyond and to the right of the tower we see the sharp rise of Mt. Ithome, which had older traditions and older claims than this new Messene of Epaminondas. But how clearly we here read the far-reaching plans of that perhaps greatest of all Greeks, cut down in his prime!

Our next position is to be at Messene, but not among

the defenses or stately temples of old Greece nor yet on the domains of a wealthy modern proprietor who farms out large estates to poorer people, but in the abode of lowly and honest peasants.

***Position 67. Picturesque interior of a modern Greek villager's home, Messene***

We have before us the interior of a sample house in Messene; it is of the same structure, simple and indicative of poverty, as nine-tenths of the houses in the Peloponnesus outside of the cities. But houses in Messenia and Arcadia are perhaps peculiarly simple, poor and hospitable.

We see the interior of such a house, and in it also its builder, proprietor and master, the "lord of his own hands" and lands. His wife, the partner of his work, his real helper, sits beside him. This is the real, the honest Arcadia, whether the border lines as now drawn make it in name Arcadia or Messene. This Arcadia is far removed from the fictitious Arcadia in which the fine ladies and gentlemen of France in the time of Louis XV loved to dwell. The man before us, a good Messenian, knows nothing of what we usually call good manners. He would make a poor figure in a drawing-room. But he will give you of the best that he has, if night overtake you and you call here at his door. Your meal and your bed may not be sumptuous, but what he has to give is given ungrudgingly and as a matter of course. Furthermore the guest has some trouble in persuading him to take payment. One must resort to roundabout methods, such as contributing to the dowry of a baby daughter. How often have I, either alone or with companions, found hospitality of this sort!

Let us see in what sort of house we are. It is homely and genuine inside and out, but we must confine ourselves now to the inside which we see. It is all one room with no partitions. The walls are of stones and clay-mortar, and the roof for the most part of tree-trunks and boards. The shingles have been fashioned with an axe. Note the cross-beams crooked as rams' horns and for the most part unhewn, but they are of oak and sycamore and they satisfy the inmates perfectly. There is not a pane of glass in the house. The needed light comes from the door by day and from the fire or a tallow-dip by night. Wood is plenty. With assistance from a neighbor, this man would make a house much like this, but not quite as large, in ten days.

These cross-beams remind one of the remark of the Spartan King Agesilaos, who, on seeing squared beams somewhere in Asia, remarked to some bystanders, "I suppose if your trees grew square you would have them round." Nature was preferable to him as it is to our honest Messenian.

We notice that there is considerable length to the room as compared with the breadth. This is because the builder could not easily span a broader space, though he could lengthen it as much as he pleased. It might be supposed from the area that this house was planned for receiving strangers—a hotel, to call a small affair by a large name. This might also be inferred from the great amount of bedding and the array of paraphernalia for cooking. The fireplace, however, of the most primitive sort, consisting of a pole resting on two walls and a two-pronged hook depending from it, makes the case of an inn rather doubtful. Brushwood, which is abundant, furnishes

a quick fire. The smoke finds its way out of the door or in cold weather it stays in.

The structures to the right and left serve as cupboards below with shelf-room above. The more obtrusive articles are several great ribbed jars. We may guess that these hold olives, olive-oil, cheese, wine and rye-meal. The latter the woman herself may have ground. Every rug that appears here is beyond all doubt her handiwork. To the left of the woman, the object dangling by a rope from a beam is a primitive cradle. The baby has perhaps been laid on a chest and covered with a little rug. The chests contain wool probably; but they may hold surprises. Grain must be hoarded up somewhere here.

When one departs from a house like this, after a shelter from rain and cold, he does so with a feeling that man's real needs are easily satisfied. In Solos, a village near the foot of the wildest waterfall in Arcadia, the Styx, I took more comfort in sleeping on oak planks thinly covered with rugs than in the best hotel that Athens could afford. On his native heath the Greek peasant is a splendid host. You may find him illiterate and uncouth, but he is sound to the core. His moral sense is keen.

For our next position we move on again some twenty miles north through some of the wildest parts of Messenia, past Eira, where the Messenians made their last stand in the Second Messenian War, towards Bassae (the Glens) in the territory of Phigaleia.

There is no object in Greece, of the highest interest, which is for ordinary travelers so difficult of approach as the ruined temple at Bassae. A railroad now passes along the western shore of the Pelopon-

nesus from Patras to Kyparissia within fourteen miles of it, but the approach from that side is very difficult, and not to be recommended. The easiest way of approach is to take the train to Megalopolis, and then go by carriage past Karytena, with its magnificent mediaeval castle, to Andritzena, where one is within five or six miles of the temple, near where our general map shows the number 68. It is in the wildest part of the Peloponnesus.

***Position 68. Bassae temple of Apollo, of 4th century B.C. (southwest) on a lonely mountain-side in southern Greece***

We are looking across the temple lengthwise south or south-southwest. There is no temple in the Peloponnesus so well preserved as this. Its beauty is enhanced by the solitude in the Glens. The temple servants doubtless lived near at hand, but today there are no human habitations nearer than Andritzena and Pavlitza, on the site of Phigaleia, about eight miles distant. The whole small district around was called Phigaleia.

Every column of the temple and nearly the entire architrave are in position; but we see on the left side that somebody has used the steps as a quarry. The present fine condition of the temple is due to restorations made since 1900 by the indefatigable Ephor of Antiquities, who set up several columns and hoisted some architrave blocks into their present position. Thus the temple has been given a much finer aspect than it had when it was brought to the notice of the modern world in 1811, by an exploring party made up mainly of the same members who in the same year brought the temple of Aegina to light.

This temple of Bassae shows several remarkable



deviations from canonical forms. It is long in proportion to its breadth (125x46 feet), having fifteen columns on the sides to six at the ends. It is singular too in running north and south instead of east and west or nearly so. This remarkable deviation is explained by the fact that it was certainly built across an older and much smaller temple which had the regular orientation from east to west. The present temple, when it was decided to make it large, was obliged to run along a ridge rather than across it, unless an outlay for enormous foundations were made: Phigaleia had not the resources of a great state like Athens, and so ran its temple along the ridge and defied the canons.

The little temple is so incorporated with the larger that we can hardly see it from our position. But towards the farther end we do see a cross wall considerably towards us from the columns of the farther end. That cross wall once served as the south side of the old temple; and a door (which the long line of columns prevents us from seeing) led into it from the left wall. There was the real cella of the new temple, and wonderfully small, because it kept its place from the day of small things. If we could look west between the tenth and eleventh columns we should see the door leading into the cella; in the restored temple the statue of the god would be seen at the rear. On the right there is no wall at all, but simply an opening interrupted by a single column. In the small temple a good solid wall had stood in its place.

What we might take for a great cella is not at all such, but a large court open to the sky, a real hypaethral temple in form but actually no temple at all—merely an added ornament. We see projecting from

the right-hand wall several buttresses ending in half columns—there are really five in all—and on the left as many more. On these buttresses rested an entablature turned inwards—a unique feature. Its principal member was an Ionic frieze containing two subjects, a fight between Centaurs and Lapiths and an Amazon battle, both hackneyed subjects but here rendered with remarkable spirit, far removed from the severity and restraint of the Parthenon frieze. Each subject occupied approximately a long and a short side. All that is left of these interesting sculptures is now in the British Museum.

The architect of the temple was Iktinos, who built the Parthenon. It is not improbable that he brought with him sculptors also from Athens. But the exquisite finish of the Parthenon figures is here absent.

The enlarged temple was built on the occasion of some plague, the date of which cannot be ascertained. The style of the sculpture seems to point to a date near the beginning of the Peloponnesian War.

If after the inspection of the temple we were to proceed a hundred yards to the southeast we should come upon a magnificent view. To the west the blue sea lies stretched out before the spectator. Directly in front are the Strophades, while far to the north appears Zante. Near at hand at the south is Eira where the Messenians made their last heroic stand in the Second Messenian War, and beyond lies the Blessed Plain with Ithome looking down upon it. The southern sea in the distance by Kalamata seems wonderfully near.

A long and difficult path intervenes in actual fact before we reach Olympia, where the general map

marks our next outlook. It is only about twenty miles northwest from Bassae in a straight line, but nearly twice that distance as one must go by the usual modes of travel.

After an arduous ride northward with many deviations over hill and dale, one must haggle with a boatman on the further side of the Alphaeos to come and take him across. But the interest of both parties closes the bargain. Turn now to the special map of the sacred soil of Olympia. (A sketch in the corner shows the location of the ferry across the Alphaeos.) We are to take our stand at the spot marked 69 for a first sight of the ground.

***Position 69. Olympia's desolated grandeur,—northwest over ground where the noblest Greek culture was developed***

Here if anywhere the Greeks put forth all the energy that was in them. Even a Roman like Horace becomes enthusiastic over the stirring of Olympic dust. Here too, if anywhere, Greeks met as brothers to decide what one could out-run, out-jump or out-wrestle the other competitors. Here also, if anywhere, Greeks from Trebizond to Marseilles came together like brothers. The Greeks of Sicily were always strongly represented, since the route by sea was always preferred. A sacred truce was proclaimed (and was rarely violated) for the whole month in which these games took place, always shortly after the summer solstice.

The field in which all this strenuous activity was displayed is now spread out before us, as we stand on a high bank at the southeast corner of the excavation area and look northwest over a most bewildering

ing waste of ruins nearly in the form of a square, extending about a thousand feet on each side. In this waste we see emerging straight before us a great platform on which once stood the grandest Greek temple ever built except the Parthenon. But all that stood on that platform has been swept away, except here and there a few stumps of columns which hold their places. And this is all that is left of the great temple of Olympian Zeus. The bare platform, however, on which rose the mighty temple in which stood the King of the gods created by Phidias, one of the seven wonders of the world, is full of suggestion.

Farther off to the right we see the scattered columns of the temple of Hera near the lower slope of the Hill of Kronos. We are overlooking the Altis, the sacred enclosure. The southern Altis wall we see rather close to the great temple platform. On the hither side of it is an indiscriminate mass of blocks large and small, a perfect waste of ruin. We may single out as particularly interesting a few triangular blocks in front of the temple to the extreme right, placed upon one another. These blocks were a part of a high triangular base on which once stood the famous winged Nike of Paeonios, now in the Museum at Olympia. It was set up here by the exiled Messenians of Naupactos for a victory gained in 425 B. C. We may well believe that the victory referred to was the affair at Sphacteria (Position 64), when the Messenians delivered the last and decisive blow.

The special map will be found very interesting for study in connection with this outlook, for, as you remember, the red lines include between them precisely the ground over which we are looking.

The waste of fallen buildings is now being screened by pine trees that have sprung up since the excavations made in 1876-1881. We shall soon have an Altis (Sacred Grove), but, alas! without its ancient glory. Beyond the long line of pines and the temple ruins runs the brook Kladeos which soon flows into the Alphaeos. On the farther side of the Kladeos rises a square white building with a smaller cube placed upon it. This is a hotel built by the Peloponnesus Railroad Company, wherein many visitors find comfort. To the right of this is the fine museum presented to Greece by the banker Syngros, who later presented a museum to Delphi.

In this Olympia museum are the fragmentary gable groups and metopes of the great temple, the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Nike of Paeonios, and the archaic head of Hera, perhaps belonging to the cultus statue in the very old Hera temple. Of the thousands of athletic statues once standing on their pedestals about the Altis not one remains.

On the hill back of the hotel and a little to the left a few houses of a village called Drouva appear. In this village the German excavators lodged, thus escaping the miasma of the plain in warm weather. The area about the Altis we see is shut in on that side. This is also true of the north side, but the plain opens out to the east, up the Alphaeos and to the south. The Alphaeos has carried away the Hippodrome and with it all traces of the spot where the wealthy Syracusans and Alkibiades coveted the glory of a victory in the chariot race. The stadion where the runners and other athletes strove for a fading wreath, covering themselves with Olympic dust and glory, lies to the right, not yet excavated.

The one lasting impression that is made upon us as we look across the field of vision is "ruins, ruins, ruins; ruins of ruins!"

It now remains for us to classify our ideas of Olympia by taking up in order certain single objects. We will now shift our position from a point near the southeast corner of the Altis (i. e., the sacred enclosure), to another point marked 70, near the northwest corner, and look upon what remains of the oldest Greek temple.

***Position 70. Heraeon, Olympia, oldest temple in all Greece, (west-southwest) where the Hermes of Praxiteles was found***

Five or six centuries before the erection of the great temple of Zeus, the ruins of which we have just seen, this older temple was the center of religious worship at Olympia. We are now looking across it west-southwest.

The first thing that strikes us as we look across the ruin is that the remaining walls of the cella rise only to a height of about three feet with an absolute uniformity. What can be the reason that no block of a higher course is to be seen? We need not seek far for an answer. The whole interior of this cella was found by the excavators to be full of greenish clay as high as the top of the present walls. They inferred correctly, that, on top of this broad wall before us, about four feet broad, made up of three courses of stone and faced on the outside by a line of upright blocks (orthostatae), there once rested a clay wall or wall of sun-dried bricks. This explains both the very broad foundation and its absolute evenness. The brick wall had to be very thick on account

of its poor material, to support the roof. Thus the enormous thickness of the socle is explained.

Wood was freely used in this building. Long wooden beams were laid lengthwise on the top of the socle as binders, before the clay walls were laid, after the fashion of the palace of Mykenae. The columns also were great tree trunks set around the outside of the cella. One by one they rotted away and were replaced by stone columns. Only thus can we explain the striking variety in the present stone columns. There are hardly any two of them alike. The diameters differ from three and one-half to four and one-half feet at the bottom. Some have several drums and others are monoliths. The flutings vary in number from sixteen to twenty. All but six of the forty columns are present in stone, either whole or fragmentary. The supposition that stone columns were gradually substituted for wood is made certain by the fact that Pausanias in the second century A. D. saw one of the wooden columns still standing.

The temple has other peculiarities, having sixteen columns on the side to a six-column front. This great length is paralleled only in the Apollo temple at Syracuse which has seventeen columns to six. Instead of the traditional three steps we have only one. Some of the echinoi of the capitals are extremely flat as we see in the case of one of them tipped up against a column at the front end.

Hoary antiquity broods over this temple. There is little if any doubt that the original temple had a heavy horizontal covering of clay, in short a mud roof, hence the massive pillars and walls to support the heavy weight. Even inside the cella were two lines of some sort of columns, so that there were six lines

of support in all. A pitch roof was probably a later innovation. It was a long process to translate the building of 1100 B. C., or possibly a century earlier, into the form which it had received when the mighty temple of Zeus was built to the south of it. Up to that time it is probable that the venerable temple had been the joint property of Zeus and Hera. At the west end of the long cella we still see a few blocks of an oblong base on which stood the images of both Zeus and Hera. It is not improbable that the very archaic head of limestone found near the temple may belong to that very Hera.

Considerable interest attaches to the fact that in this temple was found, almost at the beginning of the excavations, the statue of Hermes by Praxiteles (Position 71), mentioned by Pausanias as being in the temple of Hera. It was found inside the right-hand wall of the cella, about twenty feet from the entrance, very near to an upright block. It had fallen forward from its base into a thick layer of clay belonging to the disintegrating walls.

What have these white marble blocks immediately at our feet to do with this venerable Heraeon? They have tumbled down the slope of the hill of Kronos, where the ubiquitous Herodes Atticus had erected an exedra and introduced water into it. But, with objects before us a thousand years earlier than this fancy building, we turn away from him and all that pertains to him.

Glancing diagonally across the Hera temple we see several marble blocks which belong to a round building. Marble is the sign of the beginning of the end of Olympia's glory. Philip of Macedon came in his power, and set up this building as a trophy of vic-



tory, not over a single Greek state but over Greece. It is probable that he did not live to finish and dedicate it; but the little finger of Alexander was thicker than his father's loins, and it was he who appeared at Olympia when free Greece was crushed. How odious then is the incoming at Olympia of marble and all that it typifies.

Continuing in the same straight line we see the enormous area of the palaestra with many columns, where the athletes held themselves in practice for the strenuous contests to come. Still farther off, between the palaestra and the hill beyond, ran the brook Kladeos, which had in the middle ages covered the Altis with fifteen to twenty feet of mud; it was extremely helpful to the excavators, who conveyed the earth in cars to the banks of the Kladeos and the current did the rest. "The Kladeos," said Dörpfeld, "was our best workman."

The Hermes of Praxiteles, the choice treasure of the Museum at Olympia now calls us from the Altis. When we were at Position 69 we had a glimpse of the museum in the distance at the west. In that museum we are next to see the famous old statue that was found by the excavators of the Heraeon. Our local map does not extend quite far enough westward to include the museum site.

***Position 71. Hermes of Praxiteles,—the most perfect of extant ancient statues,—Olympia***

In "the merry month of May," in the first year of the real excavation, the Germans found this Hermes. There was never a serious doubt of its identity, for it was found just where Pausanias had said it stood.

and so just where the excavators were looking for it. It did not rank very high among the works of the sculptor, for Pausanias had simply mentioned it as "a marble Hermes bearing the infant Dionysos, a work of Praxiteles." But there was joy in the camp because it was an original from the master's hand and certain originals of great masters can be reckoned up on the fingers of two hands, if not on one.

This statue was not famous in antiquity. It had been barely mentioned by Pausanias—that is all. It could never have taken rank with the Aphrodite, the Eros or the Satyr, all works of Praxiteles which have been lauded to the skies by excellent ancient critics. The value of this statue is in the fact that it is an undoubted original from his own hand. We see his real style, not as it is reflected in a copy where many delicate nuances are absolutely lost. That its importance was not very great at the time when Pausanias saw it, is seen by the summary way in which he spoke of it.

But the discussion which has sprung up concerning this Hermes has grown in volume until it constitutes a literature in itself. In times not very far gone by, the critics could not well discriminate between works of Praxiteles and those of Skopas. We now know that the works of Praxiteles are mild while those of Skopas, his contemporary, are full of intense physical power. The high arched cranium of this Hermes is in marked contrast to the heads of Skopas with their large dimension from the eyes to the back of the skull. The mild features of Praxiteles' work are in strong contrast with the intensity of feeling manifested in the Skopas heads from the gable of the temple at Tegea. Critics now understand the dia-

metrically opposite tendencies of these two contemporaries, the almost fierceness of Skopas set over against the dreamy mildness of Praxiteles.

We have before us in bodily form what Wordsworth expressed in *Laodamia*:—"Mild Hermes spoke and touched her with his wand that calms all fear." Here is the mild god holding in his bent left hand the infant Dionysos, and gazing down upon him apparently in a dreamy mood. It seems as if his gaze was directed not at the child's face but just above it. The latter is holding out his left arm as if to snatch at something which Hermes held aloft in his right hand; but, since that with the whole forearm has disappeared, the interpretation is simply a matter of guesswork. There is perhaps as much probability in the suggestion that the little god of wine is holding out his hand to snatch a bunch of grapes as is any other that has been thus far advanced. But this motive seems rather banal.

The work is worthy of the splendid transparent Parian marble from the best quarry of the island. No cast nor even any copy can convey the effect of the original. The exquisite finish of the marble shows the master's touch and makes us feel the contrast between every copy in marble or plaster, however fine, and the magnificent original. What a touch of easy freedom appears in the hair! It took long trials before one arrived at such sweet neglect. Besides this a mere suggestion of dress is made in the cloak which the older god has thrown across a tree trunk, and in the wrap which is thrown across the legs of the little Dionysos.

We now return to the Altis and take our stand at the spot marked 72 on the map, near the southwest

corner of the platform (stylobate), on which once stood the mighty temple of Olympian Zeus.

**Position 72. Temple of Zeus, Olympia, (east-south-east) where the greatest of Greeks worshipped for eight hundred and fifty years**

We are looking, as the map shows, east-southeast, diverging slightly from the line of the south stylobate, up the valley of the Alphaeos. The Arcadian mountains close the plain in the distance. The Alphaeos comes out of the mountains into the broad valley just to the right of the conical hill on the extreme left.

The temple, which was dedicated in 457 B. C., twenty-two years after the battle of Plataea, stood in all its glory upon this stylobate. As we previously saw from Position 69, hardly anything remains on this stylobate except a few stumps of columns. Let us imagine what it was in its pristine magnificence when all these coarse blocks and drums were covered with fine stucco and brilliant red and blue paint, and the gable groups stood out in relief against the blue background of the gables. But all this was as naught compared with what the house, i. e., the cella, contained. The spirit of the whole was the colossal gold and ivory statue of Zeus seated on a throne, the beauty of which beggared description. Phidias, beyond question the greatest sculptor of all times, created a Zeus that inspired reverence and awe and came to the rescue of the Greek religion. Those who gazed on that incarnation, so to speak, of the father of gods and men, went away feeling comforted and elevated in their thoughts. The glory is gone but it once *was*. We now look upon the scanty remains of the shell.

In the midst of much older buildings, some of which were quite likely destroyed, an artificial foundation

was laid thirteen feet high, nearly ten feet of it being above the ground level. Earth was heaped up around the platform to make it approachable. At the top came three high steps. The columns were thirty-four feet high and seven feet in diameter at the bottom; they narrow rapidly as they go up, having a more marked taper than the Parthenon columns, which gives them a sort of stumpy appearance. There were only six columns on the ends, while the Parthenon had eight. The temple was of much larger proportions than the Parthenon. This was most felt in the columns.

But we will confine ourselves to what we actually see before us. Right at our feet is one of the enormous capitals with its lower side turned towards us, leaning against what seems to be a cornice block. We notice the rough texture of this capital. A poorer material could hardly be selected. It is made up of little shells bonded by the mud of the Alphaeos in prehistoric ages. It may seem surprising that such miserable material should have been chosen for this temple which was intended to be so magnificent. But this material was near at hand just across the Alphaeos. The base material was covered by a coating of stucco, as was the case with the temple at Corinth, which, however, had an incomparably finer material to start with. With this coating the baser material was entirely covered, and the temple had a most splendid appearance and stood for over eight hundred years in glory, before its decay and at last its destruction.

We see, looking along the stylobate, two drums one above the other, that have the stucco fairly well kept, but of course somewhat battered. A little beyond it we see a line of drums as they fell in an earthquake.

It looks as if the stylobate jerked to the left, and the drums dropped over to the right in regular order as they had been put up one upon another. A great many of them are not more than two feet high and it required a great number of them to make a whole column. Beyond the two lady visitors is another capital. We see that it is composed of a flaring part and a square on which rested the architrave block, six feet high and very massive.

The neglected temple, in the first half of the sixth century A. D., was thrown down by two earthquakes, and little more was heard of it until the Germans brought to a wondering world the remains of the temple, including the gable sculptures and the metopes.

In order to see what is left of the west, or rear gable, we must turn once more to the museum.

***Position 73. Marbles from west pediment, Temple of Zeus, (Apollo interposing between Lapiths and Centaurs), Olympia***

We are now again in the museum where we saw the Hermes. This time we are in the great hall, and on the east side are arranged these fragments facing west, as on the temple. The arrangement of the figures is that of Ernst Curtius, through whose influence the excavation of Olympia was accomplished. He inspired his pupil, the Crown Prince of Germany, afterwards Frederick V., to secure funds for the work. Under the supervision of Curtius the plan was carried out.

We have before us the hackneyed theme of a battle of Centaurs and Lapiths, in this case in the presence of the god Apollo. In the wild turmoil of combat where Centaurs are kicking and biting while

Lapith women are struggling to get free from their wild embrace, there is a wonderful contrast to the calm statuesque pose of the persons on the other (east) gable who are there just ready to start a chariot race.

It was unfortunate that the placing of these figures under the supervision of Curtius was premature. The returns were not all in. After a precise study of some years Treu secured a much more proper grouping of these figures. Apollo's place of course was certain. In the center of the gable he stretches out his right hand, following it with his gaze. It is now taken for granted that the youthful male figure, with an iron rod joining the two parts of his body, is Theseus, and that he should be transferred to the right of Apollo to help the sorely pressed young woman in the grasp of an old Centaur. Another woman, Deidamia, the Lapith queen, tearing the hair of the Centaur who winds his right leg about her, is also protected by her husband, the Lapith king, Peirithoos. The two heroes have come to the rescue of the hard-bested women in the moment of greatest need. On either side of the god they raise their battle axes against their vile enemies, as is shown by their uplifted arms. They stand with their backs to Apollo.

We have here represented the crucial moment. In the next instant the god will save his own. His commanding presence says mutely, 'Peace! be still!' Here are exemplified the words of Aeschylus:—"All that the gods work is effortless and calm." Without a touch the fury of the wild Centaurs will cease. Apollo's presence will suffice.

From Treu's studies we are quite sure that the heads of all the figures came close to the descending

line of the gable and that Theseus and Peirithoos must be placed to the right and left of the god and facing outward; but the power comes from the impassive god. This Apollo is the grandest figure in Greek sculpture prior to the age of Phidias. Who the sculptor was we shall never know, but he dominates the so-called age of transition. Some of the twelve metopes seem to reflect his style; but this great sculptor whom we are unable to name will be forever recognized as a force in art, by universal consent. Photographs of the Apollo are favorites in Athenian drawing-rooms, and no wonder!

All the figures in both gables are of Parian marble except in the corners of this west gable, where the two end figures are of Pentelic marble. It is quite likely that this is the result of a repair.

The figures of this west gable are composed with a view to effect. All that is not presented in full view is slighted. Fifty feet above the ground we should hardly note that the arm which the Centaur throws around the struggling Lapith woman, to the right of Apollo, was abnormally long. When brought down to our level it seems monstrous. This gable, in distinction from the east gable, is in a sense high-relief, everything being slighted except the front or what will be seen from the front. The east gable figures, on the other hand, lacked for the most part the relief principle, and are worked out all around. The story of Pausanias, that Paeonios made the east gable figures and Alkamenes the west, is probably a myth of the guides who took strangers about the Altis. Seeing the Nike of Paeonios near at hand they gave Paeonios offhand the credit of having made the gable



near his famous statue and then jumped to Alkamenes because he happened to be known as a famous sculptor.

Refer once more to the Olympia map and find in its northeastern portion the Stadion, with a long entrance-passage at its western end. We are to take our next position where the map shows the encircled 74 in red, and face eastward.

***Position 74. Athletes' entrance (east) to the Stadion, Olympia***

The importance of the stadion at Olympia cannot be over-estimated. It was here that the chosen youth of Greece put forth their intensest efforts. Therefore we delay fondly over the little that is left of it. We are looking east through a great arched passage that would lead us to our goal. We approach this passage by passing between the north end of the Echo Porch, three marble steps of which we see, and a long lines of Zanes, an archaic form of Zeus. Every man who did not play fair at the games had to set up a bronze Zeus as a fine.

Before we go in we must note the picturesque shepherd sitting on a poros block touching the steps of the Echo Porch. He is a real son of the soil, dressed for winter weather. Cold can hardly penetrate that thick and closely woven garment called a rasou, proof alike against the rain and cold. We may be sure that he is not thinking of the great days of Olympia so much as of his goats and cheeses.

To the right and behind him are remains of an older echo-porch not made of marble, which extends back to the embankment that we see ahead. The wall between us and the arch is some late mediaeval affair.

When one enters that arch he realizes something of

how the athletes felt as they walked down through it. It is the moment just before the event that tries the mettle of the athlete. Serapion of Alexandria, who had entered for the pancration, the most strenuous of all the contests, ran away the day before the contest, and had to set up a "Zan." Breaking the rules of training was the most common reason for punishment. But on the whole the best youths of all Greece were here, every one with the keenest ambition to put not only a wreath on his own head, but a wreath of glory on his city. Here was a chance for every youth who had done his best, to achieve immortal fame. Some youth from an insignificant town in Thessaly might always hope to lay the proud pretensions of Sparta's representatives in the dust. They had time to think of this as they passed along down this covered passageway, some forty yards long into the stadion.

When they emerged they stood before an enormous assemblage gathered on the slopes of the stadion six hundred feet long. On the northwest side, the hill of Kronos, that held thousands, was outside the limits of the stadion.

The whole stadion is now under twenty or thirty feet of earth except that the start and the end have been dug out. There are lines of marble blocks with grooves cut in them into which the runners set their heels at the word of command. They were nude and quivering with excitement. Neither in ancient nor modern times has any athletic event been more exciting than the foot-race. Merely looking at the grooves one feels something of those moments when a man was known by "what he did with his hands and his feet." The boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus and the javelin, also took place in the stadion; but it

was the foot-race in which the winner gave his name to the ensuing period of four years that began with his victory. What a thrill went through the crowd when it was proclaimed that a certain Choroebos had his name appended to the period of the next four years because he had outrun all the other competitors. Those were good old times. The philosopher Xenophanes might deride the athletic craze and declare that "brains were more than brawn"; but people kept on honoring their athletes just the same; and when Exainetos of Akragas won in the run that entitled him to name the Olympiad after himself, he was conducted into the city with an escort of three hundred span of milk-white horses. This young man was held in more honor than the wise Empedokles, his fellow-citizen.

The four-horse chariot races were an affair of the rich. It does not so much interest us to know the spot where some rich men won the quadriga race. Therefore we do not greatly grieve that the Alphaeos carried away the Hippodrome bodily.

One may here repeat that for half a month in every four years Greeks from Thessaly to Sicily were as brothers at Olympia, and then went away and fought one another like "tykes." Then a few priests and servants had this beautiful vale all to themselves, talking probably of Asopichos of Orchomenos who won the boys' foot-race, or of Alkibiades of Athens who entered seven chariots in one year and won the first, second and third prizes.

We now take leave of Olympia and pass to Megaspelion, the most important monastery of Greece, situated a little way inland from the south shore of the Corinthian Gulf and almost opposite Delphi. (See

the general map.) It is some fifty miles distant at the northeast in a straight line, but more than one hundred miles from Olympia as the traveler goes. The railway route keeps well away from the mountains, through the rich land of Elis.

As a train passes along the north shore of the Peloponnesus going from Patras to Corinth, when it has traversed about half the distance passengers notice a station called Diakophto, "the cut"; and, sure enough, the high and almost continuous cliffs that face the gulf are rent asunder giving a glimpse through a gorge. More than once I had passed that tempting opening before getting into its charming windings. Now there is a railroad through it, over which, with the occasional aid of cog-wheels, the train toils up to Kalavryta, the ancient Kynaetha, of such bad reputation that when a party of the Kynaethans had passed through some of the Arcadian villages, those honest Arcadians did bid them God speed, but fumigated their houses as soon as these rough fellows were out of sight. It was the intention to continue this railroad to Tripolitza, but this plan has been postponed indefinitely for more important railroad enterprises.

One does not usually pass the station of Zachlorou, fifteen hundred feet above the sea, without interrupting his journey, since about a mile away (counting latitude rather than altitude), lies the most important monastery of Greece. The visitor has to climb pretty nearly another thousand feet before reaching the goal. But when he has reached it he is amply repaid for the toil. It is one of the most impressive spots of Greece, and no one should leave this out in a tour through the Peloponnesus. Our general map locates the place by means of the numbers 75-76.

***Position 75. Megaspelacon Monastery, richest in all Greece, built into rugged cliffs below Mt. Chelmos***

After passing through the orchards and gardens which give token of surprising thrift, we have climbed a little elevation and are now looking down on a unique scene. To the east stands a mighty cliff at a rough estimate five hundred feet high, absolutely perpendicular, and at its base below us nestles a unique monastery. This vast irregular mass, built up piece-meal, houses some eighty-five monks. There are in all some two hundred and fifty or three hundred monks attached to the monastery, but many of them are detached on business in the regions round about. The monastery owns large estates in the rich lands of Elis, where the seedless grapes called "Zante currants" bring in great revenue. The line between ecclesiastics and other people, as far as honest occupation goes, is not very sharply drawn in Greece. The church looks after its revenues. In the best days of Megaspelacon it had not only extensive lands in Elis, Achaia and Arcadia, but houses in Saloniki, Smyrna and Constantinople. Its annual income was formerly estimated at over two million francs (\$400,000), but it has not now more than the twentieth part of that amount, probably much less.

This monastery is called idiorrhhythmic, which we may call individualistic. Each monk owns a share of the convent's property, and especially a piece of land, the cultivation of which he superintends or sometimes does himself. An Abbot presides but, as he is up for reelection every five years, he cannot become a tyrant. Individual freedom and a protection of rights seem to be here sweetly combined. Each monk usually has a sort of "famulus" assigned to him, who inherits his

goods and his position. On entering the monastery, however, the monks generally but not necessarily present to it all their worldly goods.

This monastery has seen better days when it has defended itself against enemies of considerable strength. When Ibrahim Pasha in the War of Independence came straight from the smoking ruins of Messolonghi and called the Greek rebellion crushed, he attempted to smoke out this nest of hornets, remembering that it was from Megaspelaeon here that the fighting bishop, Germanos of Patras had unfurled the flag of freedom. Seeing the strong defences in front, he scaled the high cliff, one of the outlying spurs of Mt. Aroania, and hurled down rocks and trunks of trees. But so sheer, or rather so overhanging was the cliff, that they fell beyond the monastery. The doughty warrior withdrew from Megaspelaeon in chagrin with quite heavy losses.

During the long Turkish domination, when the Greek spirit was crushed, Megaspelaeon had purchased exemption from abuses, such as the entrance of the Turks into the monastery, and this was very expensive. But the monastery thus became a seed-plot for freedom.

At present the church militant spirit is departed, but industrial thrift remains, and a kindly spirit of hospitality prevails. No stranger is turned away, provided he arrives at the door of the monastery before sunset. Even this is hardly a cast-iron rule, since in my experience in other monasteries the Abbot has opened the doors as late as ten o'clock.

We will now go down to meet some of the brethren at the entrance gate of their extraordinary dwelling-place.

***Position 76. Pious monks of the Eastern Orthodox Church at door of cavern-monastery, Megaspelaeon***

We now stand looking at the usual entrance gate of the monastery, and before us are the successors of the monks who kept the Turks from their doors by temporizing, and later—during the War of Liberation—by force. The life, absolutely free from worry and toil for daily bread, spreads over this group a serene content not known to “the madding crowd.” Their ambitions may not be very high, but peace and safety wrap them around.

It is probable that the middle man in the front line of three is the Abbot. He is a man with capacity for affairs and is sometimes seen in Athens on business. He is a blonde with a red beard, which is a very rare feature in Greece. He has an amiable expression and is at the same time alert. One might predict for him a second or a third term as Abbot. None of the five gray-headed men lined up in front of the door-steps are likely to succeed him. They are distinctly “back numbers.” Their best days are gone by; but how tranquil is their life. We note here that all the monks are unshaven. Back on the door-steps and inside the door is a group of men that never have been and never will be forces in the monastery. Several laymen, also laborers, have crowded to the door to be seen. These appear in straw hats or bare-headed, on the whole devoid of personality. But there is one man in that group in the doorway—a priest—who stands out as a man of power. If he has not been an Abbot he is “a manly man to be an Abbot able.”

Above the portal one sees a much-prized painting in the Byzantine style, of the Virgin with the infant Christ in her lap. His features are by no means in-

fantile. Above and around are saints and angels. Inside the door is a somewhat gaudy chapel, from which one enters a library; it has few books of conspicuous value, but the monks set great store by them.

Those who get well acquainted with these extremely companionable monks—an acquaintance seasoned over night with their excellent masticha, famous throughout Greece, and their resined wine, which unseals the lips and the heart, causing a real flow of soul—see with regret the horses brought around to the door on the morrow for departure. There is no question of how much one shall pay his hosts. They are rich enough without our poor contributions. But what man with a soul would wish to depart without dropping something into the box which will undoubtedly be put to as good a use as we could think out? Happy is the man who makes the acquaintance of this jolly brotherhood on the foothills of Aroania.

Mount Aroania, from which the famous Styx flows down, is only some eight miles distant from this monastery, but one easily doubles the distance by winding about through gorges and over ridges. Never to be forgotten is the week in midsummer when I climbed Aroania and visited the Styx and Stymphalos, with a strong and brilliant youth, afterwards my colleague, and still later my successor, whose career was cut short by fever.

We now leave the Peloponnesus, cross the Corinthian Gulf, and enter central Greece. If we take out our general map we shall see that a line drawn due east from Megaspelaeon would run into the Bay of Aegosthena, north of the Isthmus of Corinth. From Kreusis on the north shore of this bay a tramp of



eight or ten miles would bring us to Plataea of immortal fame. The general map of Greece locates the place by means of the number 77, and the immediate surroundings of our proposed standpoint are shown on an enlarged scale in a special map of Plataea to which you should refer. Our next position is marked 77 and the direction and ranges of the red lines tell that we shall look across a valley and past a village to a mountain-side.

***Position 77. Looking across the old battlefield of Plataea southwest to modern Plataea and Mount Kithaeron***

We are now in northern or central Greece. We are standing at the north side of the great divide which separates Attica from Boeotia. We have often looked at its southern face from Athens and Eleusis. We stand looking southwest up the snowy slope of Kithaeron. At its foot we see nestled a village called Kokla, and on the hither side of it, with a depression between, we see a long rocky tongue shooting out from the mountain down into the plain and ending abruptly to the right. On this long tongue are the ruins of Plataea. Thebes, some ten miles to the right, was always trying to consolidate Boeotia, as Sparta had consolidated its large domain—a project that was at last accomplished by Epaminondas for the briefest period.

From the sixth century B. C. there was hatred and strife between Thebes and the other Boeotian cities. A dispute about the border between Plataea and Thebes, settled by the aid of Athens, made Plataea its firm friend. When Athens stood alone at Marathon, abandoned by Sparta on insufficient reasons,

what a cheer must have rent the sky when a thousand heavy-armed Plataeans, all "hearts of oak," came upon the field by a forced march over the mountains. It was quite likely that this timely arrival heartened Miltiades to begin the battle. For ages afterwards, at the great public festivals at Athens the herald opened the prayer with "God bless the Athenians and the Plataeans." The great divide could not separate these good friends.

The battle of Salamis had sent Xerxes back to Persia crushed; but the war was by no means ended. In fact the chances of Persian success were better than ever, now that the King was safe at home. Mardonios, a tried soldier, had a force of three hundred thousand picked men wintered in Thessaly, which was now practically annexed to Persia. The rest were well out of the way. He offered Athens an honorable alliance, which was scorned. Then Athens was again sacked in the spring, while Sparta looked somewhat coolly on. Mardonios then proceeded into Boeotia, which had declared itself friendly to the Great King, for support and forage.

The great question now was, "Could Sparta and Athens stand together?" Athens at last made it clear that Sparta would reap everlasting shame if it did not fight the common enemy of Greece. These two states having come to an understanding, a great battle was assured.

Promptly the two powers, with their allies, appeared in Boeotia. The roll of honor appears on the standard of the Delphic tripod now in the hippodrome at Constantinople. For some ten days the Greeks showed considerable timidity, and kept moving westward from the pass by which one comes from Eleusis over the

divide down into modern Kriekouki. The Persians held the plain while the Greeks kept up on the slope of the mountain. Desultory fighting took place during ten days before the antagonists locked horns. There were skirmishes for positions but no pitched battle.

At last, when both armies were very near to Plataea, just about where we now stand, the great battle took place. Let us be sure of one point. The long ridge that ends on our extreme right contained the ancient city of Plataea. Half way between us and the middle of Kokla we see a long dark line running diagonally to our line of vision. This is the foundation of a venerable temple of Hera, excavated in 1891 by Henry Washington, a member of the American School at Athens. Now comes the interesting point. Herodotus says that the battle hung in the balance and "many fell on the Spartan side." The Spartans being sore distressed, while the sacrifices still continued unpropitious, Pausanias at last lifted his eyes to the Heraeon of the Plataeans, and the great deliverance came. The tide being turned, the rest was simply a murderous slaughter of the fleeing Persians.

It is suspected that the story of Herodotus is colored in favor of the Athenians, and this is not improbable. But that Athens here faced the stout Thebans with some credit is hardly to be doubted. The west frieze of the Nike temple at Athens seems to corroborate it. To the lasting credit of Athens we must always put her forcing the hand of Sparta and making her come out to fight the common enemy or be isolated and choked to death. Mardonios had doubtless offered Athens good terms—the rebuilding of their city which

had been destroyed, and other seductive promises. But the reply was:—"Tell Mardonios that as long as the sun keeps its course we will never come to terms with Xerxes."

This battle in which about seventy thousand Greeks annihilated three hundred thousand picked soldiers of the King, commanded by his best veteran general, settled the status of Persia and Greece, until from jealousy among the Greek states we see Greeks again begging the Great King to settle their affairs.

Plataea was made a sacred town under the protection of all the Greeks. But fifty years later, in the dreadful Peloponnesian War which broke down all moral sense, Plataea was attacked by night by a party of Thebans, and after scenes of reprisal and butchery on both sides, was leveled to the ground. It was only at the end of a heroic siege of two years that the remnant of the Plataeans surrendered. The men were asked, one after another, by the Spartan commander, if they had done any benefit to Sparta. Each one giving, as a matter of course, a negative answer, they were cut down without quarter. Plataea sank in blood and flames, but its heroic spirit deserved a better fate. Thucydides has made us feel that although the numbers engaged in the siege were small, great interests were at stake. This horrible butchery accords with the horrors on which Kithaeron had looked—Oedipus with his blinded eyes and Pentheus murdered unwittingly by his mother.

We next move about five miles northwest to the battlefield of Leuktra, another of the spots with which Boeotia is thickly sown and which gave the whole of Boeotia the name of "the orchestra of Ares." See 78 on the general map.

***Position 78. Leuktra (northeast) where Thebes overcame Sparta, 371 B.C., and gained the leadership of all Greece***

We have now made a journey of some five or six miles north-northwest from Plataea. We are in the domain of ancient Leuktra. We overlook the plain northeast where the little town once stood, a little way out from the foot of the hill on which we stand, covered by three good-sized villages, collectively called Parapungia. The loaded horses show that laborers are returning from Thebes some six or seven miles distant—the Corinthian Gulf is some ten miles behind us.

In the year 371 B. C. this peaceful and extremely fertile valley became the scene of an important battle. For nearly thirty years Spartan armies had periodically appeared in northern Greece and managed the land of Boeotia as if it were their own. The Spartan King Cleombrotos was now on some such errand. Thebes had recently suffered indignities at the hands of the Spartans, who had seized their citadel, the Kadmeia, in time of peace. But at this time two able men, Epaminondas and Pelopidas were ready to test the calibre of the Spartan army, which had come along the shore of the Corinthian Gulf behind Helicon and was planning to take Thebes by a coup-de-main. But on reaching Parapungia here they saw a Theban army directly in front of them. Never was gage of battle more squarely given.

Epaminondas and Pelopidas had made an excellent fighting machine in the last few years, which consisted of a "wedge" or column fifty deep; the Spartan infantry were drawn up in a long line twelve deep. The Spartans, animated by the presence of their king,

took the initiative, confident of victory. But the Theban "wedge" struck the right wing on which Cleombrotos stood, and swept it off the field. The king and the two generals were at once killed. The left wing wavered and retired with heavy loss. In a few hours the wreck of the Spartan army was complete. The victory of the Thebans was so decisive and so sudden that the Spartans acknowledged defeat and begged for a truce in order to bury their dead. Among the one thousand slain were four hundred Spartans. The Thebans lost only forty-seven men. It was the first time that Sparta had begged for a truce.

At a cross-road in the plain before us, one branch of which leads to Thespieae and another to Thebes, are today the remains of a marble trophy on which shields alternate with triglyphs. The blocks being curved prove that the trophy was a circular building.

So long had the Spartans practiced a tyranny over Greece that there was joy over their downfall far and wide. But we cannot be sure that the wise and good Epaminondas would have succeeded in substituting any more acceptable leadership of the Greeks than the Spartans had practiced for so many years. We have seen how before his death in 362 B. C. he had lost the confidence of the Mantineans. Perhaps the Greeks had an inherent love for small politics and could never coalesce except under an Alexander.

We now move on to Thebes, northeast, across a rising plain about eight miles distant, where we shall be at the heart of Boeotia. If you have not a perfectly clear remembrance of the relative locations of Thebes, Athens and Sparta, it would be a good plan to refresh your memory by a moment's reference to the general

map. Then turn to the special map of Thebes itself, which indicates the line of wall once surrounding the city and shows how small, in comparison, is the area of the Thebes of today. Our first sight of the place will be gained from the spot marked 79 on the special map.

***Position 79. Thebes from the north—a center of human life long before the beginning of history***

We have now arrived at the last of the five cities of the highest rank in Greece. Athens, Sparta, Corinth, Argos and Thebes had been prominent each in its time in shaping the affairs of Greece. Thebes, which in the prehistoric past had a wreath of legend woven about it, early fell from grace, and committed the unpardonable sin of siding with the Persians at Plataea. Sparta had in the Peloponnesian War condoned all that and taken Thebes into its fellowship. But when Thebes waxed strong again the Spartans could

“ . . . be never at heart's ease

Whiles they beheld a greater than themselves.”

So when Thebes in 395 B. C. had defeated Sparta single handed at Haliartos, it could no longer be an ally but a foe. The aged lion, Agesilaos, in the following year restored Sparta's prestige by breaking the allied army of Thebes, Athens and Argos at Coroneia. Then came the shameful peace negotiated by the Spartan envoy, Antalkidos, in which it was stipulated that all Asia and two islands should belong to the Great King. This gave the Ionic cities up to bondage.

A disturbing factor was now introduced at a council assembled at Sparta, in which Thebes demanded that she should take the oath to the peace for all

the Boeotian cities, as their overlord. Agesilaos was secretly pleased at this, because he wanted to see Thebes overstep the rights of the smaller Boeotian cities and give him the chance to attack and subdue the detested city. He was really disappointed when Thebes saw its danger and backed down.

Four years later, 383 B. C., a Spartan army on one of its detestable henchman's errands seized by treachery the Kadmeia, the citadel of Thebes. Sparta was very good at keeping what it got by fair means or by foul. It fined heavily the thief but kept the goods for four years, 379 B. C. At last Thebes was delivered from this galling situation by Pelopidas, an able general and tactician. Then in the kaleidoscopic changes Thebes and Athens became friends.

Now also appears the grand figure of Epaminondas, who grew more and more commanding until his death at Mantinea. It was he who with the help of Pelopidas brought his perfected fighting machine against Sparta and crushed it, as well as the heart of the old King Agesilaos; that was at the quick decisive battle of Leuktra, when, for the nonce, the majority of the friends of fair play threw up their caps for Epaminondas and his sacred band.

We are standing now near the northern end of the Kadmeia, the Acropolis of Thebes, which runs from south to north sloping downward to a great square tower built by some mediaeval duke, but containing pieces of ancient blocks. At the upper end the road from Athens enters the town. We look southeast diagonally across the stretched-out town. It has nothing great except memories, which make it great. The line of Kadmos left horrors enough to fill the mind with sad imaginings.



The ancient city was not confined to this elongated rock, but stretched out far and wide. Neither the wall nor the seven gates can be exactly located. We do know that the Elektran gate was at the south end of the ridge where the road from Athens now comes into the town; the Protidian gate led out to the east where the modern road to Chalkis now leaves the town, beyond and below the church with a square belfry tower. The Krenaeon gate was quite near the spot where we stand. The gate was named from the Greek word for "spring," and a copious spring now marks the spot.

Before we move on we may notice the group of young Thebans before us, probably just out of school, being entertained by a foreigner, as seen by the cigar which he is smoking. No Greek, especially in the country, is ever caught smoking a cigar. The boys gathered around him are evidently much interested, probably because he is trying to talk a language that they do not understand—*his* kind of Greek.

The soil between us and the Kadmeia is very fertile. There is a good crop of grain which two men are reaping with sickles, the universal method in Greece except in some parts of Thessaly. The tree before us is a quince tree. Beyond the reapers is an olive; most of the other trees which look quite dark are either orange or lemon trees. Between us and the Kadmeia is a stream called Dirke, which flows down along the west flank of the Kadmeia, producing a most exuberant growth farther up to the right. Along the east flank flows another stream called Ismenios, which has a continuous flow, while Dirke runs dry in the summer.

After all it is not the streams and the gates of ancient Thebes that so much interest us as the tragedies which befell Oedipus and his stiff-necked sons, and,

more than all, Antigone, faithful unto death. We must not fail to add that by the spring Paraporti, which powerfully reinforces Dirke, the dragon's teeth were sown, and sprung up like warriors; and that the son of King Kreon threw himself down from the rock overhanging Paraporti, "a self-devoted chief" to save the land of Kadmos, according to an oracle.

We shall next take a position to the south beyond the upper end of the long ridge, from which we shall look down upon the Elektran gate and its surroundings. See the local map and the map of Greece.

***Position 80. The home of legends without number—Thebes***

We have now taken our stand southwest of the Kadmeia on a slight elevation west of the road to Athens, and look diagonally northeast across the stretched-out city, exactly in the direction of Chalkis some twenty miles distant. We see the whole west side of the Kadmeia. The distant prospect is of exceeding beauty. Above the Kadmeia, just where two tall cypress trees are conspicuous, is Mt. Messapion. Further to the left is Mt. Ptoon. A little of the Euboean Gulf shimmers in the interval between these two low mountains, while the dark line of northern Euboea makes an impressive background. The plain across which we look is very fertile.

We must now look at what is immediately before us. As we look down across the cut made by the stream Dirke, we miss the view of the Paraporti spring where Menoikeus sacrificed himself to save Thebes, since it is hidden in the cut. At the end of the line

of the city we see the suburb Pyri which here appears as a part of a continuous city. Conspicuous is a large dome of a church.

Right before us we have some interesting gentlemen of Thebes taking a walk in the sun. The one nearest to us looks somewhat as the sympathetic elders in the chorus of *Antigone* may have looked. He holds in his hands what might be taken for a rosary, but it is simply a contrivance for keeping one's hands busy. It is called a komboloion (bead counter); and so catching is the komboloion habit that even strangers take it up. If a stranger should ask this fine gentleman to sell him this string, he would say "take it." It would be cruel to accept it because it would take a long time to make a new string bright and shiny. The immaculate white skirt which the man wears would, if unwound, be seen to be some twenty-five feet long. The other two men, equally old, are dressed like him in the Albanian costume. Boeotia has a large admixture of Albanian blood.

The Kadmeia in its present state is not glorious. But no one knows how much of ancient Thebes is hidden twenty feet below the surface on which these houses rest. It did look for a while as if the earthquake of 1894 might wipe out the whole town and give the excavator a chance; but after some repairs the city of some thirty-five hundred inhabitants took on its usual aspect of serenity and dirt. A slight token of what the earthquake did is seen in the ruined building at the hither end of the town. We see the road to Athens passing this ruin in the direction of the Elektran gate, through which it passes, and proceeds on its way over the usual pass of Kithaeron. This is the direction which Oedipus took, as with

blinded eyes he went out into the wilderness of Kithaeron. Behind us is Leuktra.

To the modern traveler Thebes is a dirty unattractive town, to be shunned. It is, it must be confessed, a place for suffering nights. For some three years an energetic man did fit up a clean hotel called Kadmos; but on his death the hotel fell like Lucifer and became no better than the "Parnassus" where one used to fight all night with small but numerous enemies. Yet somehow Thebes is invested with a peculiar charm. When you once get acquainted with the men of Thebes you instinctively like them.

What delight I had one bright winter day too good to spend in serious work. Leaving Eleusis at about eight o'clock on my bicycle, I reached Thebes shortly after twelve o'clock by a "forced march" which I enjoyed all the more for its being forced. As I passed through the long business street I had to dismount and shake hands on every side. I could have had twenty gallons of wine to drink on the spot. What matters it whether you have a clean bed, if you are known and kindly treated by Theban elders? But my stop was of the briefest. I kept on to Livadhia. The next day I reached Lamia near Thermopyle. The third day I went up to the Furka Pass and paid my respects to snowy Olympus; and then returned past Lamia over the Amblema Pass to Amphissa, having made almost the circuit of Parnassus, and a good deal more.

On another occasion, four of us approaching Thebes by an easterly road around the end of Parnes, past Tatoi, the king's summer residence, we took a long noon rest at Kakosalesi under splendid oaks. Hardly had we got started when we struck mud, without

which we should have had dinner in Thebes at six o'clock. The terrible result, however, was that we alternately rode and walked in darkness and mud until eleven o'clock at night, arriving utterly spent. The lights of Thebes seemed for over an hour to remain at the same distance from us. But Thebes never seemed dearer than when we sat down to the table with the jolly host Nikola bustlingly attending to our wants.

Before leaving Thebes for good we must look not unkindly on its politics, no more hateful than those of Sparta nor perhaps than those of polite Athens. The commanding figure of Epaminondas, who would not tell a lie even in jest; the grand hymns of Pindar devoted to athletes who covered themselves with Olympic dust and glory, obscure somewhat the crimes of aiding the Persians at Plataea and of helping Sparta in the Peloponnesian War to utterly destroy Plataea as well as to crush our favorite Athens.

Above the woes of Oedipus and his fratricidal sons stands out in clear relief the lovely figure of Antigone, faithful unto death to her slain brother, a sweet presence among hatred and murders. It is the thought of *her* that controls and overpowers us as we move on from Thebes.

Our next position will be still in Boeotia but some fifteen miles northwest from Thebes, in the region long known as Lake Kopais, recently drained with immense labor by an English company, which after arduous labor had some danger and difficulty in maintaining its rights against squatters. But the labor has been richly rewarded. See 81 on the general map.

***Position 81. Walls twenty feet thick that protected a long-forgotten city from her foes (east) Goulas***

We have now arrived at the northeast corner of what was once the great Lake Kopais, which, formed by the stoppage of the natural outlet, the Boeotian Kephisos, covered fully one-fifth of the arable soil of Boeotia. It was a fine thing to have eels from Lake Kopais, but it was terribly expensive!

We now stand looking east on the walls of an enormous Cyclopean fortress-palace, resembling in structure those of Mykenae and Tiryns. But this enclosure over which we are looking is much larger than both of the others put together. It is clear that this fortress had great significance although its very name is unknown. Before the casual Lake Kopais was drained—since 1890-95—this Gla or Goulas (“the tower,” in Albanian), was used as a place of refuge in Turkish times by persecuted Greeks.

In ancient times all the flow of the Boeotian Kephisos, instead of filling the plain, found an outlet or several outlets through and under Mount Ptoon into the sea. I was greatly surprised when swimming in the bay of Skroponeri, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, to find that I was swimming in fresh water. The present state of the flow of water is just what it was when Gla was occupied. There stood a fortress-palace, as it stands today, except that it was long ago demolished. The condition of an island, which it had through the middle ages down to our time, was due to neglect to keep the Katavothrae (outlets) clear.

It is not at all strange to find here a Mykenaeen fortress and palace when we have such clear traces of Mykenaeen civilization at Orchomenos, some fifteen miles west of us. This fortress-palace may have

been simply an outpost of Orchomenos. It was of vital importance that the Katavothrae, the stoppage of which laid the plain under water, should be protected and the flow regulated. An annual or periodical flooding may have been designedly kept up. The fortress may have also served another purpose, viz., guarding for Orchomenos the approach to the Euboean Gulf. That ancient Minyan city was a member of a league which held its sessions at the temple on the island of Kalauria, where Demosthenes committed suicide. Every member of the league except Orchomenos was on the sea. Is it not likely that Orchomenos in very ancient Mykenaeen times, made this outpost not merely to protect the Katavothrae but also to keep open its route to the Euboean Gulf? The route from the plain over the *col* to Larymna is only some four miles. Nothing is more probable than that in Mykenaeen times this route was protected by Gla, a strong fortress from which an enemy might be put in jeopardy. How else could Orchomenos belong to a maritime league, of which Aegina, Nauplia, Piraeus and Hermione were members?

We may now survey what is close at hand. We stand on a part of the south wall near the entrance between two towers made of massive blocks. There is here no mouse-trap arrangement like that at Tiryns. The gate once forced, the enemy might rush in, but the approach is steep and hard to scale.

We see a great extension of the wall to the east to take in the whole of the natural rock. We notice there also the rock but with a lower height and gentler slope. On the long north side, which we cannot see, for a considerable extent the cliff on which the walls stand is much higher and absolutely perpendicular, so as to

make scaling impossible. It was on that side, too far to the left to be visible to us, that the palace of marble was built on the highest point of the rock, in two wings joined in a right angle, one running east and the other southeast. Apart from the palace there are very scanty remains of long lines of walls, belonging perhaps to buildings for servants of the palace or soldiers ready to attack or defend, in a hollow which separates the eastern part of the hill from the western.

The fortress wall has a peculiarity seen in the walls of Troy. At pretty irregular intervals the line is broken so that the defenders may rake assailants in both direction. The line is also *stepped* as at Troy. That is to say, when the wall has continued for a little distance there comes a strip that projects a foot or so. This also enables the defenders to flank an enemy who seeks the shelter of the wall by sticking close to its side.

Many towns mentioned in the catalogue of the ships in the Kopais basin were lost in the long submergence. It has been proposed and perhaps correctly to identify Gla with Arne. But it is very doubtful whether Gla was ever anything more than a fortress, while Arne was a town.

It costs some pains to reach or leave Gla. The plain below us, after having been drained, is in many places converted into a sort of a peat bog. All summer there is fire in places several feet under the surface. Farmers sometimes, while waiting for fall rains, see this fertile soil going up in fire and smoke. Once in traveling this region we had a carriage along with us for ladies. The horses, and we ourselves, got down into the burning peat. It was with considerable danger that we



pulled through, and reached Gla with only the loss of a few pairs of shoes.

The horizon to the east is worth notice. Just above the northeast corner of the enclosure we see above a lower range Mount Ptoon to the left and Messapion to the right. How startlingly near is everything here!

For our next position we shall move to Orchomenos itself, somewhat over twenty miles due west on the western edge of the Kopais plain. The general map marks the spot.

***Position 82. Outlook east from the castle heights over Boeotian Orchomenos, rich and mighty in Homeric times***

We have now moved some twenty miles due west from Gla, and taken a position near the apex of two enclosing walls (which the Germans aptly call legs). These rise from the plain and converge as the area narrows until at the very apex stands a fort. Near that fort we stand and look down over the diverging walls. In the rear of the fort is a long ridge called Akontion (javelin) because when seen from a distance its southwest side looks like a gigantic spear with a pronounced head, thrown southeast and left lying there. From afar, even from the Dryos-Kephalai pass between Eleusis and Thebes, one sees the gigantic spear, the head being separated from the shaft by a notch.

We have now climbed the precipitous and almost perpendicular face of the rock by some seventy steps cut in its face. It is a dizzy climb and not safe for everybody. At the top we find the fort, probably of the fourth century B. C., replacing perhaps an older structure. The long walls which we see below us

are of different make and of the style called polygonal. These walls diverge from the foot of the high rock where they are not more than one hundred feet apart and follow the edges of the ever widening slope as it proceeds downwards. The upper part is so rough and rocky that it was evidently not used for buildings. Near the bottom, however, excavations have revealed large foundations. The whole enclosure was probably an acropolis while the city spread out into the plain, with or without walls.

The acropolis, as we may call it, is rather a fort about one hundred feet broad from north to south and sixty feet deep east to west. The size and shape of the fort were prescribed by the terrain. We see that it could not have been extended to the south side where we stand, nor on the east side, which is equally abrupt. The rear end of the fort we cannot see, but it was circumscribed by a depression, which might almost be called a gorge, between it and the main part of Javelin mountain.

The fort is a very impressive piece of wall building. We may call it magnificent, even if it is as late as the fourth century B. C. If you could climb that high tower and stand on its top shortly before the sun goes down behind Parnassus, you would be held spellbound to the spot until the gathering darkness reminded you that you must seek shelter.

There is much to see. We look east over a fertile but practically treeless plain, where in 1890 was the waste of waters called Lake Kopais, never beautiful because it was always hesitating whether it should be land or water. On the sky line rise Mount Ptoon on the left and Mount Messapion on the right, both tinged with mellow light. It would be easy to forget

the where and when, as I have done at this very spot. But it was borne in upon me that I had already secured lodgings at a large monastery on a site of a temple to the Graces, now called "The falling asleep of the Mother of God," and secularized and occupied by a corporal's guard. We ate what we had brought and slept on the floor with the jolly soldiers, turning over several times in the night, but much preferring those quarters to the high-sounding hotels of Thebes.

The waters of the spring Akidalia gushing out from the left flank of the ridge just beyond a depression, are as fine as water can be. It takes rank with Dirke at Thebes, Peirene at Corinth, and Arethusa at Chalkis.

I once approached Orchomenos from Chaeroneia, a quarter of an hour before sunset and looked up at the long south wall lighted up by the sun. In that position one can see the close joints of the polygonal blocks. That wall rising up against the blue sky is one of the finest of views. From that point of view also it is easy to count the towers and recognize the gates.

We shall now go down to the foot of the hill, and look up along the left side of it for a little distance.

***Position 83. "Treasury of Minyas," the tomb of prehistoric Boeotian kings, (west-southwest) Orchomenos***

We now in some measure, but not exactly, invert the preceding view. We stand at the foot of the long slope from which we have looked down. The walls are here wanting, having been carried away for building material. We hardly know whether the wonderful bee-hive tomb, described by Pausanias and excavated by Schliemann, was within or without the

walls. We are now looking at it almost west towards Parnassus.

There was no doubt in Schliemann's mind when he came to Orchomenos in 1880, four years after his excavations at Mykenae, that he should identify the tomb of Minyas, of which Pausanias had said:—"This wonderful work, which is second to no other monument either within or without Greece, is built in the following manner":— and he then went on to describe a building precisely like the bee-hive tombs of Mykenae, except that it was built of marble; and that, in Pausanias' time, counted for much. Those were the days when Herodes Atticus dazzled all Greece with his marble structures.

The dimensions of this tomb are not, as is frequently stated—and also by Pausanias himself—identical with those of the "Treasury of Atreus," but smaller. The bottom diameter, for example, is forty-five feet instead of fifty feet. The tomb when in its pristine glory did not however depend on size. We now look across it and see to the left a little of the entrance with light streaming in. Above the door was a block of great mass, but by no means so large as the corresponding lintel at Mykenae. But it held down all the blocks adjacent to it, and preserved the door. This was the first check to the plunderers, among whom was a certain demarch (prefect), who carried away all or nearly all the blocks of the dromos; the lintel was too much for him or his neighbors. The nearness of a large village is fatal to the preservation of ancient monuments. That the interior decorations somewhat resembled those of Mykenae is shown by certain holes on its blocks of marble.

We see right before us the grave chamber from the

outside. This which once contained the body of a king was of course long ago plundered. The top was made of splendidly carved slabs of greenish slate over a foot thick. One of these slabs, covered with unique patterns in which spirals were prominent, and bordered with a line of rosettes, is fortunately preserved. A statue base and some other marble blocks near the middle of the floor have no business here, but were placed here probably a thousand years or more after the king had been laid to rest.

The structure before us has been called the "Tomb of Minyas," and the people over whom he ruled have been called Minyae. This branch of an ancient stock, called by various names, is traced nearly all over Greece by their bee-hive tombs. Professor Furtwängler made in 1894 excavations near this tomb, which made it probable from pottery and wall decorations that here was one of the very oldest settlements of this stock. Similar tombs appear in Laconia, Argolis, Attica and Thessaly. Thus it seems clear that a race called Minyae, Danaoi, or by other names, occupied Greece before the Dorians pressed in from the north. In Thessaly they took early to the sea, making voyages to the Euxine in search of the Golden Fleece with Jason and his good ship Argo; and they doubtless found what they sought.

The two plains of Orchomenos and Thebes had a sufficient line of demarcation; but Thebes, after Leuktra, aspired to the same position in Boeotia which Sparta had so long held in the southern Peloponnesus. In 363 B. C. while Epaminondas was absent in Thessaly, the Thebans, taking advantage of the act of some Theban exiles, plotting with Orchomenos to restore them to Thebes, took a vengeance on Orchomenos

which shocked Greece, long accustomed to butcheries. Thebes fed fat on its ancient grudge. Of course such a site was soon reoccupied; but the spirit had fled.

In the distance, almost due west, we look at the mighty mass of Parnassus, snow-capped, and dominating not only Boeotia but all central Greece. From that summit, 8,070 feet high, one looks down into the sea on every side except the west.

We shall now move on from Orchomenos slightly south of west, some eight miles, over a fine rich plain, until we find ourselves at Chaeronea. See number 84 on the general map of Greece.

***Position 84.1 The Lion of Chaeronea guarding grave of patriots of 338 B.C., Mount Parnassus at west-northwest***

We have now shifted our position to a point some eight or ten miles south of west from Orchomenos on the Boeotian Kephisos, above the low ground of the Kopais region. We already see how much nearer than in our last position is Parnassus. It is grand, even when seen from the southern confines of Boeotia thirty miles away; but we have drawn nearer to it in oblique lines until we stand almost under its shadow here in northwestern Boeotia. If we go a little farther toward Parnassus we must pass the border and trespass on Phokis, which once proudly claimed both Parnassus and Delphi as its own.

But what is this monument before us? Four years ago one traveled past this spot and saw only massive pieces of marble, evidently parts of a lion. The head lay with its muzzle upwards; other fragments lay scattered about. There never was any doubt among

intelligent Greeks that these were remains of a lion set up over the Thebans who fell in the battle on or near this spot, when the Thebans and Athenians made a last heroic struggle for the liberty of Greece in 338 B. C. All who honor a lost cause will bring their offerings to this sacred spot. The heroes who fought here did not propose to submit until they had done their utmost to save Greece from Macedonian Philip. It is all very well to say after the event that the Greeks might have known that the Macedonian army was too strong for them. It is unfair to call Demosthenes deluded for breathing ardor for battle, not only into the Athenians but into the Thebans also. The battle was fiercely contested, especially by the Thebans, who formed the right wing thrown out into the plain, resting on the Kephisos and facing west, while the Athenians at the other end of the line rested on the hills one of which appears just behind the lion. The Macedonian left confronted the Thebans, evidently selected to meet the best troops of the Macedonians commanded by the veteran Antipater with the youthful Alexander by his side. A tree beside the Kephisos was long pointed out as marking the spot where Alexander pitched his tent. The Athenians were apparently considered by Philip of slight account, as they were allowed to push their left wing rapidly forward, so much that some cried "let us drive them back into Macedonia." When after a stubborn fight the Thebans were beaten, the Athenians were isolated and rolled up with a loss of over one thousand slain. Demosthenes, the soul of the enterprise, fought in the ranks and escaped death.

The Thebans suffered much less; but even their losses were great. In the inclosure where the lion now

stands two hundred and fifty-four skeletons were found, and several of these with armor and implements were lately carried to the Athenian Museum, where they are still on exhibition. The victory of the Macedonians was decisive; and Philip is said to have danced on the field for joy and mockingly cried:—

“*Δημοσθένης Δημοσθένους Παιανισός*,” thus showing that he regarded Demosthenes as his most dangerous enemy. The collapse however might have been foreseen. Demosthenes reckoned with an ideal Greece.

This lion of Chaeronea, which stands about twenty-four feet high, now restored with some patches, is one of the most impressive monuments of Greece. It is a funeral monument not only to the Theban dead but to dead Greece. Greece remained a power by its art and literature but the Macedonian and then the Roman were the rulers. A great world took the place of petty cities with their petty quarrels, and the individual became less and less.

The monument hides the small theater of the small town of Chaeronea, which is cut out of the bottom of the Acropolis. There, no doubt, Plutarch used to sit. When the drift was away from the provincial towns to Athens he declared that he would not make this small town smaller by withdrawing from it. A marble chair is today shown, called (with no authority) Plutarch's chair.

The fields around here are full of cotton. Being once caught in the pelting rain between Elateia and Chaeronea we were lodged after a good supper in the Museum at Chaeronea. As the guide conducted us to a bare room we noticed another room piled high with cotton. When the guard said good-night we brought into our room enough cotton to allow no sus-



picion of a board floor under us, and we slept as tired walkers deserved.

Chaeronea seems a place to which all roads converge, and the converse is true. You can go almost anywhere in every direction from this point. But our goal now lies over the "split road," where Oedipus was ruined by his overbearing temper, to glorious Delphi. The general map shows Delphi's location in the mountains above the bay of Amphissa, a northern arm of the Corinthian gulf. A local map of Delphi is also provided, showing the most celebrated landmarks in detail.

The easiest approach to Delphi is of course by sea. Nine-tenths of the visitors arrive that way through the harbor of Itea, "the willows." There are, however, no willows to be seen there. The walk from Itea to Delphi can be made by a good pedestrian in two hours or a little more. There is also a good carriage road. Whether one approaches by the carriage road or by cut-offs there is at every turn an unfolding of new beauties. Our eighty-fifth standpoint is to be taken at a point not quite within the range of the local map, but somewhat farther to the southwest. See the general map of Greece.

***Position 85. The Sacred Plain and distant Delphi, seat of Apollo's oracle,—northeast to Parnassus***

We are a mile or two inland from Itea, on a high spur which juts out eastward into the plain. Below us is the finest olive grove in Greece, covering a plain that was called in antiquity the Sacred Plain, and, being famous for its fertility, was the cause of strife. This olive grove is the only one in Greece that to my knowl-

edge exports olives. I once saw as I passed, many boxes of olives marked for America. We see far below us two roads just now diverging. Close to the cliff on which we stand is the carriage road which a little farther to the left will divide, the left branch going to Amphissa and the right to Delphi. The other road farther out in the plain is a bridle path more patronized than the carriage road. It goes straight to Chryso, the village which we see on the lower slope to the left.

The height on which we stand with a sturdy son of the soil has an especial interest for me from the fact that I once passed a night on it. At the close of our excavations at Corinth in June, 1898, we proposed to climb the highest mountain in Greece, Kiona of the Korax range. A steamer slipped through the canal and passed Corinth without stopping, although the office had assured us that the boat would arrive at midnight. All that we saw was a steamer passing far off. Not to be baffled of our purpose, we took the noon train to Aegion considerably west of Itea, hoping to skip over to it in two hours under a strong west wind. In two hours we were nearly off the entrance to the bay of Krissa. Then the wind fell and there followed five hours of rowing, every one taking a hand. The result was that when we reached Itea it was nearly midnight. We knew the hotels of Itea rather too well; so we walked along to this high bluff, spread out our blankets and slept on them under the canopy of heaven—nothing over us but that. How brilliant were the stars! We climbed that mountain according to the plan.

But now we are on the road to Delphi. How attractive the village of Chryso looks from a distance,

enbowered in fruit trees—fig, orange, lemon and pomegranate; but once in it you would see little that is charming. This is the modern representative of ancient Krissa, which extended to the right as far as to that magnificent bluff which now overlooks the defile. Through that defile the river Pleistos, after flowing past Delphi, debouches into this plain. It was Krissa that once presumed to control Delphi and this Sacred Plain below. But it miscalculated the strength of the priesthood. Krissa fell never to rise again. In their religious fury the friends of Delphi, Solon among them, destroyed also the harbor, Kirrha, which of course had to be immediately rebuilt because about one half of the devotees of Delphi had to approach it by sea. For more than a century Delphi was absolutely unhampered by outsiders.

By a long zigzag path we might rise to that other village, now called Delphi, on a dizzy height, below which flows the Pleistos proud of the tremendous gorge which it has made in millenniums. This Delphi has no history and no traditions. When the French School at Athens wanted to excavate old Delphi, they, by the help of the Greek Government, got possession of the ground and the villagers then living there were turned out. They made, it is true, a good bargain, for they were put into much better houses, new and clean, with some surplus money into the bargain. Alas! how short a time elapsed when all the newness and cleanliness had passed away and the single virtue of New Delphi went by the board.

Ah! what a sight unfolds itself when one takes a few paces beyond that modern village and rounds a corner. Then one sees Delphi itself, cleared of all its encumbrances, a still glorious Delphi. Are the

shadows falling upon it from a passing cloud; or is it perchance the witching hour of sunset, when Delphi is gradually wrapping itself in night—that is the grandest of sights, filling the beholder even in the twentieth century with an awe that is akin to religion. No, there is perhaps another phase that is still more overpowering, a thunder storm at night when one sees the vivid flash and then hears the reverberation of thunder in that gigantic natural theater which constitutes Delphi.

Just above New Delphi we see from here a cut in a long line of cliff. Through this cut comes down the brook Castalia, which is reinforced by a spring as it passes on to the Pleistos. The cliffs to the right and left of the cut are called the Phaedriads or the “shining rocks,” which are generally lighted all day long by the sun. Above the Phaedriads rises a conical mountain, and to the right is another. All this is but an introduction to Parnassus which here partly veils its own glory in a cloud.

On the right-hand side of the gorge rises Mount Kirphis like a gigantic stage for the no less gigantic cavea of the opposite side, kept from sliding down into the Pleistos by some fifty or more terraces on which olives and grain thrive, from the top to the bottom of the long slope.

Our next position, high up on the eastern Phaedriad, will look directly back over the ground that we have traveled, supplementing what we have already seen, and giving in addition that which is now hidden. See the red lines diverging from 86 on the local map and on the map of Greece.

***Position 86. Looking from mountain heights over Delphi and west across the Sacred Plain to the distant sea***

We have now taken a position on the spur of the eastern cliff, Hyampeia, from which we look down on recently excavated Delphi. The Castalian gorge and the spring are perhaps seen by the adventurous Greek standing on the edge of the precipice. We are content to stand back and look across to Rodini, the cliff beyond the gorge.

The grandest view in Greece is before us. Somewhat to the left and far below us are the windings of the road from Itea to Arachova, reminding one of the Python once slain here by Apollo. Below this road is a steep descent; but we see the soil kept in place by numerous terraces. An olive grove has taken root. Where the road turns around a projecting rock and disappears to enter New Delphi, we see a sheer precipice of one thousand feet or more. What luck the French excavators had! They simply ran their track by zigzags to that point and shot the earth over the bank; and the Pleistos did the rest. When we were moving enormous quantities of earth at Corinth and haggling with petty landowners for dumping ground, how I envied the French. But we were greatly indebted to Mr. Homolle, the Director of the French School, for lending to us track and cars which we transported across the Corinthian Gulf.

We see the Pleistos almost continuing the serpentine road with its foaming, dashing current far below. It also disappears from view among the olive trees, as it passes the bluff on which stood lordly Krissa which tried to control Delphi, and it finally reaches the sea, nearly spent, some three miles east of

Itea. Chryso is dimly seen beyond and below modern Delphi, to the right of the bluff which its proud ancestor occupied. In line with the bluff beyond the olives we see the rocky hill with dark cliffs on which we spent a night in June. We have thus reversed the former view. Farther along and to the left we see a short stretch of white road which leads to Itea.

We see rugged masses of rocks rising to the right. There are the mountains of Ozolian Lokris which culminate in Kiona. Dimly seen across the Corinthian Gulf are the mountains of the Peloponnesus near Patras, the highest point being Cow Mountain 6,330 feet high.

The most important part of our view, to which we now return, is almost perpendicularly below us. The grand temple of Apollo is the principal object in a large quadrangle, the lower boundary of which, a wall called the Helleniko, running parallel with the road, does not appear conspicuously. The other sides, however, are quite conspicuous. We see the two walls running up the slope and a solid wall above the temple. Of this once famous temple how little is left! To think that the proud temple of Apollo should come to this! There is no sign of any fissure from which the divine frenzy is supposed to have possessed the Pythia.

A white zigzag road called the Sacred Way entered from the east, passed along between monuments and treasures like those in Olympia, built by the various cities of Greece, and finally reached the front of the temple. Side by side with a trophy of a Spartan victory stands a similar one of Athens, Thebes or Argos. Just before the first turn stand the Treasuries of Sikyon and of Knidos which have left important

sculptural remains in the Museum. Just where the road makes a return to the east was the Treasury of the Athenians, now restored by the city of Athens. This splendid treasury was probably built as a trophy for the victory at Marathon.

Of course buildings laid out on a side-hill required elaborate terraces; accordingly the great temple of Apollo had a terrace wall below it. On the face of this so-called Polygonal wall were cut inscriptions relating to freeing of slaves. Usually certain duties were exacted before the freedom was entire; but it has been seen that slavery was much mitigated and almost abolished at Delphi, which became a place of refuge. Backed up against this wall are the stylobate and a few slender columns of an Ionic porch. On the top step is cut:—"The Athenians dedicated the porch, the arms and the figure-heads which they took from the enemy." This porch was undoubtedly erected before the Peloponnesian War, and may have referred to the crushing of Aegina in 457 B. C. How these Greeks loved to make permanent memorials of crushing sister states!

Above the temple, between it and the theater, was found in a large space just below the theater, the famous bronze charioteer. The theater was high enough up the slope to look over the temple. Above it is a rough precipice, and it is only by an arduous climb that one can mount up to the impressive stadion of marble lately restored by the French. It is still to be feared that the Phaedriads will continue their dreadful habit of sending down boulders in spite of all attempts to make this stadion Phaedriad-proof. Boulders fell opportunely when Xerxes came to Delphi, if we may believe the tale.

Just where the road which runs straight away from us passes the ruins, we see at a bend in the road the Museum, built some eight years ago, but recently enlarged by the addition of two wings by the generosity of Mrs. Syngros, widow of the wealthy Mr. Syngros, who gave the Museum at Olympia. We shall visit the Museum later (Positions 88-89).

Our next point of vantage will be, as the map indicates, on the mountain-side just above the old theater, a point from which we shall get a good view of the temple of Apollo.

***Position 87. Apollo's Temple (6th century B.C.)  
built over chasm of the Oracle—east from above  
the theater, Delphi***

The theater which is separated laterally from the temple by only one hundred feet, is, we see, considerably elevated above it. It is the irony of fate that the temple should have left such scanty traces of itself while the theater stands comparatively whole except the stage. Of course the preservation of the cavea was due to the earth being washed down upon it and early covering it. It is, relatively to the large theaters at Athens and Epidauros, a small affair with only seven wedges below the diazoma, and above it so limited as to seat only a few hundred people. But it affords, and must have afforded in antiquity, a fine view. The temple could not have cut off this magnificent view. We look south of east into a mass of mountains where Kirphis joins on to Parnassus. Their summits however are sufficiently wide apart. It is the view from the theater rather than the theater itself that interests us.

We first look straight across the compartment be-



hind the left horn of the seats, in which the bronze charioteer was found. In line with the west end of the temple we see the Treasury of the Athenians, approaching completion. The metopes and triglyphs are already in position. So many of the old metopes (thirty) were preserved that it was thought best to replace them on the new building.

What a gloomy appearance the deep gorge beyond the Treasury takes on. We see the Pleistos in its upper course coming down towards us. We also see beyond the gorge of Castalia a carriage-road which has long been used as far as Arachova, and is perhaps at this moment completed as far as the great highway which passes through Chaeronea, on to Thermopylae. But we shall miss the old bye-ways.

We notice just across the Castalian gorge many ruins which were brought to light in connection with the demolition of an old monastery in the last year of the French excavations. In the sacred precinct Apollo alone dominated. But beyond the gorge of Castalia other divinities found a lodgment. It was expected that a temple of Athena Pronaia spoken of by Aeschines would here be found; but to the surprise of all—the excavators included—there were found seven temples, if a round building can so be classified. They are all of dark limestone somewhat like the Portland stone with which the fronts of New York houses used to be adorned.

It was over this road to the left that the curse-laden Oedipus went out and met the doom pronounced on him more suddenly than he had anticipated.

In April, 1903, the French Government made the occasion of the dedication of the new Museum a splendid affair. A member of the French Cabinet, noted

foreigners and archaeologists of all nations were invited to be present. The government paid for everything, chartering steamers from Athens to Itea, providing carriages or horses for the ascent to Delphi and sending everybody back free of expense to Athens. Addresses were given in all sorts of languages. France stood in a blaze of glory, and nobody envied her. We all felt like Frenchmen that day. A collation such as perhaps only the French know how to give was given in this very theater. After over an hour of heat which even iced champagne could not check, the sun sank behind the western horn of great Delphi; and in less than five minutes the thermometer dropped from hot to cold, and everybody looked for his overcoat. Such extremes of heat and cold must always have been felt by the visitors and residents.

We may here note one great difference between Delphi and Olympia. At Olympia athletes strove with one another in an open sunny field. But the visitors at Delphi for the most part, perhaps, wrestled with their fears and strove to get a good response from the oracle. There were of course games at Delphi also; but the dread oracle—*that* was uppermost in the minds of visitors.

Our next visit will be to the Museum which we saw in the distance from Position 86.

***Position 88. Bronze Charioteer, votive offering of a Greek prince 2400 years ago, Museum at Delphi***

The choicest treasure in this Museum is this now famous bronze charioteer, found in an inverted position in the large walled space already pointed out (from Position 87), above the temple foundation and

below the theater. Owing to its having long rested in that pit-like compartment it is almost perfectly preserved.

The French had great hopes of finding many masterpieces at Delphi, since as late as the time of Nero, when all the great and famous spots of Greece had for nearly two centuries been systematically plundered, Delphi was once declared by Pliny to still contain seventy-five thousand bronze statues. Well might the excavators hope for one or two of the best, to reward their labors. But, alas! the plundering continued through many centuries after Nero; and the great collections of bronzes were swept out of existence. Men of war took the choicest masterpieces in bronze to make spears and swords. The dull tiller of the soil used them to make pruning hooks and sickles. But as Olympia yielded a masterpiece in marble (Position 71) Delphi gave us a masterpiece in bronze.

There is a tremendous difference between the Charioteer now before us and the Hermes of Praxiteles, mainly because the former belonged to a period more than a century older than the latter. Compared with the Hermes, the Charioteer seems archaic and stiff. We should know by a glance that it comes immediately after the Persian War when Greek sculptors were throwing off their shackles but had not thus far attained to perfect freedom—far from it. But there is a rare excellence felt in those sincere attempts to do the best that had yet been attained in art, and if possible somewhat better. The excavator, Mr. Homolle, knew at once that the statue belonged to about 479 B. C. Below the waist it is enclosed in a sheath much resembling a column with deep perpendicular flutings. The folds above the girdle, though in some

manner resembling the wrinkles of a garment, are still schematic. Note for example, the little triangle at the neck. The folds on the arms show the same schematic arrangement.

It is however the face more than anything else which partakes of the art of about 479 B. C. The heavy, elongated chin is a peculiarity that prevailed just about the time of the Persian War, being especially recognized in the statue of Harmodios, a copy of which is seen in the Naples Museum. The face of the Charioteer though cold and expressionless is somewhat enlivened by eyes of enamel. The hair is held in place by a diadem, which has a maeander pattern in silver. The hair above the diadem is arranged in flat locks, while below it has coils of raised locks. In his hands appear bronze reins. He is not, however, represented as in the heat of a contest with his light garment fluttering in the wind as is the case with the charioteers on the mausoleum frieze from Halicarnassos. He is rather as it were, "posing for his photograph" after the victory. All that remains of the quadriga are parts of three legs of bronze and a few insignificant remains of the bronze chariot.

The statue is here placed on a round base which can be turned so as to show the figure from every side. But a part of the base on which the chariot and the driver once stood is still to be seen in the museum with an inscription which clearly has been erased and recut. It is probable that Gelon, the great victor at the battle of Himera (sometimes put on the same day as that at Salamis), died before dedicating the quadriga, and that his brother Polyzalos, a few letters of whose name are still seen on the base, dedicated it in his own name which was cut on the base

but later erased. That the Syracusan brothers, Gelon, Hiero, and Polyzalos, were devoted to Delphi is known but all else is doubtful. That this Charioteer represents Polyzalos himself, as has been claimed, is not probable. On the whole we may claim the Charioteer as belonging to the Attic school of sculptors, of which Kritios and Nesiotes, who made the new Harmodios and Aristogeiton group, were prominent at the time just after the Persian War.

When several years ago it was suggested that the Charioteer be removed to Athens for safer keeping, the inhabitants of Delphi threatened an insurrection. They clearly understand that it is a "drawing card."

The contents of this museum are no whit less important than those in the museum at Olympia, where the Hermes and the Apollo of the west gable are the chief attractions. There is here a wealth of archaic art which in some respects surpasses what Olympia has to show.

***Position 89. The Sacred Omphalos from Apollo's temple, that marked the world's center,—Museum at Delphi***

Directly in front of us is a remarkable object almost entirely preserved. It is built up in several courses, of which the top and bottom courses are lost. The whole represented a cone about five feet high. All over its surface are carved so-called fillets, which in the form of skeins of wool were thrown over it as votive offerings. This very stone which we see before our eyes, was set up inside the great temple of Apollo to mark the "mid-navel of the earth." The peoples of the earth, in the mind of the Delphic priesthood, were

more or less "outsiders" according to their distance from this center of the earth.

A little behind this and to the right stands one of the numerous so-called "Apollos." To the left, up against the opposite jamb, is a companion figure almost cut off from our view. These figures differ from the ordinary Apollo in being colossal and highly robust. Mr. Homolle found on one of these a part of a name of an Argive sculptor (Aga)medes. He immediately concluded that they represented the famous brothers, Cleobis and Biton, who drew the priestess, their mother, from Argos to the Heraeon, and in answer to the mother's prayer received death as the best gift that can be bestowed on mortals. What makes the identification absolutely sure is that Herodotus says that these two brothers had their statues set up at Delphi; and here they are. Their identity cannot be doubted and they together constitute one of the most interesting treasures of the Museum. The style fits exactly to the date.

Farther back we see a colossal Sphinx dedicated by the Naxians, which once stood on a column twenty-five feet high, just below the polygonal wall which kept the temple of Apollo from slipping down to the Pleistos (Position 86). Being brought down to our level it loses something of its mysteriousness; but it is still an impressive figure of archaic art. It would have been difficult if not dangerous to try to elevate it to its original tall column, now set up beside it. This column (of which one drum at least is left out) shows an enormous Ionic capital on which the Sphinx crouched, combined with a Doric shaft. The flutes are too numerous to mention.

On the rear wall of the museum we see restored the

façade of the famous Treasury of Knidos. The two Karyatids, used as supports of the entablature, are originals and closely resemble the "Maidens" of the Athenian Acropolis. They also belong like them to a time before the Persian War. The rest of the façade is a reproduction in new material, the already famous frieze being copied from the original now set up on the walls of another room of the museum.

Here we have only the front side represented. On the right half a fight is taking place between two quadrigas which are faced outwards from the scene of combat. The left half is filled with a group of seated gods and goddesses communing with one another, a reminder of the group of gods and goddesses on the east frieze of the Parthenon. The whole frieze on this side is comparatively quiet with the exception of the four warriors fighting over another fallen warrior. Above the frieze we catch sight of part of a gable group. The filling of the space to the extreme right recalls the Aegina gable groups; but the spaces here are larger. The scene here presented is the hackneyed theme of the struggle between Apollo and Herakles for the Delphic tripod, in which Athena acts the part of mediator. It would be hard indeed that Apollo should lose his own tripod.

The ornamentation of the whole front is most elaborate. Cut out of the best Parian marble and tinted with fresh colors it must have been a sight for any eye to take delight in. It must have stood in all its beauty even before the Persian War, since its motives were copied on the Parthenon frieze.

We shall now pass from sea to sea; from Delphi on the Corinthian Gulf to Thermopylae (almost due

north) on the Gulf of Malis. The traveler cannot go in a straight line because Parnassus forbids it. He accordingly swerves to the left, passing through Amphissa which felt Philip's heavy hand just before the battle of Chaeronea, and then proceeds approximately north over the Amblema pass—a strenuous climb—into Doris. After another climb out of Doris he looks down into Thermopylae. The distance from sea to sea in a straight line is only some twenty-five miles due north (see the general map) ; but one would prefer by all odds a level stretch of fifty miles or even more. When I first passed over this road in 1890 I little thought how familiar it was to become to me. The long journey from Amphissa to Thermopylae is finished after looking down on a green sea set in brown hills. When one has zigzagged down to the water's edge he still has eight or ten miles to traverse before reaching a proper shelter for the night at Lamia. I have usually contented myself with improper shelter. Travelers must be content. The temptations for delaying at Lamia are not strong. A brisk walk of nearly two hours takes the traveler to our next position at the eastern end of the pass, looking back at the western. See the map of Greece.

***Position 90. Pass of Thermopylae (west-south-west) where Leonidas and his men held back Persia's host, 480 B.C.***

At a time as far back of the Persian War as it is back of us, it is quite probable that the waves of the Gulf, then unnamed, lapped the foot of these cliffs, which then ran sheer upwards. A talus has been formed by the crumbling of the face of the cliff, and a stream flowing down between two heights has de-



posited accretions of limestone which form quite an area between two projecting horns. Strictly speaking the eastern horn must be placed where the carriage road, after disappearing behind some pines, reappears and continues across the calcareous deposit. At that point there is backed up against the hill a grist-mill turned by a boisterous stream, hot and sulphurous, and refreshing to feet tired by walking. In the distance we see several flat buildings in which patients taking sulphur baths find lodgment. Between the two projecting horns, at a spot now covered deep with deposit, was the gathering place of the Amphictyonic League which for a long time managed the affairs of Delphi. This association of Delphi with Thermopylae began in very early times.

In 480 B. C. the area at the foot of the almost perpendicular cliffs had become quite broad; but at two points, about three and one-half miles apart, the cliffs still came down to the gulf, leaving however a space for a carriage road. In the interval between that time and our own the terrain has again become so altered that Herodotus, who gave a careful description of it, might, if he could revisit it, fail to recognize the spot. At what was once the western horn, where there was only space for a single chariot to pass between the cliff and the sea, there are now pastures several miles broad. It is not sulphur and calcareous deposits that have here wrought the change, but the river Spercheios, sending down its tons of silt and making firm ground where once stood a waste of waters.

Thermopylae is now before us. And there is no place in Greece, not even Marathon, that so quickens the pulse. Here it was that the Greeks, outnumbered

by at least five hundred to one—according to the veracious Herodotus, who makes his figures look very exact—and with no hope of a victory, fought to the bitter end to hold back the Persians from central Greece, Thessaly being already lost and submerged, or, failing in that, to give an example of fortitude. Especially the little band of Spartans under Leonidas fought “that the glory of Sparta might not be dimmed.” Well might these heroes say in the words cut on the monument at Wagram:—“*Thu wie wir. Besseres kannst du nicht.*” (Do as we did. Better thou canst not.)

There ought to be no doubt that the great struggle took place near the western horn and not at the eastern. The Persians came from the north down into the plain at the foot of Mount Oeta, which we see in the distance grandly rising ridge above ridge. Between Oeta and the western horn, they halted and waited for the Greeks to run away. After four days had passed Xerxes ordered, for the next day, an attack which was so entirely repulsed that on the sixth day he sent in his best troops, “The Immortals” under Hydarnes, one of his best generals, to finish the business, but the failure was worse than that of the preceding day.

And here comes in a traitor. A certain Greek of Trachis where Xerxes had his camp proposed to lead the Immortals by night around the whole of Thermopylae, passing to the left behind the dark ridge—which the Greeks still held—and leading them up to the top of the ridge from which they could go along it and then descend, taking the Greeks in the rear. Even this might have failed of success if the Phocians had been made of the same stuff as those fighting to

keep the pass. But the Phocians fled at the first sight of the enemy, who at sunrise had arrived at the top. All that remained now was to await the time when the Immortals should complete their circuit, and take the position in the rear. Leonidas, being notified that the Immortals would in a few hours reach the eastern pass, sent away as quickly as possible all but the Spartans, while there was still an avenue of escape open. All, according to Herodotus, accepted this release except the Thespians, seven hundred good men, and four hundred Thebans whom Leonidas kept as hostages. Thus early did Thebes appear unfaithful to the common cause. We might think this aspersion unjust were it not for the fact that in the following year Thebes ranged herself with the Persians at Plataea. On the whole, however, Herodotus displays an enmity to the enemies of Athens which is not unnatural. He probably enjoyed telling of the Persians' branding like cattle the Thebans, who, when the pressure exercised by Leonidas was removed threw themselves over into the enemies' hands.

We must not forget that Xerxes had a fleet of over twelve hundred ships, which at the time of this battle were quite near at hand on the northern coast of Euboea; but it was held in check by a Greek fleet and prevented from coöperating with the army. By good luck for the Greeks a fierce storm destroyed four hundred ships of the enemy, which heartened the Greeks to keep up the fight by sea. When the land army was broken up, the fleet could accomplish nothing more but save itself. We next hear of it at Salamis.

We now shift our position from this eastern end of the pass to the western. See the map.

**Position 91.** *"Go tell to Sparta, thou who passest by, that here, obedient to her laws, we lie."*—*Thermopylae*

We stand now upon the western horn, on and about which all the fighting took place. We do not here see its slope continue down into the plain; but the character of the horn is not such as to inspire respect for the Persian attack. Having come all the way across Asia, inspiring fear by their great numbers, they failed to rush this spur and sweep the few Greeks defending it into Hades. Instead of a rugged precipice we see a spur of the mountains descending gently into the plain. We do not see the whole of it because we are standing on it; but we have here a very good sample of its make-up. Of course as it rises higher and higher it becomes rugged and impracticable, but we saw from Position 90 how gentle was the slope and we here see that there are no jagged rocks and precipices to be scaled. The mystery is that Herodotus describes everything else with painstaking minuteness but over-estimates the defensive strength of this position.

That this is the ridge spoken of by Herodotus is beyond question. Everything else tallies with the description. Herodotus says that when Leonidas fell "they withdrew to a hillock inside the pass and there defended themselves to the death." This hillock he says, was at the entrance of the narrows, where the stone lion was set up in honor of Leonidas. We have right before us (and we are also just inside the pass) a notable mound, on which now stands a ruined cavalry barrack. The slopes of the hill are covered with thorn bushes. That this spot might be ever sacred to valor a stone lion was here set up. An epitaph ascribed to

Simonides is said to have been cut upon it saying:—"I am the mightiest of beasts, but he over whom I now stand guard, mounted on his tomb of stone, is mightiest of men. If he had not possessed my spirit, as he did my name, I would not be standing on his tomb."

In the disastrous war with Turkey, in 1897, the Greeks had been pushed gradually southward until, after the heroic stand at Domoko, they reached Lamia and proceeded to defend Thermopylae. Many earth-works were here erected and it seemed as if the very name Thermopylae might bring victory. But an armistice followed by a peace was doubtless better for Greece.

Not once or twice only has it been my lot to approach Thermopylae, but very often under all sorts of weather, alone or with others, and at every time of the day or night. I have had various experiences with the Spercheios which has a trick of throwing its bridges aside. Most of all do I love the evening hour. Never shall I forget one particular hour, when we had delayed long at and beyond the eastern horn, watching the sun setting behind Oeta and the full moon rising over Euboea. The high cliffs enclosing Thermopylae, now tinged with rosy light, seemed much like the Phae-driads at Delphi. The whole place seemed sacred to the memory of Leonidas and his band. Had there been no Leonidas there would have been no Thermopylae, and without Thermopylae there would have been no Plataea. As we rode along to Lamia in the evening twilight few words were spoken. Silence was more becoming. I kept thinking, "What they did here!"

We are now ready to approach Thessaly. In fact Lamia is counted as a city of Thessaly. There are

several ways of approaching the heart of Thessaly. You can take a steamer at Stylida directly opposite Thermopylae on the north shore of the gulf, and reach Volo, the great port of Thessaly in a few hours. (See the general map.) I have usually preferred a more strenuous route across the hills from Lamia to Pharsalos, over the height of land at Domoko where the Greeks in 1897 made their last stand, and from which Thessaly is unfolded before the gaze. That route is arduous enough to suit the strongest. We used to take a very early start from Lamia and arrive at Pharsalos on the line of the Thessalian railroad at three o'clock. The map marks our next position north of Thermopylae, about half way between there and the Turkish frontier.

***Position 92. North over Pharsalos and the plain where Caesar defeated Pompey (48 B.C.)***

Before us now is Thessaly, beautiful Thessaly. We have ascended the acropolis of Pharsalos and stand now part way up this towering hill in order to get the better view of the straggling town. We look north over it and the plain beyond. The town itself is about as miserable as any town in Greece. Here and there a mosque and a minaret give a certain flavor to the otherwise dull and dilapidated town. Several Turks have remained here up to this date.

From our position we see a long white road running away straight across the plain and stopping at a white building of some size. That is the railroad station, from which one can proceed to the left on the train and then with a northerly turn reach Kalabaka at the Meteora Monasteries (Position 93). Fersala, as it is now called, has been badly treated by the rail-

road. It is at the inner recess of a fertile plain inclosed by two horns which jut out far into the plain. The railroad naturally runs straight along past the points of the two horns. The long haul of two miles to and from the station has ruined Pharsalos. Karditza which lies some thirty miles to the left (west) has completely taken the wind out of its sails. Such power have railroads even on a small scale.

Very near the station—a little beyond it, according to general agreement—the battle between Caesar and Pompey, which in 48 B. C. gave the world to Caesar, took place. The present bridge over the Enipeus (which we see back of the station and a little to the right) is supposed to mark the spot where the fighting was most fierce and finally decisive. The river must have been much in the way of the combatants.

Pompey had always been known as the lucky general; but here he met a master of the art of war. He had an infantry force considerably more than double that of Caesar—forty-seven thousand to twenty-two thousand, and seven thousand cavalry to Caesar's one thousand. But strategy prevailed against mere numbers. Caesar lined up behind his cavalry, the weakness of which he realized, two thousand of his best infantry. But when the cavalry, which had been used merely as a screen, moved away to the right and left, the best infantry legions of Rome threw Pompey's cavalry lines, in which he had placed his trust, into absolute confusion. Pompey, seeing that the battle was decided, rode at once to his camp. The result was a practical annihilation of his forces. Fifteen thousand of his troops lay dead or wounded on the field; twenty thousand more surrendered the following day.

Caesar's loss was only two hundred. Pompey fled across the line of hills which we see in the distance, past Kynoskephalae, where one hundred and fifty years before, Flaminius had put an end to the Macedonian kingdom. Now Pompey, the lucky, was classed with him. It was a terrible downfall. He fled through the Vale of Tempe and took ship for Egypt where he was assassinated.

Our work is only half done. We ought in thought, at least, to go down into the plain a little distance and look back at the height on which we are standing, one of the grandest acropolises that Greece affords. It stands looming up against the sky at the rear end of the bay formed by the two projecting horns which kept the railroad away from Pharsalos. And then we should climb to the top of this mighty height to realize the importance of the acropolis. It has been suggested, and not without probability that Pharsalos is to be identified with Phthia the home of Achilles. Such walls as are here found are worthy of that hero. And the land fits well to the title of "fertile."

I always had doubts about this identification until on a visit here I found a long stretch of the acropolis wall resting on Cyclopean walls of far older date, and certainly belonging to the Mykënean age.

The acropolis, on whose lower slope we now stand, gives from its summit a view of almost unparalleled sweep. To the left is the Pindos range long drawn out; and quite near are the needles of Meteora (Position 93). Olympus, king of mountains, stands at the north-northeast. On the right (farther east) are Ossa and Pelion. But the most interesting object of all is a deep cut between Ossa and Olympus, through which



the unfortunate favorite of the gods, Pompey the fortunate, fled to his doom a broken man.

We next move on some sixty miles up into the north-west corner of Thessaly to the foot of certain gigantic needles of widespread fame, located where the general map shows you the numbers 93-95. After arriving at Kalabaka, and taking a glance at the "needles," towering above, the traveler seeks shelter for the night. He can get it, with food and hospitality thrown in, at St. Stephen's, where the monks are always prepared to receive strangers.

***Position 93. Kalabaka and Peneios river, west from St. Stephen's lofty monastery to the Pindos mountains***

How a geologist would revel in these massive "towers by ghostly masons wrought," with their horizontal and perpendicular striations! Falling water and sliding ice have made these marks. These fantastic towers small and large are seen far away to the south-east, a landmark to all who approach.

In the distance are the western mountains, parts of the Pindos range which separate Greece from Turkey. At the foot of those mountains flows the Peneios, which we shall later see flowing through the Vale of Tempe (Position 97), after the longest course possible in Thessaly. On this side of the river the village of Kalabaka nestles at the foot of the impressive and sometimes overhanging rocks.

Four of us, two members of the School at Athens, once arrived at St. Stephen's with a raging appetite. We confessed to being a little late, but we saw the culinary machinery put at once into operation. In-

stead however of giving us some boiled eggs and bread at seven o'clock, the dear old abbot gave us a Lucullus feast beginning at nine o'clock, when we were almost overcome with hunger. Alas! it was the presence of ladies that had caused the delay. How much more we should have enjoyed the abbot's talk about the founding of this and the other monasteries built in the fourth century, if he had first given us a simple meal. But the abbot was putting his best foot forward and we must forgive him.

On my first visit to this region in 1891, made with a single companion, we reached Trikkala half an hour after the train for Kalabaka had passed. My companion had made engagements which precluded his spending more than that night at the monastery; and no driver could be found who would set out at that time of day. We cut the Gordian knot by slinging our packs over our shoulders and taking a brisk gait along the railroad for this place! The crowd that had gathered about us evidently thought it a bluff. But by the aid of a full moon we had covered the distance of fourteen miles before eight o'clock. Our first inquiry was, "Can we go up to St. Stephen's tonight?" The universal reply was "avrion" (tomorrow) and "impossible." We had expected this reply and reconciled ourselves as well as we could to giving up what we had done our best to attain. But before taking lodgings we turned into an eating-house. In a short time the room was packed with villagers, and through the open door we could see rank behind rank outside. Long before we had finished our meal the chief of gendarmes and the demarch came into the room and cleared out all but a privileged few. The demarch thought that sleep was what we wanted. We

agreed with him, but said that we wanted to sleep up yonder. The officer spoke up and said:—"Let's try. I will send with you two of my soldiers, and tell them to get you in." Our hearts jumped at the suggestion. A perfect, full moon was our salvation. One could hardly have made his way among the rocks in the dark. Two trusty soldiers went ahead with our packs, and in about an hour we were at the bridge which spanned a narrow chasm several hundred feet deep. There we halted before the monastery, frowning and dark against the sky. The soldiers shouted and cracked their whips, waking echoes in the deep chasm, and pounded on the oak door, until we thought our case was lost. But at last, after what seemed at least half an hour, though the watch said ten minutes, a window went up and a sleepy monk cried out:—"What time is it?" On the reply "ten o'clock," the monk said, "too late," but the soldiers stuck to their guns. They said:—"Here are two important men who have come all the way from America to see this particular monastery," with much more which I did not understand. When the window went down with a slam I thought there was now no doubt about the cause being lost. But immediately we heard the patter of wooden shoes inside the door. We slept inside the monastery that night, and woke before sunrise to see by a little climb the snowy top of Olympus tinged with a celestial light.

St. Stephen's is the usual dispenser of hospitality among the six or seven still inhabited monasteries. The abbott has his quarters here, and with two of them I have had most agreeable converse. There is never a hint of any recompense for hospitality; but everyone drops something into the box for charity.

Of the six or seven monasteries which are inhabited, Holy Trinity, St. Barlaam and Meteoron are the most important. We proceed north from St. Stephen's to Holy Trinity which is St. Stephen's nearest neighbor, and comparatively small. The distance between the two is not more than one-quarter of a mile, but the path by which we reach it is more than double that distance.

***Position 94. Holy Trinity monastery on its sky-island, (west-southwest), one of the famous cliffs at Meteora***

We now see, from the position that we have taken, an isolated bastion rising several hundred feet into the sky. Its front toward the river is about twice as high. The gorge to the right through which we look was the path that brought us up to St. Stephen's on my first visit. What fantastic shapes are before us!

The two men with donkeys are evidently conducting tourists to St. Stephen's, because they have already passed the divergence of the path leading to Holy Trinity. We now look at the path leading to the latter. It is a crooked path which we see finally turning to the left and reaching its goal on the left side of the towering rock. Before we try to make the ascent, however, let us get full satisfaction from the splendid view.

On the left hand, as on the right, what long wearing of water it must have taken to isolate this tower! The gorge on the right is especially impressive. A stream, the maker of this cut, still flows through it to the Peneios, the tranquil movement of which we see in the distance. The solid wall on the right hand of this gorge is one of the most impressive sights of all.

We see a domed rock in the middle of the opening, and nearer to us on the right what looks like a round building with a pointed roof.

But we now turn our attention to the isolated massive tower where a few monks have their solitary abode. Passing between it and that helmet-shaped rock to the left, one approaches the point where the ascent is made.

Arrived at that point the visitor finds dangling from above, a rope by which wood and provisions are hauled up by a windlass. On my first visit I jumped at the idea of being wound up myself. But the monks shouted back that the rope was rotten and that they did not like to take the risk of the lives of two men. This at the time was satisfactory, but in a period of eleven years when I have several times appeared at this monastery, the same solicitude for our precious lives was repeated. It finally appeared that some monasteries, as St. Barlaam (Position 95), prefer to wind you up by rope and net, while others, of which Holy Trinity is one, prefer to have you work out your own salvation.

I decided that I had better try the more excellent way, which was as follows:—You first make your way along a rising ledge partly natural and partly artificial, a way that is fearful to some people who chance to look off to the right and especially downward. You soon however enter a great perpendicular cleft in the rock about four feet wide. A string of quite a number of ladders bound together reaches up to the floor of the monastery, to the beams of which the top ladder is bound. The ascent along these ladders is simple enough if one does not look down. The system of ladders sways from one side of the cleft to the other,

and at times gives your back and shoulders a pounding.

The ascent is worth making once, for the view which it affords over the Peneios with a somewhat broader horizon than that seen from St. Stephen's (Position 93). We must not fail to notice a peak at our extreme right. This is the highest of all those needles. A sturdy middle-aged man with the spirit of an Alpine climber told me that at the age of eighteen he had worked his way up to the top of the peak and then prayed to God to help him down.

St. Stephen's and Holy Trinity are separated from the main group, which lies farther north up the Peneios. The easiest way to go from these to the main group would be, I think, to go down into the village, follow the river a little way up, and then climb up eastward to this main group. We however went parallel to the river, a little way inland, and by numerous ups and downs lost some time. Arrived at last we found ourselves near to two of the largest of all the monasteries, St. Barlaam, and the Meteoron, the highest of all. St. Barlaam had its rope and basket dangling in the air.

***Position 95. Access to monastery of St. Barlaam—  
180 feet by rope—Meteora***

Now for a treat, was the cry. We longed for the sensation of being pulled up in this net which we see before us. If the rope is strong and there is a good gang at the windlass, there is no occasion for fright when you have once submitted to be rolled up like a ball for a few minutes. One had better not look down below into the gorge nor upward along the perpendicular face of the rock—perpendicular we may say,

when it does not actually hollow in below. These mountains have never been overpraised for their unique and most striking character.

We were a little unlucky with St. Barlaam. We arrived on a hot noon. We at least were hot with tramping. There were three of us, and we had good lungs. We shouted up from below singly and in unison; but not a sign of life did we elicit in return from above. The monks were clearly either asleep or choosing to seem so. With one accord we said:—"Let's go up Meteoron, the highest of all." It was nearby and we soon stood at the base looking up. Its height above the sea level is one thousand eight hundred and twenty feet; but all that counts and tests the nerves is the sheer two hundred feet of the vertical face up which you climb by a series of ladders. For the first twenty-five feet the ladders swung free, dangling in the air; but above that the face of the rock sloped slightly backwards, and the ladders were made firmer by our weight. The youngest of us, now no longer living, a born athlete and sure of himself, climbed nimbly to the top and waved his hand at us as he disappeared over the window ledge to the goal. We two, standing below, hesitated whether we as fathers of families had a right to follow. My colleague, more level-headed than I, said:—"I know what I *can* do, and I can't do that." I thought him wise. But I felt that it was now or never, and I had always wanted to visit the Meteoron, because it was the highest. Up I went, not stopping to look back, but not with all the cat-like agility of my forerunner. As soon as I was pulled through the hole that served as a window, I waved my hand with a sort of triumph to my prudent colleague far below.

But the moment I was inside I thought, "How am I ever going to get down?" There was a magnificent view and there were several interesting things in the chapel of the monastery; but I saw them in a sort of daze. I did get a sense of exaltation as I looked at the Peneios far below; but my one idea was to get down. The athlete showing me again how easy it was, I took the only way I had of ever coming back to my friends and relatives. But I was a little nervous as, with my hands gripping the window sill, I got one foot upon the top round and felt for the next one. I felt that for once I had my life in my own hands. Luckily they did not play me false.

When I stood again on the solid rock and looked up to the top I said:—"That is one of the things that I always wanted to do, and, fool as I was to do it, I am glad to have done it." Should I ever ascend another such height, I should prefer the rope and net."

We must now shift our position from the northwest corner of Thessaly to the northeast corner. The journey is about sixty miles, in a broken line, passing from the wonderful monasteries to Triikka, perhaps the earliest seat of the Asklepios cult, then following the Peneios by carriage or bicycle, crossing the stream once by a ferry because the fine bridge which formerly spanned the river has for some ten years been lacking. Larissa is reached long before night, if the driver does his duty (see the general map). The traveler then quarters himself in one or the other of the wretched inns which serve as lodgings and takes such contentment as travelers must at times





put up with. One who knows the conditions of Thessaly takes Larissa without grumbling.

There are three cities which have for some time vied with one another for the primacy in Thessaly. Some ten years ago Volo with numerous strides outstripped the others, and Larissa fell a little behind Trikkala, as it is now called. But with the opening of the Athens-Larissa railroad there will surely be an uplifting of Larissa, which will be the first stop of importance between Saloniki\* and Athens. Its present population is only about fifteen thousand. It had a melancholy prominence in the war of 1897. After a few successful skirmishes on the border the Turks massed troops at Meluna Pass, and the Crown Prince Constantine in command of the Greek forces, decided to withdraw to the fortifications of Larissa, no doubt a prudent move. The retreat, however, taking place at night, a panic occurred and the whole army rushed pell mell through Larissa and never made a halt until it reached Pharsalos in a state of disintegration.

Larissa still has an oriental appearance—minarets abound. But very few tourists would visit it were it not for the far-famed Vale of Tempe, which begins at about twenty miles from Larissa. Near that celebrated place we shall take our next position—we shall be standing where you see the number 96 on the general map, and facing towards Turkish territory.

***Position 96. Mount Olympus (9754 feet high) on whose summit dwelt the gods of ancient Greece,—view from the south***

We are now standing about three miles from the entrance of the Vale of Tempe and are looking north

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\* The Thessalonica of Paul's letters. It is, next after Constantinople, the most important town of Turkey in Europe.

at Olympus. We see before our feet part of a fertile plain. Thessaly, renowned for its fertility, is the only country in Greece that exports grain. Back of the fertile plain we see a long dark line of poplars which mark the line of the Peneios approaching the gorge. On the north side, beyond the poplars, the foot-hills of Olympus rise as a sort of screen. On that slope and a little to the right, the first encounters between the outposts in 1897 took place at Lake Nezero. In these encounters all went well and it seemed as if the Greek gods, far higher up, nodded approval.

We are lingering before the throne of Zeus. The Thessalians, to whom Achilles belonged, probably composed the parts of the Iliad in which fertile Phthia is praised, and where the gods are placed on ridges of Olympus. What a freak of fortune it is that Olympus should now be a Turkish mountain!

But we can look at it, and count its many ridges. There is one on the left, partly veiled, which I have selected as the peak on which Thetis conferred with Zeus, "the highest peak of many ridged Olympus." The gods and nymphs may have now departed, but the exquisite flavor of such scenes charms us still.

What a fancy it was that the two giants Otos and Ephialtes should have in their babyhood grown so great that they conceived the idea of scaling the sky by piling Ossa upon Olympus and then piling Pelion upon that. It has always seemed to one who has seen these mountains that the sharp cone of Ossa should have been at the top of the combination. But—fable apart—how glorious is Olympus! In a sense it dominates all northern Greece. Whatever mountains you climb, up comes Olympus. I was once greatly surprised in going over the pass between Eleusis and

Thebes, to see Olympus to the north. Two days later I saw it much nearer from the Furka pass where every line and peak was the same. But not once in ten times would one get a clear view of Olympus from the former point. From whatever point it is seen, it is grand. Coming down from Smyrna or from the Dardanelles it is with you all the way to the southern end of Euboea, which at last shuts it out.

Our next position will be a little way inside the Vale of Tempe some five or six miles northeast from our present position. An old acropolis of a city called Gonnos is passed just at the point where the Peneios enters the gorge. The gorge in fact, runs between ancient Gonnos on the farther side and the dirty little village of Baba. Through there one always passes, after a little halt, into the famous gorge called the Vale of Tempe, running in general northeast, and proceeds ever downwards into the ever narrowing gorge. See 97 on the general map.

***Position 97. Far-famed Vale of Tempe and river between Ossa and Olympus***

From the point where we now stand, we look ahead and see before us the first really narrow gorge into which the winding river plunges. Just where we stand the river has formed considerable room for its bed to wind about. It hugs the hither shore now, leaving quite a space between itself and the opposite bank. We see various kinds of trees, but mostly plane trees—which we also call sycamores—one of which is in front of the man with a white hat. Beyond the bend nearly all of the trees are plane trees. They contribute greatly to the beauty of the gorge, both sides of which are

very steep. How bleak and bare does the opposite side appear! The hither bank is somewhat but not absolutely bare. It is beyond that next bend that we should see the real wildness and grandeur of the much, but not too much, praised Vale of Tempe.

Tempe means a "cut." The river Peneios practically drains all Thessaly, all the rivers being united in the Peneios. There is a legend that Thessaly was once an inland lake, and that Poseidon split open the mountain range with his trident at this point between Olympus and Ossa, in order to let the water out. This myth is transparent and really true to the letter. The only mythical feature of the story is Poseidon's trident. If we translate Poseidon's trident into earthquake action, we read the plain story of the draining of Thessaly by a mighty earthquake which rent the gorge asunder, and so laid bare a lake bottom of inexhaustible fertility. In this the wealth of Thessaly consists. By a sort of law of compensation the great basin to the southeast of Thessaly, which was a fertile area, was broken into by the sea, i. e., by Poseidon who usurped an area of once fertile soil. But these changes took place in prehistoric ages. The Gulf of Pagasae is aeons old.

Beyond the point of sycamores the gorge narrows. In some places the rock has been cut away to make the carriage road. Sometimes a traveler through there gets a vista up an almost but not quite perpendicular height. At one such point he may catch sight of the village of Ambelakia, a village of silk weavers, who are communistic and said to be known in all Thessaly as "good people" who mind their business. For four and one-half miles the valley opens out and contracts, and when one is fairly sated with beauties,

it debouches into a plain rich with Peneios mud. A perfect tangle of trees prevents one from seeing the village of Laspokhori (mud town) which is quite near. The rich mud of Thessaly is there forming a delta, doing on a small scale what the Nile is doing in Egypt.

There is one distant view which may be got by climbing the right bank just before reaching the plain. From that height one can see the Chalkidian peninsula of three prongs, once occupied by a fine people from Chalkis but ruined and scattered by Philip of Macedon before he turned upon Athens. One can also identify the spot where once stood Potidaea, a Corinthian colony, which made a stubborn resistance to Athens at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War. Athens made Corinth, which kindled the war, feel the woes of that almost sole colony founded by her on the eastern sea.

It was at the opening of the Vale of Tempe that a Greek force gathered to meet Xerxes' mighty army; but when Xerxes swung off to the west, the Greeks hastily retired, and Thermopylae was substituted for the Vale of Tempe as the place of the first encounter.

To reach our next halting place it is necessary to travel another sixty miles or more by a somewhat crooked route, first by carriage and then by rail from Larissa past Pherae, the home of Rhigas, to Volo, where we shall linger a while before going on.

***Position 98. From Volo northeast to Mount Pellion on whose slopes are the wealthy "Twenty-four villages"***

We are now in Volo which is destined—predestined—to become and remain the largest city of Thessaly.

It will soon press hard upon the heels of Patras in a race for the fourth place in the cities of the kingdom. It has not yet quite twenty thousand inhabitants; but with a splendid harbor—the best in Greece—and the fertile land behind it, it has a manifest destiny to become a great city. It has in fact, more than quadrupled its size since Thessaly was annexed to the Kingdom of Greece in 1880. When the connection by rail with Saloniki is established, an express train will take passengers from Larissa to Volo in three-quarters of an hour, for those who prefer the glorious sea voyage to Piraeus and Athens.

In marked contrast to this recently created city is the antiquity that envelopes it. What a flavor of antiquity the name of Iolkos carries with it! Even if we are not sure of the exact spot where it stood, the probability is that it is in or near Volo. From this greatest of all Greek harbors Jason sailed out in quest of the Golden Fleece with an array of heroic companions. The Anauros is at hand, the stream with which young Jason struggled and buffeted to carry across an aged and decrepit old woman at her importunity. The river was deep and the current strong, and his feet slipped on the stones; but he placed her on the farther shore; and she then stood before him transfigured, the great goddess Hera, who was ever after his friend.

Here on this slope of Pelion, where twenty-four villages flourish, fabled Centaurs had their haunts and one of them is said to have taught Achilles to be a good man. The whole place is redolent with legends of the purest and best sort. Only about ten miles east was Pherae, the home of Alkestis who gave up her life that her less heroic husband might live. And

Herakles brought her back from Hades, a "reanimated corse."

In more tangible form lies across the harbor, south-east, Pagasae, with massive walls, which in classical times controlled these shores and gave its name to the whole gulf. But the Macedonian came and destroyed Pagasae; and Philip the Fifth of Macedon later built, on the shore opposite Pagasae, Demetrias, to be one of the "fetters of Greece." What a place this is to revel in both legend and history! Although we have not identified the abodes of the Mykenaeen or pre-Mykenaeen people of Iolkos, we have recently had given to us by the spade of the excavator some of the oldest of such settlements about four miles back from the sea to the west.

We may now turn to Mount Pelion with its villages but without Centaurs. People come from Athens to spend summers on its slopes. In some winters snow falls here in such quantities as to oblige the villagers to tunnel through snow in order to reach their neighbors. The ascent of Pelion is extremely easy. Ten of us once made the ascent. We see a zigzag road through the sails of the numerous boats tied up to the pier, and later another stretch of it farther up. Still higher is the pleasant village of Portaria, where we secured horses to ascend the top just above us. It was the first mountain top that I had ascended on horseback. The way we secured the horses may be interesting. The peasants refused to furnish them. But after we had had masticha with the chief of gendarmes he ordered the peasants to bring horses and be quick about it. He also fixed the price which was shamefully cheap. We evened up matters to some extent with a liberal *pour-boire*.

Never could one get so fine a view with so little exertion. The top was only five thousand and thirty-eight feet above the sea. The view to the west and south was most familiar; but the view to the north along the chain of Pelion with Ossa right behind it and great Olympus tremendously near, was a sight to remember for a lifetime. To the east how novel and exciting was the view! There stood very near to us the three prongs of the Chalkidian peninsula and on the farthest away from us rose stately Athos, dwarfing all its surroundings. Though we could not see the famous monasteries, the sight of Athos itself rising sheer from the sea, was more than a reward for the climb. Lemnos added much to the view.

I was once stranded in Volo for a whole day and I never enjoyed a forced stay so much in my life. I took a boatman named Leonidas and let him row me about all the afternoon. With the exception of climbing Demetrias (and there I got a magnificent view of Olympus which from that slight altitude loomed up above the intervening ridge that separates the Gulf of Pagasae from the great plain of Thessaly), I just floated lazily and in a half dream over that, to me, magic bay. There is nothing like it.

But from this enchanted and enchanting spot we must move on to Chalkis some seventy-five miles distant southeast. The crooked course prescribed by the channels makes the journey considerably longer. The journey by sea, which is the only proper way, is full of beauty. It may be of interest to trace it on our map. Hardly does one get off from Volo when Olympus begins to rise. Half way down the Gulf Parnassus is almost in front, but slightly to the right.



In the winter or early spring both are loaded with snow. One turns from one to the other and admires both almost equally. Then comes the crooked exit out of the gulf, where the boat turns due east, and the traveler has before him Artemision, where the great naval battle was fought while the Greek land army was defending Thermopylae. Another turn and he looks into Thermopylae. Then the course makes an acute angle and runs southeast to Chalkis. Our next position is to be on the mainland west of the narrow strait which you see on the map.

***Position 99. Chalkis, Euboea's old sea-port, parent of rich colonial cities in its day, east-southeast from the fort***

We have arrived at Chalkis, where one usually has a choice of several steamers as well as a newly opened railroad, with which to go on to Piraeus. The sharp competition between various lines of steamers sometimes brings prices down to a ridiculous figure. I have several times made the trip to Piraeus for seventy-five cents or even less, not counting food. The normal fare, \$3, caused by the debased currency, was already cheap enough to be amusing.

We now stand on the shore opposite Chalkis in Boeotian territory, at the foot of an old Turkish fort. Directly in front of us stand three shepherds with their thick rousous which shed the heaviest rains. The hill on which we stand is bare rock, and we see on every hand similar hills. We look east-southeast across the modern draw-bridge some eighty feet long, built fifteen years ago, by which ready communication with Thebes is established, and then on across the town (the more important part of which is to the left), to a bay which

comes cutting in, making the rocky hill to the right almost an island. The hills beyond the bay are bare enough. How narrowly the great island of Euboea escaped being a part of the mainland! The hand of man has indeed practically made it so.

The largest city of Euboea, Chalkis, will always be *here*, and will always remain the largest, because great nature will have it so. From 700 to 500 B. C. Chalkis took to the water and became great as a colonizer. It was known far and wide for its bronzes. The name Chalkis seems derived from a word meaning copper, though at the present time no mines for copper are known anywhere in the island. But in early times the bronzes of Chalkis were famous. Her ships were trafficking in it all over the Aegean. For a time she shared with Corinth the dominion of the sea. Athens, which in the sixth century B. C. had driven Corinth out of the vase market, was always an enemy to Chalkis, and shortly before the Persian War found occasion to thoroughly clip her wings. She never rose again to high rank among the cities of Greece.

We now look across the narrowest part of the channel, called the Euripos, i. e., "the rush." This is an extremely narrow stream between two great gulfs. The Mediterranean is practically a tideless sea; but here four times in twenty-four hours the tide rushes through with such violence that no steamer can make headway against it. We can see the foam caused by the rush of water against the piers. If a steamer from Volo reaches these narrows just as the tide is about to turn, it pushes through as rapidly as possible, and shifts passengers and cargo on the other side.

Aristotle is said to have devoted much study to these apparently capricious tides. An anecdote reports that

in despair he threw himself into the stream, saying:—"Since I cannot take you in, you may take me in." The Greeks, who believed in sevens, declared that the tide turned seven times a day; but Pliny caps the climax by declaring that "the current changes not as the ancients say, seven times a day, but according to the caprice of the winds." A British admiral records that he has seen the tide turn five times in one hour. This is probably true; but it is also true that there are four turns a day, two of them being stronger than the other two.

Travelers who visited Chalkis forty years ago when it was called "Negroponte," strangely derived from "Euripos," will now miss the great Venetian walls which have already practically disappeared. But the town of ten thousand inhabitants, which lives by manufacture of cognac, has an attractive square shaded with large pine trees on the shore north of the Euripos, off our field to the left. It quickly recovered from the earthquake of 1894 by which most of the houses were damaged.

Looking now across the town we see at the left end of a bay a large white building, a cognac factory. To the right, a little inland from the shore and to the left of a long dark hill, lies the Chalkidian Arethusa, one of the famous springs of Greece. Euripides in his "Iphigenia at Aulis" makes a group of maidens come across the bay—maidens are wont to seek warriors—to form the chorus of the play.

When one sails along from Chalkis to Athens one passes almost immediately the hill and bay of Aulis where "the Grecian fleet at Aulis lay enchained." Some two or three miles back from the Boeotian shore stands a little dilapidated brown church dedicated to

the Virgin, resting on the site of a temple of the virgin Artemis. We have reason to suppose that this is the very spot long pointed out as the place where Agamemnon gave his virgin daughter Iphigenia into the hands of the inexorable priest.

We now lose sight of Chalkis, full of sad memories of the decline of a noble city and pass along the shore some twelve miles east-southeast to Eretria (see the map), the second of the ancient cities of Euboea, which however always strove to be the first. Here again is an illustration of the fact that in ancient Greece the nearer the neighbors the more bitter the quarrel. If I could take you through the Lelantine plain you would see a reason for the strife between the sister cities, which in the seventh century B. C. divided the Greek world into two bitterly hostile camps. The plain, which now furnishes practically all the grapes for the wine and cognac of Chalkis, is a perfect paradise, protected by high mountains, the chief of which is Delph to the north, with a luxuriant vegetation in which lemons, oranges, figs, pomegranates and apricots are mingled with olives and luscious grapes. Eretria must have been proudly confident when it took up the quarrel. The plain belonged geographically to Chalkis which was only about two miles away from it while Eretria was eight miles distant from it to the east. Eretria was high-strung and valiant and depended on strong friends, but the bone of contention was given to Chalkis by the arbitrament of a long war.

Eretria did not suffer much except that it had to be contented with the second place. It had a fine plain of its own to the east of the city. One lasting result of the struggle was the friendship between

Eretria and Athens. They together attempted to help the revolted Ionians, making an incursion into Persian territory and burning Sardis. It was this that enraged Darius, who now formed the plan for invading Greece when he had brought the Ionians back under the yoke.

Eretria, while not holding the key to the Euripos, did hold a magnificent position. Its acropolis controlled the view as far as Chalkis and looked down the Euboean Gulf past Marathon. The ancient acropolis walls are comparable to those of Orchomenos. It was only by the work of traitors that the Persians entered and sacked the acropolis and the lower city, also strongly walled. Proud of this success they loaded all the inhabitants on ships and subsequently carried them off to the vicinity of Babylon where Herodotus later visited them. But the Persians had first to deal with the Athenians at Marathon.

Eretria did not long lie in ruins. It had too good a site for that, It was, however, never again what it had been, and from inscriptions and statues which we found here, we know that it passed through all the vicissitudes brought upon it by the Macedonians and Romans.

Our last outlook in this journey will be at Eretria, standing at the point which our map marks 100.

***Position 100. Eretria, ancient in power and fame,—  
outlook south-southeast over theatre to mainland  
of Greece***

We have before us but a single one of the important ruins of Eretria. I have rarely enjoyed anything more keenly than three excavation campaigns in which

I took part here, both in early and late spring. We are standing on the top rim of a theater which the American School at Athens excavated in four different years. The work begun in 1891 was not finished until 1895. From the top of the cavea we look down south-southeast to the orchestra and the high foundations beyond it.

This theater has many peculiarities. Most theaters are set back into a hill. But although the foot of the acropolis is only about one hundred yards behind us, this theater was laid out in the plain, the orchestra being sunken and earth piled up to make the cavea. The high foundations of the stage building are both impressive and interesting. Right through the middle of those foundations runs an arched passage from front to rear, a feature unparalleled in Greek theaters. There is probably a reason for this arch. In 1895 I discovered and excavated the foundations of a temple, probably of Dionysos, behind this stage building, but considerably to the right. Its front was near the farther end of the arch. In this case the officials and actors could proceed in solemn array directly from the temple through this passage into the orchestra.

Another feature is even more remarkable. At the farther side of those stone blocks (which were left there on account of the difficulty involved in moving them), one sees the mouth of a pit which we enclosed with three blocks to protect people from falling into it. You descend into it by five or six ancient steps and then follow an underground passage till you see daylight, when you re-emerge by a similar flight of steps behind the long white line which supported the movable scene, and to the left of the arched passage. In the Greek plays ghosts sometimes rise from the

ground—Darius, for instance in the *Persae* of Aeschylus. In this theater and here alone we have preserved the arrangement for such apparitions, a real "Charon's staircase." The acting was doubtless in the orchestra in front of the movable scene, and the ghost could easily appear among the actors.

The broad semi-circular sunken area at the foot of the seats served to collect the rain falling into the cavea. At the ends, apertures carried it off under the stage building. We see on either side sloping entrances called *parodoi* for the audience to enter and depart.

If one should go out of the left *parodos* and turn to the left, he would soon find himself at the foot of the acropolis, where in 1895 I excavated the foundations of a large gymnasium under a few feet of earth. A series of four stone tubs, from which the athletes took their douche, were very near the surface and betrayed their presence. The gymnasium is truly Greek, and not Romanized as is often the case. Besides the uncovering of the gymnasium itself we found other objects with a considerable number of inscriptions, one of which was in fifty-two lines in honor of a rich donor who had given a fund for oil to be used in the gymnasium. A few years after I had abandoned Eretria for Corinth, a Greek excavator found in the village down there at the extreme left, the foundations of the great temple of the city, the temple of Apollo Daphnephoros. Several gable figures of a date earlier than the Persian War were there found and transported to Athens. In that museum there stands also the really fine figure of an orator, which in 1885 had been taken out of our (Eretria) gymnasium with no suspicion that any such building existed.

The village which we see stretched along the shore is one of the fiat creations of the visionary King Otto. The brave soldiers of Psara (near Chios) had done splendid service in the war for Liberation, with Kanares at their head. When the island was left at the close of the war in the hands of the Turks, Otto located them here and created Eretria, as he called it; but the residents called it Nea Psara. Broad streets and squares were laid out and even a Naval School, two dilapidated buildings of which we see directly behind the theater at quite an interval from us. But the fiat city never thrived.

From our point of vantage we used to look at the steamers passing at all hours. We had our sea baths at sunset and came wonderfully refreshed to our dinner in a tent. I have rarely enjoyed anything much more than those glorious evenings, when we saw at sunset the dark blue Helicon and Parnassus and much else that lay between. What a beautiful cone Mesapion made from here!

What a sweep we enjoy now from the top of the theater where stands the weather beaten old shepherd, across the theater, the town, the strip of sea, to a point beyond the Gulf (to the right of the tall chimney in the village) where we see a cut going up to the left. That is the carriage road from Oropos to Athens, which leaves the main mass of Parnes enveloped in clouds to the left. How often I have looked down from Parnes or from that pass, over the strip of blue. I love the road and the sail across the bay.



## **THE STORY OF GREECE**

The modern traveler who takes Greece as a part of a tour of the world without knowing much of what was done there is very apt to say:—"Who will envy the Greeks these dried up fields and barren hills? I am going on to God's country."

It is true that the rivers, as we are accustomed to call them, especially in Attica and Argolis dry up in the summer and become freshets in winter. The much talked of mountains are in many cases merely hills. The climate is for a considerable part of the year detestable. Hesiod, who dwelt in Boeotia after living in sunny Ionia declared in his *Works and Days* that the climate was "too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter, and bad all the year round." But when one gets hold of the spirit of the place or rather when the spirit of the place gets hold of him, if one has forded the rivers and climbed the mountains, and taken pot luck with the real people, no matter whether they are full-blooded Greeks with pedigrees dating from Kekrops or are contaminated with Slavic blood, he not only becomes for the time wildly enthusiastic over the land and the people, but when separated from them he yearns for them like "orphans of the heart."

It is true that it requires the seeing eye to get into the proper frame of mind for seeing Greece. One does not wish to be content with the beaten track, be it ever so lovely. One must climb mountains with shepherds for guides, catch the first rays of the rising sun from Parnassus or Taygetos, and see the whole of Greece emerge into the sunlight. Before us are lower peaks and deep bays cutting far into the land. How clear is the geography of Greece when it is thus spread out before us. We see that Greece was split up into small states because "great Nature" made it so.

But here below us we see a deep blue bay cutting far into the land. It may be the Gulf of Corinth, of

Euboea, of Pagasae, or of Malis by Thermopylae. But for these bays and many others how different would the history of Greece have been! If mountains divided, bays united, and were great civilizers.

The whole area of the present kingdom of Greece is less than 25,000 square miles, considerably smaller than Scotland or Maine; but its coast line is probably larger than that of the former while the latter exposes but one side to the sea. Greece is a land to be loved, and loved passionately. The ancient Greeks did love it, though for the most part they loved only their little part of it. They people it in imagination with higher beings, for the most part benevolent. In it they lived "moving about in worlds not realized." Well has it been said by Goethe:—"Among all the peoples of the earth the Greeks have dreamed the dream of life most beautifully."

We may now survey as in an open book the whole history of this wonderful people, its origin, its gradual unfolding and its too short period of bloom, a slow march to the grave, and its partial resurrection in the modern kingdom of Greece.

We may adopt the following stages of its career:—

Period I. The Prehistoric Age of Greece, 2000-776 B. C.

Period II. The first Olympiad to the Persian War. The formation of the city states, especially Athens and Sparta; the era of colonization. 776-500 B. C.

Period III. The Persian Wars. 500-479 B. C.

Period IV. The Athenian Empire, Age of Perikles. 479-431 B. C.

Period V. The Peloponnesian War. 431-404 B. C.

Period VI. Period of quick changes of supremacy. Thebes at last humbles Sparta. After death of Epaminondas kaleidoscopic changes, ending in battle of Chaeronea. 404-338 B. C.

Period VII. Greece merged in the Macedonian Empire or Empires. 338-146 B. C.

Period VIII. Greece as a civilizing agent in the Roman Empire and in the Middle Ages. 146 B. C. to 1453.

Period IX. The Modern Kingdom of Greece, 1834-1907.

*The Prehistoric Age of Greece. 2000-776 B. C.*

It is only recently that we have had a clear vision of this period, especially of the first part. The history of Greece used to begin with the Olympiads, where our present section leaves off. The world read, it is true, the Iliad and Odyssey in which are recorded wonderful deeds and wonderful buildings. These were long treated as fictions of a bygone age. But in comparatively recent times, especially since 1876, we have been beholding with our own eyes the very objects of which the Homeric poems give a very incomplete description. Within the long known citadels of Mykenae and Tiryns palaces have been found and explored. Not only this, but objects of art have been brought before our wondering eyes which existed not only long before the Homeric poems were composed but before Agamemnon. Schliemann went out to Mykenae in 1876, declaring that he intended to find the body of Agamemnon, and all Athens laughed. And in less than a month all the world wondered at the success that he had achieved. But some mocked and called the objects Gothic or something of that sort. It was no wonder that the world was dazed, and if Schliemann made blunders of interpretation all that he had to do was to wait and let the experts make still greater ones. It was not long before Dörpfeld and Tsountas, careful students of antiquity, made it clear that a brilliant and long forgotten civilization preceded Agamemnon, and that the Homeric poems reflected but dimly the glory of it.

And now the horizon was all at once enlarged. Light came from Crete. At the beginning of this century Evans, the English archaeologist, and Halbherr, the Italian, were able after long and vexatious delays to put in the spade at Knossos and Phaestos respectively. In both places Mykenaeen palaces were

discovered which were evidently older and grander than those of Tiryns and Mykenae. The frescoes of the palace at Knossos made the bull baiter on the walls of the palace of Tiryns seem very provincial. The art here displayed is sure of itself. On the low hill of Knossos pits have been dug down through successive layers of accumulations which show an occupation at least as far back as 2000 B. C. At that date it is clear from pottery found in Egypt but made in Crete, that intercourse between Crete and Egypt was constant in the time of the great Twelfth Dynasty. The excavators of Knossos do not hesitate to assign certain still older layers to 2500 B. C. All this makes hoary Tiryns and Mykenae comparatively modern. There is little doubt that they were the result of a second wave of people akin to those who had earlier settled in Crete. We know that in the Mediterranean basin there has been a constant tendency of peoples to seek the south. One such movement we can trace clearly by the beehive tombs from Thessaly to Laconia. The course of the kindred race in Crete we cannot trace. They may have come down through Asia Minor and used Rhodes, Carpathos and Casos as a bridge to Crete. At any rate we find them in Crete in sure possession. Their splendid palaces were not enclosed by walls. Thucydides had heard that King Minos was the first to establish a sea power in the Aegean and here we have the proof that ships were all the walls that Crete needed in those early days.

The massive walls of Tiryns and Mykenae tell a different story, and other features agree. The warriors buried in the pit graves at Mykenae had beside them an arsenal of weapons. They were not for ornament but for use and they were needed. Agamemnon closed the period of Mykenae's greatness by undertaking an enterprise against Troy, which perhaps belonged to the people that had later occupied Crete. Though he returned after a ten years' war his victory cost him his kingdom and his life.

We now have to do with another wave which followed in the wake of one or both of the others. The chaos caused by the ten years' absence of the over

lord and his tragic death made it easy for a hardy race from the north without culture to come down and occupy the land. This people, called Dorians, probably filtered into the Peloponnesus so gradually that the occupation was at first hardly perceptible. They were, however, probably so near of kin to the Mykenaeans that little disturbance was made when they seated themselves in Mykenae as lords. This new people came not merely over the isthmus of Corinth but by sea at the western end of the Gulf of Corinth near Naupactos, which is supposed to have got its name from the fact that ships were here built to carry them across. While it was inevitable that the weaker and more cultured people should give way to the rougher and stronger the latter in turn acquired some culture by contact with the old moribund civilization, which did not die out suddenly, but lasted for several centuries after the Dorians became the dominant power. The hoard of gold jewelry recently found at Aegina and now in the British Museum, evidently Mykenaeans, is not earlier than 850 B. C. One wonders how the Dorian chiefs felt when they installed themselves, if they ever did so, in the palaces of Mykenae and Tiryns.

The period of some three centuries and a quarter between the fall of the Mykenaeans and the first Olympiad (1100-776 B. C.) was doubtless a period of intense activity, but we know little of it in detail. The great athletic games were established, the greatest being those of Olympia and Delphi. These games brought the athletes together and made them realize that they were a people. They took on a common name "Hellenes," which originally belonged to a small body in southern Thessaly. The end of this period, 776 B. C., is not marked by any great event; but since it later became customary to reckon time in periods of four years, corresponding to the Olympic Games, throughout Greece, this starting point in chronology was adopted.

In this period the mythology of Greece took form. A hierarchy of gods subordinate to Zeus, and related to him, was established. An immense amount of epic

poetry was also composed at this time. All that we have handed down to us in complete form are the Iliad and Odyssey, composed by many hands operating over several centuries, but the whole of the Iliad and Odyssey, and considerably more, was ascribed to Homer.

*The first Olympiad to the Persian War. 776-500 B. C.*

We now emerge into a period of intense rivalry between small states composed for the most part of a single city. Dorian Argos having supplanted Mykenae took the lead in the Peloponnesus during the long and prosperous reign of Pheidon, who established coinage and a scale of weights and measures in the eighth century B. C. Argos remained predominant in that century. But even the Dorian states, Argos, Sparta and Messenia could not agree among themselves. Sparta was the main disturber of the peace. The prominence of Argos was as gall and wormwood to it. Sparta was, however, from its strict discipline foreordained to be the first power in the Peloponnesus. In the first half of the seventh century B. C. it came to the front at the battle of Hysiae in Argive territory. For a while Argos was allowed to remain unmolested, since Sparta had to put forth all its strength to crush the third Dorian state, Messenia, as soon as Argos was silenced. At the end of the seventh century B. C. Sparta was in possession of the coveted land, and the Messenians either bore the hard yoke or emigrated. Now it was, when the sixth century was nearly closed, that Sparta under the leadership of the eccentric but gifted king Cleomenes dealt Argos a deadly blow from which it never recovered. Its adult male population was practically wiped out. This explains why Argos took no part in the Persian Wars. Sparta was now predominant not only in the Peloponnesus but in all Greece. Cruel as this treatment was we may perhaps look upon it as saving Greece. If the Persian War had come on before Sparta had been able to effect a consolidation it is not unlikely that the cities of Greece would have fallen before the Persians, as the great cities of Ionia fell. As it was,

Sparta coerced some who had little liking for exposing themselves in a fight from which they expected little gain. We must remember that many Greeks thought the rule of a Persian satrap was no worse than the iron heel of Sparta. Then, too, their own little city was their "country." Perhaps we should not feel any greater bitterness against Sparta than against Athens except that the consolidation of Attica was effected so early that we take the result as perfectly natural. When Thebes, still later, tried to effect a similar consolidation there was a great outcry against it.

In this period falls the great colonizing movement. No city which had an active life failed to show it by sending out some of its citizens to found other cities, called colonies. The Dorians were especially energetic in this matter which the Delphic oracle, ever Dorian at heart, favored. Dorian Corinth (in 734 B. C.) founded Syracuse in Sicily, which before the rise of Alexandria and Rome became the chief city of the world; and at about the same time Kerkyra (on the modern island of Corfu), which for a wonder quarreled with the mother city. Such defections were rare, and since the colony of Epidamnos founded by Kerkyra was not on good terms with its mother, there is reason to believe that the fault lay with Kerkyra. A whole fringe of colonies soon made Sicily into a Greek island.

Megara, also Doric, founded Byzantion. Chalkis early founded Olynthos, which until the Macedonian smote it had become rich and powerful. In this period it seemed as likely to swallow up Macedonia as the reverse. Miletos on the Ionic shore established colonies all along the shores of the Propontis and the Euxine Sea. Many of these colonies became mothers of other colonies. If any large city failed to have a colony it was almost, if not entirely, a reproach. Sometimes we find three generations of cities, e. g., Miletos, Sinope, Trapezus (Trebizond); Corinth, Kerkyra, Epidamnos.

Of all the city states Chalkis probably first took to the sea. Admirably situated on the Euripos it was

ready to move into either bay and was ready for defense or attack. It had one too near neighbor, Eretria, which laid claim to the famous Lelantine plain while its nearness to Chalkis made the claim seem arrogant. Allies were called in by both parties, and in the seventh century B. C. a long war followed, causing a feud which ever afterwards showed its head. Athens and Eretria in memory of services rendered came to the aid of Miletos against the Persians in 500 B. C. while the former allies of Chalkis, Samos for example, were lukewarm, although the life of all depended on pulling together.

Aegina was not much, if at all, behind Chalkis in taking to the sea. Its people were known as bold and adventurous sailors. Its coinage stamped with a tortoise was early spread over the shores of the Aegean. Athens in those times little thought of disputing the dominion of the sea with her. Corinth soon followed and at once became formidable. But it was too wrapped up in pursuit of gain to ever become like Sparta a first-class power. As time went on a fierce rivalry between Athens and Corinth arose as to the control of the vase industry in Italy, especially in Etruria. Before the end of the sixth century Athens had won. Corinth and Athens, formerly good friends, now became the bitterest of enemies.

The *thought* of the Greeks was now beginning to shape itself. Mythology went on in full bloom. The powers of nature were personified and worshipped. The Greeks loved and revered the concrete which they saw, the rivers, the sun, the moon. But the whole world could not at once be comprehended and systematized.

On the coast of Asia Minor, which was half a century ahead of European Greece, Ionic philosophy attempted to solve the riddle of the universe. Thales of Miletos, one of the "Seven Wise Men," was a scientific thinker who discarded mythical explanation of things, asserting that water was the first principle of all things. Shortly after him came Anaximander, his pupil, and Anaximenes, both of Miletos, who besides being men of affairs were pondering on the



elements of the visible world, and trying to explain the riddle of nature. Anaximander declares "the first principle and element of all things is infinite." This high sounding phrase seems to take up into pure philosophy. But he immediately jumps into apparent nonsense saying:—"There are certain breathing-holes, like the holes of a flute, through which we see the stars; so that when the holes are stopped up there are eclipses." From such crude beginnings came in later periods systems of rational philosophy. It was in this period that the lives of two noteworthy Ionic philosophers fall. Pythagoras of Samos, who changed his abode to Croton in southern Italy, perhaps made a more profound impression than any philosopher before Plato. His philosophy was mythical and made much of numbers. In Herakleitos of Ephesus thought seems to be wrestling with expression, e. g., "In the same rivers we step and we do not step; we are and we are not."

Art too was budding in this period; but its first results were simply promises. The series of stiff male figures (called "Apollós") which appear all over the islands and both mainlands, gave little promise of the brilliant sculptures which were soon to follow. The female figures of the same time were even more formless. Everything except the head and feet was enclosed in a sheath once enlivened by paint, long ago lost. Sculpture had a long road to traverse before arriving at the age of Phidias, but it had already set out. Before the end of the period it produced gems of archaic art on both sides of the Aegean, and especially the delicate maidens of the Acropolis, of the age of Peisistratos and his sons. A few male statues of the same period also appear. The stele of Aristion sometimes called the warrior of Marathon, also belongs here.

The most brilliant achievement of the Greeks in this period was the creation of lyric poetry, of wonderful spirit and of exceedingly varied form. Its almost complete loss is a calamity which is easily appreciated by the few pieces that have been saved by being quoted in later writers. Most people will regard the

loss of Sappho's poems as the greatest calamity. But what shall we say of the loss of those of the fiery Archilochos, the gentle Anakreon, the tearful Simonides, and the soldier poet and friend of Sappho, Alkaios? We may thank our lucky stars that the poems of great Pindar and those of the somewhat lesser light, Bacchylides, have been in some considerable measure preserved to us. But these belong largely in our next period.

*The Persian Wars.. 500-479 B. C.*

We now note a brief period of twenty-one years, in which Greece fairly leaped forward. It began in disaster and ended in glory. Darius, the most capable and energetic of the Persian kings after the founder, Cyrus, now sat on the throne. The knell of brilliant Ionic Greece was tolled. But the Ionians proposed to defend themselves from being swept into the sea. In 500 B. C. the high spirited Miletos threw off the yoke which Darius had imposed upon them, and was followed by all the Ionic cities and Aeolic Lesbos. The other cities of the coast remained neutral. Athens and Eretria were called upon for help and both came to the rescue with a few triremes. They even marched inland and burned Sardis. On their return they were badly defeated, and on reaching the coast left their allies to fight their own battles. But if their old allies forgot them Darius did not. He told one of his servants to repeat to him three times at dinner, "Sire, remember the Athenians," lest he should forget. And he did not forget. In 494 B. C., six years after the rising, the fate of Ionia was settled by a naval battle off Miletos. Lack of discipline and old hatreds cropping out of the Lelantine war, which divided even Ionians, made the battle a farce. Most of the Samian contingent, at a concerted signal, withdrew from the line as soon as the battle was joined, and were followed by the Lesbians. There was one bright spot in the wholesale disaster and shame. Eleven of the sixty Samian captains refused to fly, and fought to the end, in plain sight of their town which *they* at least did not dishonor. The city rec-

ognizing their merit, says Herodotos, "had their names and the names of their fathers inscribed on a pillar which still stands in the agora."

Upon Miletos now fell the "Persian fury." The delicate women of that luxurious city had a more pitiful lot than the men, who suffered death. Athens was profoundly stirred when it was too late. Perhaps she saw in the fate of her favorite ally that of her own state. At any rate Darius did not give Athens much respite. His great expedition, however, along the Thracian coast suffered terribly from storms, and came to naught. But Darius was not the man to abandon his plans. For a while he set aside his son-in-law, Mardonios, and sent a fleet and army straight across the Aegean. It arrived safely in 490 B. C. and destroyed Eretria, but Athens covered itself with glory by inflicting such a blow at Marathon that the Persians did not move again until Darius was dead, frustrated in his great ambition. His son, Xerxes, took up the great enterprise where Darius left it. A revolt in Egypt delayed the blow for a while, but in 480 B. C. it fell. The vanguard fight at Thermopylae simply showed the prowess of Sparta; but the terrible and enormous array of army and fleet came on until it fulfilled the second part of the Persians' purpose. Athens was destroyed and its temples thrown down. Vengeance for Sardis was complete. But this great armament was not to stop here. Greece was to be made a Satrapy of Persia. But this plan was frustrated at Salamis, where the united Greeks annihilated the great fleet; and in the following spring did the same to the Persian army of 300,000 men at Plataea. But what a shame that 50,000 Greeks mostly Thebans fought on the Persian side! Now the Greeks thought they could do everything; but who could evoke the dead Miletos! In spite of this dreadful loss, however, Greece had saved itself from becoming orientalized. Ideas and civic life had triumphed over despotism.

Xerxes had planned to extinguish Hellas by attacking it on the west as well as on the east. Mighty Carthage was to carry out the annihilation of Greek cities in Sicily. But the triumph of Syracuse and

Akragas over the Carthaginians at Himera was as bloody and complete as that at Plataea.

In the period under discussion there were poets of distinction. Pindar had for some time been eulogizing in his odes the prowess of various athletes, while Aeschylus had been fighting for the fatherland at Marathon and elsewhere. He at least was less likely in this period to be composing dramas than to be wielding the sword. Of the whole period it may be said:—"*Silent musae inter arma.*"

Both Miltiades and Themistokles allowed their glory to be dimmed by personal ambition. But since Pausanias, the Spartan, was in a still worse plight from trying to make himself king of Greece by connivance with the Persians, the Greeks turned to the upright Aristides. Through his proverbial justice nearly all Greece preferred to trust its fortunes to him.

*The Athenian Empire. The Age of Perikles*  
479-431 B. C.

At the end of 479 B. C. the Persian was beaten on land and sea. The Greeks naturally wished to free Ionia. Here was Sparta's chance; but Pausanias caused her by his personal ambition to lose it. Pausanias was not a king, but only the guardian of Leonidas' minor son. But his arrogance led him to hope that he could put himself at the head of a kingdom of Greece, or to call it by the proper name, a satrapy.

The allied Greeks had conceived of something far otherwise. A confederacy was established for freeing the Greeks of Ionia, and since its treasury was to be at Delos it was called the Confederacy of Delos. Since Sparta fell out, the league became Ionic with Athens at its head. Without Aristides' influence the league might never have been formed; but when it was once formed Kimon was the most effective agent in carrying on the war against Persia. In 466 B. C. he achieved a great victory over the Persians at the mouth of the Eurymedon river in Pamphylia.

Now came the saddest part of the story of Ionia.

In forming a league for war purposes many half-hearted states had to be coerced. Some also preferred to render money rather than serve on land or in the fleet. Now when money came to be collected it seemed to be an odious tax, and the cities had to be coerced. The Ionic cities began to feel as if they had exchanged one taskmaster for another from whom there was no escape. Taxes were sure as death.

Perikles now becomes the master spirit of the age, which is justly called the Age of Perikles. But even he thought not so much of the Greeks as of his own part of Greece; and strove with all his might to make Athens the one power in Greece. The treasury of the league was transferred from Delos to Athens for greater safety! Tribute soon came to be almost universally exacted instead of ships and men to man them. The tribute money was now used to adorn especially the Athenian Acropolis, "like a gaudy courtesan." Perikles, however, hoped to make it so beautiful as to compel universal admiration. In Athens itself all went merry as a marriage bell. Athens was proud of the magnificent Parthenon, the Propylaea and other buildings. Perikles was in fact a sort of tyrant but of a good sort. He was almost as absolute as Peisistratos had been before him; but he observed all the forms of a democracy.

But Perikles was not by any means solely devoted to the adornment of Athens. He was also a leader in war, and struck down the enemies of Athens. Aegina which had been strong at sea before Themistokles had made Athens a naval power, and had besides a long and noble record, having gained the prize of valor at Salamis, was much too near to Athens for its own good. Perikles aptly called it "the eyesore of the Piræus." In 456 B. C. after a fierce naval battle in its own waters Aegina succumbed and gave up its triremes to Athens. This removed a strong naval force of the prospective antagonists who were sure to be arrayed soon against Athens and added it to the already powerful fleet of Athens. This triumph over a political and at the same time commercial enemy was prob-

ably celebrated by the Porch of the Athenians at Delphi backed up against the Polygonal Wall.

From this time on, Athens had no serious rival on the sea, and until near the beginning of the Peloponnesian War, Perikles could carry out his magnificent schemes for beautifying Athens without hindrance. But the envious Athenians now attacked him through his closest friends.

Phidias, who made the glorious Athena Parthenos and inspired the decoration of the Parthenon, was exposed to the bitterest calumny, thrown into prison, and died a miserable death, to the everlasting shame of Athens. They also prosecuted Anaxagoras, the enlightened philosopher, most congenial to Perikles, for impiety. Most galling of all, Aspasia, the brilliant consort of Perikles, was accused of the same crime, and was spared only by a most abject plea made for her by Perikles himself in open court. The great Olympian broke down and wept.

The Age of Perikles was from the point of view of literature and art the most brilliant that the world has ever seen. The Augustan Age is only a pale reproduction of it. "There were giants in those days." The Titanic Aeschylos, the gentle Sophokles, and the rationalistic Euripides were the glory of this period. But there were scores of other tragic poets of that period, and excellent poets too, who are only represented for us in fragments. Sophokles perhaps best represents the drama of the Age of Perikles, although both he and Euripides lived almost to the end of the next period. Sophokles died at the age of ninety. When Aristophanes, the great comic poet of the latter part of the period makes Dionysos, the god of the drama, express a desire to have a good poet if he has to go to Hades and get one, he passes by Euripides and takes Sophokles who was "gentle here and gentle among the dead." But Aristophanes did scant justice to "our Euripides the human." It is not the "mighty line," but the "droppings of warm tears" that bring him near to us.

What shall we say of Aristophanes himself, the greatest of all Greek comic poets? Some of his plays

are not fit to read, but how they do bring before us the life of Athens. It is true that we do not understand more than half of his jests. The greater part of his plays were produced in the next period, which was also partially true of Euripides and Sophokles.

The historian of the Period of the Persian Wars was Herodotos, who covers by way of introduction a great deal of preliminary history. His digressions, especially his account of Egypt, are extremely interesting and often piquant. His digressions, which he himself declares that he affects, interest us nearly as much as the main story. Thucydides, whose life largely falls in this period, wrote in the next period. What a difference between his carefully weighed statements and descriptions and the piquant and highly colored statements of the "Father of History." In passing from the one to the other we pass from story telling to searching the springs of human nature. It was a sad story that Thucydides told, and he was sad but judicial in telling it.

In this period fall the great sculptors of the fifth century. Phidias, of course, overshadowed all competitors with his Athena Parthenos at Athens and the Olympian Zeus at Olympia. Of the latter it was said that in its presence one forgot his mundane troubles. Not far behind him was Polykleitos, the Argive sculptor, who did for Hera what Phidias did for Athena. All these great gold and ivory statues are gone forever; but we get from some comparatively insignificant copies some idea of how they may have looked. A third great sculptor of this period was Myron, probably a Boeotian by birth and an Athenian by residence, who devoted himself largely to athletes. though none of his works are more praised than his cow which calves tried to suck and shepherds tried to drive along with their herds. But what have given Myron his fame in modern times are several copies in marble of his bronze athlete in the moment of throwing a discus. The best of these is called the Massimi Diskobolos, from the palace where it long remained; in it the tension just as the discus is about to be launched is admirably portrayed.

In these golden days of art and literature most of which has perished, Perikles knew that a terrible crash must come. He tried to prepare for it as best he could. For a long time the sluggishness of Sparta, though it had not forgotten its upstart rival, delayed it. It was Corinth that finally goaded Sparta to war. In 431 B. C. all restraint was thrown to the winds. To Perikles it probably came as a relief. He asked the people to trust him and his plans; and when they saw the storm coming they put their trust in him, for only he could steer the ship of state.

*The Peloponnesian War. 431-404 B. C.*

Now that the preliminaries, the sparring, so to speak, were over, Sparta, always terrible when roused, delivered its first blow by invading Attica in force in May, 431 B. C., when the grain was ready for harvest. All that Athens could do was to offer a passive resistance and take the blows. While the Spartan King Archidamos was ravaging Eleusis and the Thriasian Plain, Oinoe on the slope of Kithæron held out long enough for the people to retire with some of their goods into the walls of Athens. The flocks and herds were for the most part conveyed over to Euboea. All Attica was given up without striking a blow, Perikles had planned it so. The war was to be between an overwhelmingly strong land force and an equally strong sea force. Sparta had delivered its blow and it fell short; according to Perikles' plan it had "hit the woundless air." For several years matters ran on in this way. The Spartans burned the crops which the Athenian farmers sowed in the hope that they might reap them. The situation seemed ignominious in the extreme. But Perikles held to his purpose and struck his blows by sea. Aegina had already submitted to Athens, but Perikles, unwilling to have a dangerous element so near, expelled the Aeginetans from their island home, doubtless tenderly loved, and settled a colony of Athenians there.

Now while the Spartans made little impression upon Athens by their short occupations the *prestige* of Athens suffered terribly. But something much



more terrible came. The overcrowding of people into the city walls, with unsanitary conditions, lack of occupation and depression of spirit, fostered, if it did not bring on, the plague, more terrible than war. The population of Attica was now permanently reduced by one-fifth. No one but Perikles could have induced the suffering people to submit to these hardships rather than to surrender to Sparta.

The Spartans continued their yearly visits to Attica, Perikles making each year some counter thrust; but in the third year of the war he died of the plague. By this time, however, the policy of retaliation had become fixed, although there was lack of a great leader to carry it out.

In the very first year of the war the Thebans seized an opportunity to free themselves of a hated neighbor and at the same time to give a thrust at Athens by destroying Plataea. But Plataea took bloody vengeance on the vanguard of Thebans who entering the town in the night were entrapped in the morning, the main body being detained. They slew the hated neighbors after a summary trial. In 429 B. C. the Spartan King Archedamos came and laid siege to the town for two years. It was gallantly defended; but the end came. The old men, women and children had been transported to Athens before the siege began. When farther resistance was seen to be impossible 212 men set out in a dark and rainy night to reach Athens. The night favored their escape. They got over the wall which the Spartans had built outside the old city walls, and by a circuitous route reached Athens. Those who remained behind, 200 Plataeans and 25 Athenians, were led into an open space and asked simply whether they had ever done any good to Sparta. On answering with an honest "No" they were butchered one by one. In this fratricidal war butchery was law.

In 425 B. C. occurred an episode which gave Athens prestige and temporarily ended the war. It was just the opportunity to which Perikles had looked forward. A Spartan army was shut up on the island of Sphacteria by an Athenian fleet, and was compelled to surrender. The significance was great because it

was the first time that Spartans had laid down their arms. Had Perikles been at the head of affairs he would in all probability have made a lasting peace and an alliance with Sparta, since both parties were worn out with a war in which both were invincible. But as it turned out the prisoners were paraded before the Athenians at home, to show how great was their victory. It was a crisis of which Perikles would have made a better use. All that he desired was to make Athens paramount by sea. There was no evidence that he ever thought of crushing Sparta.

It is true that a treaty of peace was patched up in 422 B. C., by which Athens was relieved. But no sooner was this done than Alkibiades, who was full of schemes, made the false step of making an alliance between Athens and Argos. In 418 B. C. the Spartan King Agis routed at Mantinea the recalcitrant elements of the Peloponnesus, who thought that Sparta had had its day, and completely restored its prestige. Now Athens was fighting in this battle on the side of the Argives against the Spartans, who were also its allies. And the treaty between Athens and Sparta was not regarded as broken! But how about the good will and perfect understanding?

Soon afterwards, 415 B. C., Athens not fearing the already lowering clouds, dashed headlong into the Sicilian expedition, of which Alkibiades was the chief promoter. He appears to have cherished the inordinate desire of conquering Syracuse and even Carthage. The first part of this enterprise was not so hair-brained as some would make it out to be. In fact Syracuse was at one point ready to surrender if it had only been pressed. Alkibiades, being set aside at the outset by a party hostile to him at home before he could show his talents as a general, which were considerable, in wrath destroyed his country. Going to Sparta as an exile he persuaded the Spartans to send to Sicily a competent general and to permanently occupy Dekeleia, a fort which overlooked Attica from the north.

The expedition was handicapped from the outset by an old, infirm and superstitious commander-in-chief,

Nikias. Had Alkibiades been given free rein he would quite likely have carried off the palm, and been greater than Themistokles or Perikles himself. Even Demosthenes, the hero of Sphakteria, would have saved the army and fleet when it was too late to conquer, but the superstitious Nikias ruined all. From the day on which Gylippos, the Spartan general was sent to Syracuse at the suggestion of Alkibiades, everything went wrong. And yet the judicious Thucydides praises Nikias more than the capable and energetic Demosthenes and other good men. This grandest fleet and army that Athens ever sent out never returned. Only a few stragglers finally reached Athens; all for the lack of the right man in the right place.

After this complete and overwhelming disaster Athens showed wonderful recuperative power; but it was too late. Worst of all things, both Athens and Sparta now called in the Persians, and had their palms tickled with Persian gold. There was still much fighting on the coasts of Asia Minor with alternate defeat and victory; but the war ended in 405 B. C. at Aegospotamoi (Goat River) a little stream running into the Hellespont opposite Lampsakos.

The end was an anti-climax. The Spartan admiral, Lysander, who lived much longer to trouble Greece, by a simple trick put an end to the war. As one passes up the Hellespont one sees on the right Lampsakos, where Lysander's ships lay in a safe harbor. On the opposite shore an insignificant stream called Aegospotamoi (Goat River) marks the place where Athens received the *coup de grace* by Lysander's trick. The Athenians wished to push the fighting as they lay very much exposed to wind and weather. For several days they rowed out toward Lampsakos and offered battle, which being declined, they went back, hauled up their triremes and took dinner and their ease. When this had happened four successive days, on the last day Lysander's fleet all prepared rowed quickly across and got possession of most of the Athenian triremes and dragged them away with them. There was no battle. Conon alone of the ten admirals got eight triremes afloat and lived to trouble Sparta later. All but these,

ships and men, fell into the cruel hands of Lysander. Four thousand Athenians were killed in cold blood. This was the culmination of horrors, to which the slaughter of the Plataeans by Sparta and the slaughter of the Melians by Athens, which was entirely unprovoked, led up. As the war went on it took on a more and more savage aspect.

After Aegospotamoi what could be worse? But worse did follow. Lysander with the same playfulness as that with which a cat treats a mouse delayed his *coup de grace*. He moved slowly down towards Athens, allowing the terrible news to get ahead of him, gloating in the meantime over helpless Athens. Soon after the battle, in fact, the ship of state, the *Paralos*, had arrived in the Piraeus at night and the awful news spread as one continuous wail up through the Long Walls to Athens. Xenophon says and we can well believe it:—"No one slept that night."

When the Spartans did finally arrive Athens bowed to its fate, humbled as it had humbled Melos. Some of the allies, especially Thebes, insisted on making the site of Athens into pasture land. The Spartans with a show of magnanimity refused "to put out one of the eyes of Greece." Did Sparta at the time realize that it might still need Athens as an ally against Thebes? But whatever were the plans for the future Athens abjectly submitted to its fate. The Long Walls were partly demolished and the harbor of Piraeus was dismantled accompanied by dancing and the music of flutes. The saddest feature of all was the ensuing degradation of civic life such as Germany suffered in her "Thirty Years' War."

#### *Period of Quick Changes of Supremacy, 404-338 B. C.*

With the end of the Peloponnesian War came a new era. There were no longer such high aspirations. There was a dearth of great men. Two men, one really *great*, Epaminondas of Thebes, and Agesilaos, King of Sparta, *remarkable*, filled the stage. At the age of 43 years, Agesilaos became king by the chicanery of Lysander, Leotychides being set aside on the ground of illegitimacy. Lysander, to his surprise,

found that Agesilaos though very quiet was no tool to be made use of. We have several anecdotes of him which show a quick wit, dry humor, and much bonhomie. After the downfall of Athens he became a principal actor in the detestable politics and war which Sparta waged in Greece. In his Asia Minor campaigns, however, he seems a hero, and pointed out the way into Persia for Alexander. Lame from birth he supplied the deficiency by untiring energy. He was on the whole an admirable type of a Spartan without the fierceness of Lysander who thought to control him. Think of a man whose life reached from the Age of Perikles to Philip of Macedon! He was a hide-bound Spartan and an able general, and we are bound to respect him.

Epaminondas also did not enter upon his real career until he was forty years old; but unlike Agesilaos his career lasted only sixteen years. But what a glorious figure he was. So serious was he that he would not tell an untruth even in jest. We do not even hear of his joking at all. Agesilaos was to Epiminondas what Lincoln was to Lee.

After the detestable seizure of the Kadmeia in 383 B. C., when Thebes was at peace with Sparta, Agesilaos did not protest against the outrage. "My country right or wrong" was as high a principle as he could adopt. He is reported to have said.—"Sphodrias is guilty, of course; but it is a hard thing to put a man to death, who, as child, stripling, and man, lived a life of perfect honor; for Sparta needs such soldiers." But Sphodrias' act of treachery brought Athens over to the side of Thebes for the next six years. Both belonged to a common naval league. Up to about 372 B. C. Corinth, Sparta, Athens, and lastly Thebes had been arrayed in battle against one another in all possible permutations and combinations. But in that year Athens suddenly discovered that she was in the "wrong box," and sought the alliance with Sparta. Hatred of Thebes was preached by old Agesilaos. Sparta was glad to take up the fight single handed, little realizing that she needed help. Thebes was modest but firm, and in 371 B. C. the armies met

at Leuktra where in a few hours the Spartan army was literally crushed and torn in pieces by the heavy "wedge" which plowed through them. No Greek army had been so completely defeated before. The King and most of the generals were killed. Sparta was no longer the predominant power in Greece.

Epaminondas was not slow in moving into the Peloponnesus and adjusting affairs there in several campaigns. He harried Sparta and built walled towns in its way. In these ways Mantinea was restored and Messene and Megalopolis created. He had wide reaching plans; but when he fell mortally wounded at Mantinea in 362 B. C., his last words were a recommendation that peace should be made. He knew full well that there was no one to wield the scepter. For a few years this state of things continued and then Philip of Macedon had a hand in everything that was going on in Greece. The frantic appeal of Demosthenes little heeded, was no check. But his effecting an alliance between Athens and Thebes, and making it possible that a final battle for Greek liberty might be fought is the one great political achievement of that most gifted orator. But the victory of Philip was so overwhelming that the battle of Chaeronea ends for us the history of ancient Greece.

In the period which we have just traversed one would hardly think that there was room for the arts of peace. But the fourth century was almost as conspicuous as the great Age of Perikles. Sculptures of the gentle Athenian Praxiteles were perhaps the most admired; but Skopas of Paros, a fiery genius, put all the energy and pathos of the century into his work. Lysippos of Sikyon was admirable in athletic sculpture. Fine buildings were erected, foremost among them being the Temple of Athena Alea at Tegea, with gables adorned with groups of sculpture carved by Skopas. The Mausoleum at Halikarnassos on which Skopas is also said to have wrought some part of the four friezes which surrounded the building, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, was of this period; so also was the great Temple of Artemis, likewise one of the Seven Wonders.

There never was a literature like that of the Periklean Age; but the period under discussion had in it Socrates, who wrote nothing but inspired everybody; Plato the great philosopher, who has quickened the human mind, and Aristotle, who brought philosophy down to earth.

In history we have Xenophon, an easy writer but superficial compared with Thucydides, who belongs to the same period. Lysias was a writer with an easy style, and Isokrates a pamphleteer who tried to affect public opinion with his writings. Greatest of all the coterie is Demosthenes. Even if he was wrong-headed and egotistic the world must ever admire him. Cicero praised him by imitating him.

*Greece merged in the Macedonian Empire or Empires*  
338-146 B. C.

The battle of Chaeronea was the death blow not only to the aged Isokrates but to all the states of Greece. The Macedonian Philip with his fine generals and Alexander, who then for the first time showed his military instinct, gained the victory without allies.

Two years later Philip, while preparing to invade Persia as champion and avenger of Greece, following in the footsteps of Agesilaos, and the Ten Thousand before him, was struck down by an assassin. Now Athens and Thebes thought it easy to throw off the yoke, but they reckoned without Alexander, who came down upon Thebes in fury, destroyed the city and slew or reduced to slavery the inhabitants. Before the massacre was stopped 6,000 had already been butchered. Evidently Alexander wished to make an example of Thebes. The joy at Athens was suddenly turned to terror. But such power had the very name of Athens that Alexander would not if he could help it "touch the Muses bower." The name of Athens still carried magic with it, and its friendship in the war on which he was about to enter was worth fifty thousand soldiers.

It is not necessary here to rehearse in detail how Alexander swept through Asia Minor, put an end to the Persian Empire and dwelt in its palaces. But this

was not all. He made a new world, extending from Thrace to Egypt, and from the Adriatic to the Indus and beyond. What mainly belongs to our story is the effect which all this had on Greece and Greek life. The Greeks were ever quick to learn lessons; and after some rather severe lessons, they learned that their sphere was to conquer the conquerors by culture. And so they became the leaven that gradually permeated the vast regions conquered by the Macedonians, their near kinsmen whom they now honored. Sometimes the result was a rather thin veneer of Greek culture. Egypt with its culture of ages was never so assimilated as Asia Minor. Greek language, sometimes debased, spread all over eastern Asia. After the death of Alexander who in eleven years had accomplished things that sound like fairy tales, remodelling the whole of eastern Asia and the better part of Africa, the generals divided among themselves this too vast empire. It required time to settle the boundaries of these vast regions. One kingdom after another was either enlarged, curtailed or merged in another. There was perpetual and very sanguinary warfare on a large scale. Antigonos was at first perhaps the strongest of all. He held Syria and Asia Minor; Ptolemy had Egypt; Lysimachos, Thrace; and Seleukos, Babylonia. In 306 B. C. Demetrios, the son of Antigonos, delivered a crushing blow at Ptolemy, for which he set up on the island of Samothrake the magnificent statue of Victory now in the Louvre trumpeting out the glory of Demetrios. But for fear of a disturbance in the balance of power Ptolemy, Lysimachos and Seleukos turned against him and he was defeated and slain in the stubborn battle of Ipsos in Phrygia, 301 B. C. Seleukos was the chief gainer of territory, since he came forward to the Mediterranean. Demetrios, who had been now on the crest of the wave and now down in the hollows, died a prisoner. It is a long story to tell the ups and downs, the permutations and combinations of the states hewn out of the bequests of Alexander. The most stable of all were the Seleucid kingdom which continued to be a great power until it was made a province of Rome by the great battle of



Magnesia on the Hermos, in which the two Scipios took part, 190 B. C., and the kingdom of the Ptolemies in Egypt which strangely continued to the time of Augustus. Cleopatra, the last scion of the degenerate line, put an end to her life when she failed to captivate the somewhat cold Augustus as she had done with Julius Caesar and Antony.

It is a singular fact that though Demetrios Polyorketes died miserably in prison, his son, Antigonus Gonatos, became king of Macedon and had a line of kings, one of whom, Philip V, was tremendously energetic; his hand was over all Greece when Greece was a Macedonian province. But he met the sturdy Romans at Kynoskephalae (Dogs' Heads) in 197 B. C. His defeat was so signal, 8,000 Macedonians being killed and 5,000 taken prisoners while the Romans under Flamininus lost only 700 men, that this battle might be regarded as the real end of the Macedonian period, although a few years later Perseus attempted to make a stand against the Romans and lost his throne and his life at Pydna in 169 B. C. The loss of the Macedonians here was fully 2,000 men, which shows the sanguinary character of the battle. All hope of resisting Rome was now gone.

A word must be said of two famous leagues which came up before Greece was brought to its last gasp. Macedon was lord over all, but gave great latitude to the small states in their internal affairs. States that had been despised now came to the front. Aetolia which had been reckoned as barbarian, formed an important league. At the beginning of the period in 322 B. C., it made rapid strides and ere long became the head of a league which included not merely near neighbors, Lokris and Phokis, with the control of Delphi, but also cities in the Peloponnesus, Tegea, Mantinea, Orchomenos and Phigaleia. The league rose against Philip V of Macedon, who took revenge in one of the quickest marches in history, destroying Thermon the capital of the league, a very ancient seat, and moving swiftly along before the Aetolians could get their forces together. But the Aetolians paid Philip more than double by ruining him at

Kynoskephalae. The Aetolians in fact claimed that they did it.

The Achaean League became of consequence when Aratos of Sikyon persuaded his city to join with the at that time weak people of Achaea. Corinth later became a member as well as Argos and some others. But these two leagues, for the most part jealous of each other, were powerless before a strong man like Philip, with all the resources of Macedonia. But when he went down before Flamininus there was even still less hope of an independent Greece. When Philopoemen, the general of the league died there was no more hope. In 147 B. C. Rome demanded that Argos, Sparta and Corinth should retire from the league. Corinth alone, inspired by demagogues, resisted when resistance was worse than foolish, and in the following year the ancient and honorable city was ruthlessly destroyed by Mummius.

The destruction was not necessary. It was a crime. Rome held it in the hollow of her hand. Such a site could not long remain uninhabited. Almost exactly a hundred years later Julius Caesar refounded it.

*Greece as a civilizing agent in the Roman Empire and in the Middle Ages. 146 B.C.-1453 A.D.*

Greece once considerably Macedonianized was now brought under the yoke of Rome. Its political independence was at an end; but it had an influence over its conquerors in that it still held the torch which lighted the world. All Romans who aspired to culture had to go to school to Athens; not that they all traveled thither, many took teachers from Greece. Cicero in his plea for the Poet Archias, a Greek of Antioch, praised Greek culture as the be-all and end-all of enlightenment. In fact this was the view of most Romans from Scipio to Marcus Aurelius. But while Greeks were in the greatest demand as teachers of the humanities, they were warned never to step beyond their business. Men who took Greeks into their houses as teachers because it was à la mode to do so sometimes treated even learned Greeks as if they were no better than slaves. Many Greeks accepted the loss

of self respect and degradation that they might simply live. Romans did not fail to remind these learned men that the calling of the Greek was literature and art while Rome's calling was to rule conquered cities. What wonder that the Greeks became servile.

Athens, which always enjoyed a peculiar regard, was for once led astray by the charlatan Aristion, who led the Athenians to put their trust in Mithridates, who for the moment seemed all powerful. It was soon made aware that it was on the wrong side by Sulla, who piling up a mound near the Dipylon Gate came into the city over its wall. Sulla was one who appreciated Greek letters; but he had the Athenians slaughtered like pigs. Everywhere the Greeks had to learn that there were "no noble men but Romans." For them there was no place for high enterprise. When they tried to rise above their station they were quickly shown their place. That Sulla should treat them as he did shows how little regard was likely to be meted out to others.

Bad as their plight was in their own native land through centuries, it was ameliorated when the Eastern empire came into existence with Constantine the Great. A great nation makes men feel that they partake of that greatness, and that they are men. In spite of the terrible deeds of cruelty recorded against the imperial family the people were not by any means savages. The Greek heaven had a chance to work. Here real culture took root. It was the Silver Age to be sure; but when gold cannot be had silver is not to be despised. The vast literature of this age had some grain in its piles of chaff. It was a great loss to the world when Mohammed II in 1453 A. D. conquered Constantinople, and annihilated the Eastern Empire. In that day the Greek race had no cause to blush for being beaten. The fight was as stubborn as at Thermopylae and it was lost as gloriously. The small region which we know as Greece after passing through many hands, now submitted to the Turk and for nearly four centuries it was under his iron heel.

The exodus of learned men from Constantinople to

western Europe made great changes there, producing a new birth, a renaissance.

*The Modern Kingdom of Greece. 1834-1907.*

During the four centuries after the fall of the Eastern Empire the Greeks suffered terribly. Their taxes were so heavy that they might have been better off as slaves. The taxes were usually "in kind," and who knows whether they were justly measured? The most terrible tax, however, was that of the first born son who was put into the army for life.

But the Greek lived through those terrible four centuries, a far worse than Egyptian bondage, by holding fast to his religion and his language which gave him the sense of nationality. The Turk made the mistake of despising the Greek too much to care what his language or his religion might be so long as he delivered his taxes. For the most part the Greek suffered little hard usage except that his nose was perpetually on the grindstone. The Turks were the stronger race and resistance seemed useless and hopeless. The Turk, if he had been disposed to proselyte could in those four centuries have denationalized the Greeks.

At first the Turks were kept back from Athens and a large part of the Peloponnesus by the Venetians, who also held Euboea for six years. Then there was continual ebb and flow in the Peloponnesus, and the Turks only got permanent possession of all Greece in 1718, at the peace of Passarowitz.

Almost exactly a century later the Greeks in 1821 attempted to throw off the yoke. A society called "the friendly company" now agitated for a general rising, Alexander Hypsilantis being the leader and general. Although his help was of no great permanent value, the Greeks got on well for the first year, but in the next year Mavrocordatus, who wished to be general-in-chief as well as president, allowed his army to be wiped out at a single stroke. After this the Greeks tried a sort of guerilla warfare in which no quarter was given on either side. Kolokotrones in this

warfare became famous and overshadowed the crest-fallen President.

In 1825 the Sultan brought Ibrahim Pasha, son of the viceroy, from Egypt. Ibrahim, a trained warrior, now overran the Peloponnesus with fire and sword. Then came the terrible siege of Messolonghi, an island city in a lagoon in western Greece. Since Ibrahim was there, there was little hope of saving the town. The defense was animated by Lord Byron who endured all the hardships of the situation, to which he finally succumbed. The best thing that he ever did was to give his life to Greece where his name is hal-  
lowed.

The defense of Messolonghi is one of the most thrilling in history. In 1826 after nearly two years of horror and heroism the place was taken with the loss of most of its defenders. But as the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, so the heroism of those who fell at Messolonghi caused a sentiment that shook the civilized world; and out of the death of Byron and those who stood by him Greece became a nation. In that same year, 1827, Athens fell anew into the hands of the Turks, but now a rising tide came which could not be resisted. Europe called, and England, France, and Russia sent an allied fleet into Greek waters. As Ibrahim was now ravaging the western part of the Peloponnesus, with a Turkish fleet coöperating with him in the harbor of Navarino near the southern end, the allied fleets assembled there. After a long parley the British admiral Codrington sailed in on his flagship through the southern passage followed by all the others. In two hours the great Turkish fleet was destroyed or sunk. The blow was almost too sudden. It virtually ended the war. But Europe, afraid of disturbing that priceless thing in the eyes of diplomats known as the balance of power, expressed regret. One of the diplomats of England spoke of the "untoward event." But the world applauded Codrington and his work. In the following year Ibrahim departed and a French detachment arrived to restore order in the interior.

In the next year, of all things in the world! Greece

was declared by the influence of a Machiavellian or rather Mephistophelian policy an hereditary monarchy but tributary to the Porte. But the next year better counsel prevailed and it was declared an independent State. It had as its first president John Kapodistria who put on all the airs of a king. He was soon assassinated. After an interval, in 1832, Otto of Bavaria, son of King Louis I, a minor, was made the first King of Greece.

But the Bavarian régime was not altogether congenial to the people of Greece, and in 1862 he was ejected. After careful consideration the present King George I, son of the King of Denmark, was selected by the powers of Europe with the full consent of the Greeks. He has now reigned forty-five years, and as the kings of Denmark are renowned for their longevity he may have a long reign. The most striking event of his reign was the war with Turkey in 1897, which was very popular with the people. But as soon as the campaign was fully started the tide set against the Greeks, the strength of Turkey was felt, and the powers called for an armistice just as the Turks, having come down through Thessaly, were approaching Thermopylae.

In the ten years of peace since then the land has prospered increasingly.



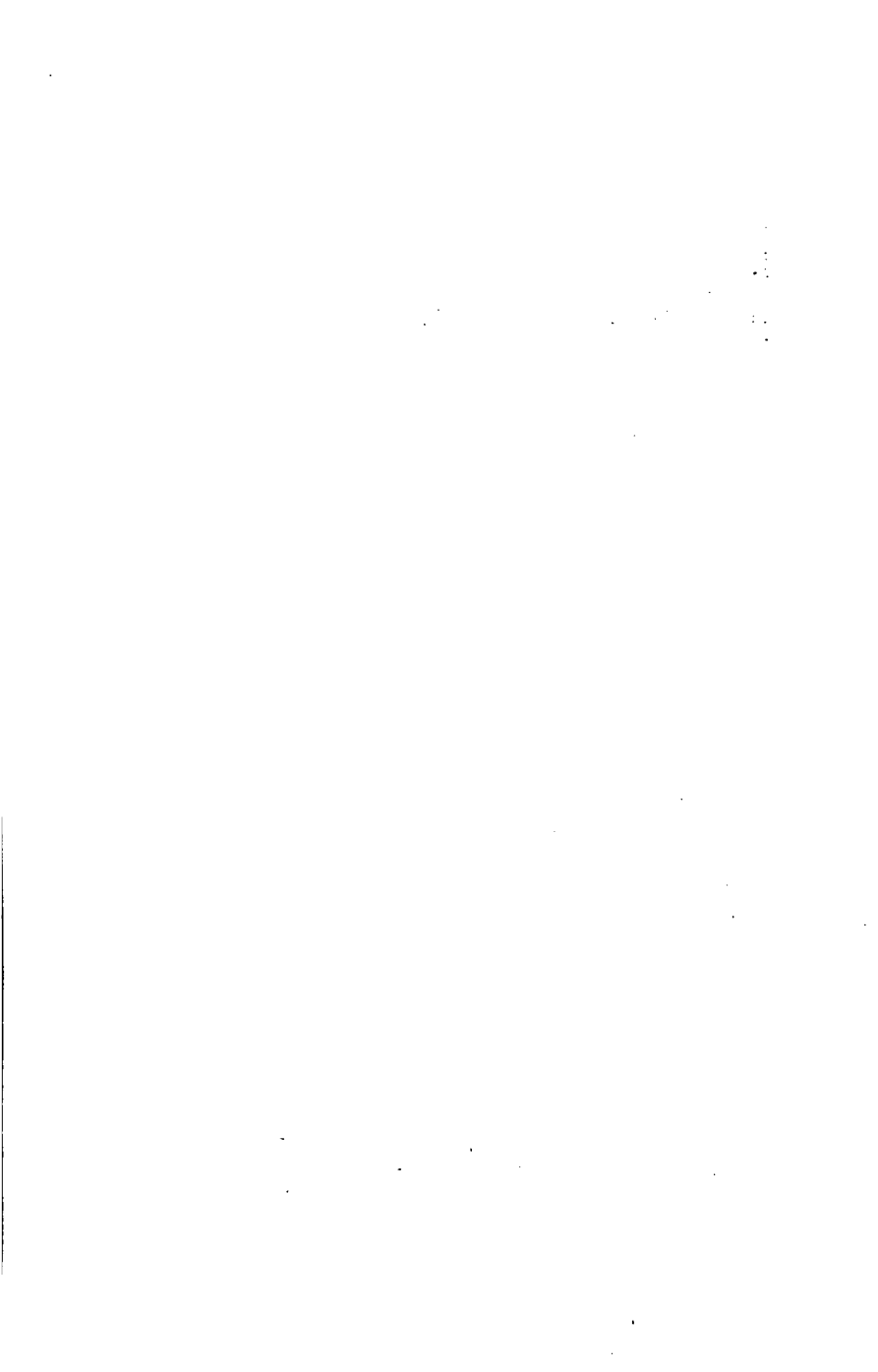
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